THE STANDARD EDITION OF
THE COMPLETE PSYCHOLOGICAL WORKS
OF SIGMUND FREUD

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VOLUME X

Sigmund Freud in 1909

THE STANDARD EDITION
OF THE COMPLETE PSYCHOLOGICAL WORKS OF

SIGMUND FREUD

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VOLUME X

(1909)

Two Case Histories

('LITTLE HANS' AND THE 'RAT MAN')

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ANALYSIS OF A PHOBIA IN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY
(1909)

EDITOR'S NOTE

ANALYSE DER PHOBIE EINES FÜNFJÄHRIGEN KNABEN

(*a*) GERMAN EDITIONS:

1909 *Jb. psychoanal. psychopath. Forsch.*, **1** (1), 1–109.
1913 *S.K.S.N.*, III, 1–122 (1921, 2nd. ed.).
1924 *G.S.*, **8**, 129–263.
1932 *Vier Krankengeschichten*, 142–281.
1941 *G.W.*, **7**, 243–377.

1922 'Nachschrift zur Analyse des kleinen Hans', *Int. Z. Psychoanal.*, **8** (3), 321.
1924 *G.S.*, **8**, 264–5.
1932 *Vier Krankengeschichten*, 282–3.
1940 *G.S.*, **13**, 431–2.

(*b*) ENGLISH TRANSLATION:

'Analysis of a Phobia in a Five-Year-Old Boy'

1925 *C.P.*, **3**, 149–287.—'Postscript (1922)', ibid., 288–9. (Tr. Alix and James Strachey.)

The present translation is a reprint, with some alterations and additional notes, of the English version first published in 1925.

Some records of the earlier part of little Hans's life had already been published by Freud two years before, in his paper on 'The Sexual Enlightenment of Children' (1907*c*). In the earlier editions of that paper, however, the boy was

referred to as 'little Herbert'; but the name was changed to 'little Hans' after the publication of the present work. This case history is also briefly mentioned in another of Freud's previous papers,'On the Sexual Theories of Children' (1908*c*), published a short time before this one. It is worth mentioning that on its first publication in the *Jahrbuch* this paper was described not as 'by' Freud, but as 'communicated by' him. In a footnote added by Freud for the eighth volume of the *Gesammelte Schriften* (1924), which contained this and the four other long case histories, he remarks that this one was published with the express consent of little Hans's father. This footnote will be found at the end of the 'Prefatory Remarks' to the case of 'Dora' (1905*e*; *Standard Ed.*, **7**, 14).

The following short chronological table, based on data derived from the case history, may help the reader to follow the story:

1903 (April) Hans born.
1906 (*Aet.* 3–3¾) First reports.
(*Aet.* 3¼–3½) (Summer) First visit to Gmunden.
(*Aet.* 3½) Castration threat.
(*Aet.* 3½) (October) Hanna born.
1907 (*Aet.* 3¾) First dream.
(*Aet.* 4) Removal to new flat.
(*Aet.* 4¼–4½) (Summer) Second visit to Gmunden. Episode of biting horse.
1908 (*Aet* 4¾) (January) Episode of falling horse. Outbreak of phobia.
(*Aet.* 5) (May) End of analysis.

ANALYSIS OF A PHOBIA IN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY

I

INTRODUCTION

In the following pages I propose to describe the course of the illness and recovery of a very youthful patient. The case history is not, strictly speaking, derived from my own observation. It is true that I laid down the general lines of the treatment, and that on one single occasion, when I had a conversation with the boy, I took a direct share in it; but the treatment itself was carried out by the child's father, and it is to him that I owe my sincerest thanks for allowing me to publish his notes upon the case. But his services go further than this. No one else, in my opinion, could possibly have prevailed on the child to make any such avowals; the special knowledge by means of which he was able to interpret the remarks made by his five-year-old son was indispensable, and without it the technical difficulties in the way of conducting a psycho-analysis upon so young a child would have been insuperable. It was only because the authority of a father and of a physician were united in a single person, and because in him both affectionate care and scientific interest were combined, that it was possible in this one instance to apply the method to a use to which it would not otherwise have lent itself.[1]

But the peculiar value of this observation lies in the con-

[1] [Later experience showed Freud that this limitation was unnecessary. (Cf. the works quoted in the footnote on p. 147 below.) Some further remarks on the theoretical value of child-analysis occur near the beginning of the 'Wolf Man' case history (1918*b*).]

siderations which follow. When a physician treats an adult neurotic by psycho-analysis, the process he goes through of uncovering the psychical formations, layer by layer, eventually enables him to frame certain hypotheses as to the patient's infantile sexuality; and it is in the components of the latter that he believes he has discovered the motive forces of all the neurotic symptoms of later life. I have set out these hypotheses in my *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* (1905*d*), and I am aware that they seem as strange to an outside reader as they seem incontrovertible to a psycho-analyst. But even a psycho-analyst may confess to the wish for a more direct and less roundabout proof of these fundamental theorems. Surely there must be a possibility of observing in children at first hand and in all the freshness of life the sexual impulses and wishes which we dig out so laboriously in adults from among their own débris—especially as it is also our belief that they are the common property of all men, a part of the human constitution, and merely exaggerated or distorted in the case of neurotics.

With this end in view I have for many years been urging my pupils and my friends to collect observations of the sexual life of children—the existence of which has as a rule been cleverly overlooked or deliberately denied. Among the material which came into my possession as a result of these requests, the reports which I received at regular intervals about little Hans soon began to take a prominent place. His parents were both among my closest adherents, and they had agreed that in bringing up their first child they would use no more coercion than might be absolutely necessary for maintaining good behaviour. And, as the child developed into a cheerful, good-natured and lively little boy, the experiment of letting him grow up and express himself without being intimidated went on satisfactorily. I shall now proceed to reproduce his father's records of little Hans just as I received them; and I shall of course refrain from any attempt at spoil-

ing the *naïveté* and directness of the nursery by making any conventional emendations.

The first reports of Hans date from a period when he was not quite three years old. At that time, by means of various remarks and questions, he was showing a quite peculiarly lively interest in that portion of his body which he used to describe as his 'widdler'.[1] Thus he once asked his mother this question:

Hans: 'Mummy, have you got a widdler too?'

Mother: 'Of course. Why?'

Hans: 'I was only just thinking.'

At the same age he went into a cow-shed once and saw a cow being milked. 'Oh, look!' he said, 'there's milk coming out of its widdler!'

Even these first observations begin to rouse an expectation that much, if not most, of what little Hans shows us will turn out to be typical of the sexual development of children in general. I once put forward the view [2] that there was no need to be too much horrified at finding in a woman the idea of sucking at a male organ. This repellent impulse, I argued, had a most innocent origin, since it was derived from sucking at the mother's breast; and in this connection, I went on, a cow's udder plays an apt part as an intermediate image, being in its nature a *mamma* and in its shape and position a penis. Little Hans's discovery confirms the latter part of my contention.

Meanwhile his interest in widdlers was by no means a purely theoretical one; as might have been expected, it also impelled him to *touch* his member. When he was three and a half his mother found him with his hand on his penis. She threatened him in these words: 'If you do that, I shall send

[1] ['*Wiwimacher*' in the original.]

[2] See my 'Fragment of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria' (1905*e*). [Section I; *Standard Ed.*, **7**, 52.]

for Dr. A. to cut off your widdler. And then what'll you widdle with?'

Hans: 'With my bottom.'

He made this reply without having any sense of guilt as yet. But this was the occasion of his acquiring the 'castration complex', the presence of which we are so often obliged to infer in analysing neurotics, though they one and all struggle violently against recognizing it. There is much of importance to be said upon the significance of this element in the life of a child. The 'castration complex' has left marked traces behind it in myths (and not only in Greek myths); in a passage in my *Interpretation of Dreams* [1900*a*],[1] and elsewhere, I have touched upon the part it plays.[2]

[1] [Within a couple of pages of the end of the book (*Standard Ed.*, **5**, 619). The present appears to be Freud's first published use of the term 'castration complex'. The *concept* had already been discussed by him not only in the passage just referred to in *The Interpretation of Dreams* but also in his paper on 'The Sexual Theories of Children' (1908*c*).]

[2] (*Footnote added* 1923:)—Since this was written, the study of the castration complex has been further developed in contributions to the subject by Lou Andreas-Salomé [1916], A. Stärcke [1910], F. Alexander [1922], and others. It has been urged that every time his mother's breast is withdrawn from a baby he is bound to feel it as castration (that is to say, as the loss of what he regards as an important part of his own body); that, further, he cannot fail to be similarly affected by the regular loss of his faeces; and, finally, that the act of birth itself (consisting as it does in the separation of the child from his mother, with whom he has hitherto been united) is the prototype of all castration. While recognizing all of these roots of the complex, I have nevertheless put forward the view that the term 'castration complex' ought to be confined to those excitations and consequences which are bound up with the loss of the *penis*. Any one who, in analysing adults, has become convinced of the invariable presence of the castration complex, will of course find difficulty in ascribing its origin to a chance threat—of a kind which is not, after all, of such universal occurrence; he will be driven to assume that children construct this danger for themselves out of the slightest hints, which will never be wanting. [Cf. Freud's discussion of 'primal phantasies' in Lecture XXIII of his *Introductory Lectures* (1916–17) and in Sections V and VIII of his case history of the 'Wolf Man' (1918*b*). See also below,

At about the same age (three and a half), standing in front of the lions' cage at Schönbrunn,[1] little Hans called out in a joyful and excited voice: 'I saw the lion's widdler.'

Animals owe a good deal of their importance in myths and fairy tales to the openness with which they display their genitals and their sexual functions to the inquisitive little human child. There can be no doubt about Hans's sexual curiosity; but it also roused the spirit of enquiry in him and enabled him to arrive at genuine abstract knowledge.

When he was at the station once (at three and three-quarters) he saw some water being let out of an engine. 'Oh, look,' he said, 'the engine's widdling. Where's it got its widdler?'

After a little he added in reflective tones: 'A dog and a horse have widdlers; a table and a chair haven't.' He had thus got hold of an essential characteristic for differentiating between animate and inanimate objects.

Thirst for knowledge seems to be inseparable from sexual curiosity. Hans's curiosity was particularly directed towards his parents.

Hans (aged three and three-quarters): 'Daddy, have you got a widdler too?'

Father: 'Yes, of course.'

Hans: 'But I've never seen it when you were undressing.'

Another time he was looking on intently while his mother undressed before going to bed. 'What are you staring like that for?' she asked.

Hans: 'I was only looking to see if you'd got a widdler too.'

p. 208 *n.*] This circumstance is also the motive, indeed, that has stimulated the search for those deeper roots of the complex which are universally forthcoming. But this makes it all the more valuable that in the case of little Hans the threat of castration is reported by his parents themselves, and moreover at a date before there was any question of his phobia.

[1] [The imperial palace on the outskirts of Vienna. There was a zoological collection in the park.]

Mother: 'Of course. Didn't you know that?'

Hans: 'No. I thought you were so big you'd have a widdler like a horse.'

This expectation of little Hans's deserves to be borne in mind; it will become important later on.

But the great event of Hans's life was the birth of his little sister Hanna when he was exactly three and a half.[1] His behaviour on that occasion was noted down by his father on the spot: 'At five in the morning', he writes, 'labour began, and Hans's bed was moved into the next room. He woke up there at seven, and, hearing his mother groaning, asked: "Why's Mummy coughing?" Then, after a pause, "The stork's coming to-day for certain."

'Naturally he has often been told during the last few days that the stork is going to bring a little girl or a little boy; and he quite rightly connected the unusual sounds of groaning with the stork's arrival.

'Later on he was taken into the kitchen. He saw the doctor's bag in the front hall and asked: "What's that?" "A bag," was the reply. Upon which he declared with conviction: "The stork's coming to-day." After the baby's delivery the midwife came into the kitchen and Hans heard her ordering some tea to be made. At this he said: "I know! Mummy's to have some tea because she's coughing." He was then called into the bedroom. He did not look at his mother, however, but at the basins and other vessels, filled with blood and water, that were still standing about the room. Pointing to the blood-stained bed-pan, he observed in a surprised voice: "But blood doesn't come out of *my* widdler."

'Everything he says shows that he connects what is strange in the situation with the arrival of the stork. He meets everything he sees with a very suspicious and intent look, and *there can be no question that his first doubts about the stork have taken root.*

[1] April 1903 to October 1906.

'Hans is very jealous of the new arrival, and whenever any one praises her, says she is a lovely baby, and so on, he at once declares scornfully: "But she's not got any teeth yet." [1] And in fact when he saw her for the first time he was very much surprised that she was unable to speak, and decided that this was because she had no teeth. During the first few days he was naturally put very much in the background. He was suddenly taken ill with a sore throat. In his fever he was heard saying: "But I don't *want* a baby sister!"

'Some six months later he had got over his jealousy, and his brotherly affection for the baby was only equalled by his sense of his own superiority over her.[2]

'A little later Hans was watching his seven-day-old sister being given a bath. "But her widdler's still quite small," he remarked; and then added, as though by way of consolation: "When she grows up it'll get bigger all right." [3]

'At the same age (when he was three and three-quarters)

[1] This again is a typical mode of behaviour. Another little boy, only two years his sister's senior, used to parry similar remarks with an angry cry of 'Too 'ickle! too 'ickle!'

[2] Another child, rather older than Hans, welcomed his younger brother with the words: 'The stork can take him away again.' Compare in this connection my remarks in *The Interpretation of Dreams* [1900*a*, Chapter V, Section D (*β*), *Standard Ed.*, **4**, 248 ff.)] on dreams of the death of loved relatives.

[3] Two other boys were reported to me as having made the same judgement, expressed in identical words and followed by the same anticipation, when they were allowed to satisfy their curiosity and look at their baby sister's body for the first time. One might well feel horrified at such signs of the premature decay of a child's intellect. Why was it that these young enquirers did not report what they really saw—namely, that there was no widdler there? In little Hans's case, at all events, we can account completely for the faulty perception. We are aware that by a process of careful induction he had arrived at the general proposition that every animate object, in contradistinction to inanimate ones, possesses a widdler. His mother had confirmed him in this conviction by giving him corroborative information in regard to persons inaccessible to his own observation.

Hans produced his first account of a dream: "To-day when I was asleep I thought I was at Gmunden [1] with Mariedl."

'Mariedl was the thirteen-year-old daughter of our landlord and used often to play with him.'

As Hans's father was telling his mother the dream in his presence, he corrected him, saying: 'Not with Mariedl, but quite alone with Mariedl.'

In this connection we learn: 'In the summer of 1906 Hans was at Gmunden, and used to run about all day long with our landlord's children. When we left Gmunden we thought he would be very much upset by having to come away and move back to town. To our surprise this was not so. He seemed glad of the change, and for several weeks he talked

He was now utterly incapable of surrendering what he had achieved merely on the strength of this single observation made upon his little sister. He therefore made a judgement that in that instance also there was a widdler present, only that it was still very small, but that it would grow till it was as big as a horse's.

We can go a step further in vindicating little Hans's honour. As a matter of fact, he was behaving no worse than a philosopher of the school of Wundt. In the view of that school, consciousness is th invariable characteristic of what is mental, just as in the view of little Hans a widdler is the indispensable criterion of what is animate. If now the philosopher comes across mental processes whose existence cannot but be inferred, but about which there is not a trace of consciousness to be detected—for the subject, in fact, knows nothing of them, although it is impossible to avoid inferring their existence—then, instead of saying that they are *un*conscious mental processes, he calls them *semi*-conscious. The widdler's still very small! And in this comparison the advantage is in favour of little Hans. For, as is so often the case with the sexual researches of children, behind the mistake a piece of genuine knowledge lies concealed. Little girls *do* possess a small widdler, which we call a clitoris, though it does not grow any larger but remains permanently stunted. Compare my short paper on 'The Sexual Theories of Children' (1908*c*) [and the Section on 'The Sexual Researches of Childhood' in the second of Freud's *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* (1905*d*); *Standard Ed.*, **7**, 194 ff.].

[1] [A summer resort on one of the Upper Austrian lakes.—Mariedl, Franzl, Fritzl, and similar forms are the characteristically Austrian affectionate diminutives of Marie, Franz, Fritz, etc.]

very little about Gmunden. It was not until after some weeks had passed that there began to emerge reminiscences—often vividly coloured—of the time he had spent at Gmunden. During the last four weeks or so he has been working these reminiscences up into phantasies. He imagines that he is playing with the other children, with Berta, Olga, and Fritzl; he talks to them as though they were really with him, and he is capable of amusing himself in this way for hours at a time. Now that he has got a sister and is obviously taken up with the problem of the origin of children, he always calls Berta and Olga "his children"; and once he added: "my children Berta and Olga were brought by the stork too." The dream, occurring now, after six months' absence from Gmunden, is evidently to be read as an expression of a longing to go back there.'

Thus far his father. I will anticipate what is to come by adding that when Hans made this last remark about his children having been brought by the stork, he was contradicting aloud a doubt that was lurking within him.

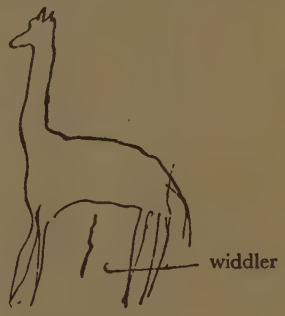


Fig. 1.

His father luckily made a note of many things which turned out later on to be of unexpected value. [See p. 377 ff.] 'I drew a giraffe for Hans, who has been to Schönbrunn several times lately. He said to me: "Draw its widdler too." "Draw it yourself," I answered; whereupon he added this line to my picture (see Fig. 1).[1] He began by drawing a short stroke, and then added a bit on to it, remarking: "Its widdler's longer."

[1] [In all the later reprints of this picture there is an unexplained horizontal line. Reference to the original edition in the *Jahrbuch*

'Hans and I walked past a horse that was micturating, and he said: "The horse has got its widdler underneath like me."

'He was watching his three-months-old sister being given a bath, and said in pitying tones: "She *has* got a tiny little widdler."

'He was given a doll to play with and undressed it. He examined it carefully and said: "Her widdler's ever so tiny." '

As we already know, this formula made it possible for him to go on believing in his discovery [of the distinction between animate and inanimate objects] (see p. 9 [and 11, *n.* 3]).

Every investigator runs the risk of falling into an occasional error. It is some consolation for him if, like little Hans in the next example, he does not err alone but can quote a common linguistic usage in his support. For Hans saw a monkey in his picture-book one day, and pointing to its up-curled tail, said: 'Daddy, look at its widdler!' [cf. p. 311 *n.*].

His interest in widdlers led him to invent a special game of his own. 'Leading out of the front hall there is a lavatory and also a dark storeroom for keeping wood in. For some time past Hans has been going into this wood-cupboard and saying: "I'm going to my W.C." I once looked in to see what he was doing in the dark storeroom. He showed me his parts and said: "I'm widdling." That is to say, he has been "playing" at W.C. That it is in the nature of a game is shown not merely by the fact that he was only pretending to widdle, but also by the fact that he does not go into the W.C., which would after all be far simpler, but prefers the wood-cupboard and calls it "his W.C." '

We should be doing Hans an injustice if we were to trace only the auto-erotic features of his sexual life. His father has detailed information to give us on the subject of his love

shows that this horizontal line had the word '*Wiwimacher*' at the end of it. The word and the line had evidently been added by way of explanation, presumably by Hans's father. The missing gloss has now been restored.]

relationships with other children. From these we can discern the existence of an 'object-choice' just as in the case of an adult; and also, it must be confessed, a very striking degree of inconstancy and a disposition to polygamy.

'In the winter (at the age of three and three-quarters) I took Hans to the skating rink and introduced him to my friend N.'s two little daughters, who were about ten years old. Hans sat down beside them, while they, in the consciousness of their mature age, looked down on the little urchin with a good deal of contempt; he gazed at them with admiration, though this proceeding made no great impression on them. In spite of this Hans always spoke of them afterwards as "my little girls". "Where are my little girls? When are my little girls coming?" And for some weeks he kept tormenting me with the question: "When am I going to the rink again to see my little girls?" '

A five-year-old boy cousin came to visit Hans, who had by then reached the age of four. Hans was constantly putting his arms round him, and once, as he was giving him one of these tender embraces, said: 'I *am* so fond of you.'

This is the first trace of homosexuality that we have come across in him, but it will not be the last. Little Hans seems to be a positive paragon of all the vices.

'When Hans was four years old we moved into a new flat. A door led out of the kitchen on to a balcony, from which one could see into a flat on the opposite side of the courtyard. In this flat Hans discovered a little girl of about seven or eight. He would sit on the step leading on to the balcony so as to admire her, and would stop there for hours on end. At four o'clock in the afternoon in particular, when the little girl came home from school, he was not to be kept in the room, and nothing could induce him to abandon his post of observation. Once, when the little girl failed to make her appearance at the window at her usual hour, Hans grew quite restless,

and kept pestering the servants with questions—"When's the little girl coming? Where's the little girl?" and so on. When she did appear at last, he was quite blissful and never took his eyes off the flat opposite. The violence with which this "long-range love" [1] came over him is to be explained by his having no playmates of either sex. Spending a good deal of time with other children clearly forms part of a child's normal development.

'Hans obtained some companionship of this kind when, shortly afterwards (he was by then four and a half[2]), we moved to Gmunden for the summer holidays. In our house there his playmates were our landlord's children: Franzl (about twelve years old), Fritzl (eight), Olga (seven), and Berta (five). Besides these there were the neighbour's children, Anna (ten), and two other little girls of nine and seven whose names I have forgotten. Hans's favourite was Fritzl; he often hugged him and made protestations of his love. Once when he was asked: "Which of the girls are you fondest of?" he answered: "Fritzl!" At the same time he treated the girls in a most aggressive, masculine and arrogant way, embracing them and kissing them heartily—a process to which Berta in particular offered no objection. When Berta was coming out of the room one evening he put his arms round her neck and said in the fondest tones: "Berta, you *are* a dear!" This, by the way, did not prevent his kissing the others as well and assuring them of his love. He was fond, too, of the fourteen-year-old Mariedl—another of our landlord's daughters—who used to play with him. One evening as he was being put to bed he said: "I want Mariedl to sleep with me." On being told that would not do, he said: "Then she shall sleep with Mummy or with Daddy." He was told that would not do

[1] Und die Liebe per Distanz,
Kurzgesagt, missfällt mir ganz.
WILHELM BUSCH.
[Long-range love, I must admit, Does not suit my taste a bit.]

[2] [This is a slip for 'four and a quarter'.]

either, but that Mariedl must sleep with her own father and mother. Upon which the following dialogue took place:

'*Hans*: "Oh, then I'll just go downstairs and sleep with Mariedl."

'*Mother*: "You really want to go away from Mummy and sleep downstairs?"

'*Hans*: "Oh, I'll come up again in the morning to have breakfast and do number one."

'*Mother*: "Well, if you really want to go away from Daddy and Mummy, then take your coat and knickers and—good-bye!"

'Hans did in fact take his clothes and go towards the staircase, to go and sleep with Mariedl, but, it need hardly be said, he was fetched back.

'(Behind his wish, "I want Mariedl to sleep with us," there of course [1] lay another one: "I want Mariedl" (with whom he liked to be so much) "to become one of our family." But Hans's father and mother were in the habit of taking him into their bed, though only occasionally, and there can be no doubt that lying beside them had aroused erotic feelings in him; so that his wish to sleep with Mariedl had an erotic sense as well. Lying in bed with his father or mother was a source of erotic feelings in Hans just as it is in every other child.)'

In spite of his accesses of homosexuality, little Hans bore himself like a true man in the face of his mother's challenge.

'In the next instance, too, Hans said to his mother: "I say, I *should* so like to sleep with the little girl." This episode has

[1] ['Of course' was omitted (perhaps inadvertently) after the first edition.—In the editions before 1924 this whole paragraph was enenclosed in square brackets. The translators, in 1923, inferred from this fact, and from the references to Hans's parents being in the third person, that the paragraph was a comment of Freud's. On his being asked, however, he replied explicitly that the paragraph originated from Hans's father. From 1924 onwards the square brackets were replaced by round ones.]

given us a great deal of entertainment, for Hans has really behaved like a grown-up person in love. For the last few days a pretty little girl of about eight has been coming to the restaurant where we have lunch. Of course Hans fell in love with her on the spot. He keeps constantly turning round in his chair to take furtive looks at her; when he has finished eating, he stations himself in her vicinity so as to flirt with her, but if he finds he is being observed, he blushes scarlet. If his glances are returned by the little girl, he at once looks shamefacedly the other way. His behaviour is naturally a great joy to every one lunching at the restaurant. Every day as he is taken there he says: "Do you think the little girl will be there to-day?" And when at last she appears, he goes quite red, just as a grown-up person would in such a case. One day he came to me with a beaming face and whispered in my ear: "Daddy, I know where the little girl lives. I saw her going up the steps in such-and-such a place." Whereas he treats the little girls at home aggressively, in this other affair he appears in the part of a platonic and languishing admirer. Perhaps this has to do with the little girls at home being village children, while the other is a young lady of refinement. As I have already mentioned, he once said he would like to sleep with her.

'Not wanting Hans to be left in the overwrought state to which he had been brought by his passion for the little girl, I managed to make them acquainted, and invited the little girl to come and see him in the garden after he had finished his afternoon sleep. Hans was so much excited at the prospect of the little girl coming, that for the first time he could not get off to sleep in the afternoon, but tossed about restlessly on his bed. When his mother asked, "Why aren't you asleep? Are you thinking about the little girl?" he said "Yes" with a happy look. And when he came home from the restaurant he said to every one in the house: "I say, my little girl's coming to see me to-day." The fourteen-year-old Mariedl reported

that he had repeatedly kept asking her: "I say, do you think she'll be nice to me? Do you think she'll kiss me if I kiss her?" and so on.

'But in the afternoon it rained, so that the visit did not come off, and Hans consoled himself with Berta and Olga.'

Other observations, also made at the time of the summer holidays, suggest that all sorts of new developments were going on in the little boy.

'Hans, four and a quarter. This morning Hans was given his usual daily bath by his mother and afterwards dried and powdered. As his mother was powdering round his penis and taking care not to touch it, Hans said: "Why don't you put your finger there?"

'*Mother*: "Because that'd be piggish."

'*Hans*: "What's that? Piggish? Why?"

'*Mother*: "Because it's not proper."

'*Hans* (laughing): "But it's great fun." ' [1]

At about the same period Hans had a dream which was in striking contrast with the boldness he had shown towards his mother. It was the first dream of his that was made unrecognizable by distortion. His father's penetration, however, succeeded in clearing it up.

'Hans, four and a quarter. *Dream.* This morning Hans woke up and said: "I say, last night I thought: *Some one said: 'Who wants to come to me?' Then some one said: 'I do.' Then he had to make him widdle.*"

[1] Another mother, a neurotic, who was unwilling to believe in infantile masturbation, told me of a similar attempt at seduction on the part of her three-and-a-half-year-old daughter. She had had a pair of drawers made for the little girl, and was trying them on her to see whether they were not too tight for walking. To do this she passed her hand upwards along the inner surface of the child's thigh. Suddenly the little girl shut her legs together on her mother's hand, saying: 'Oh, Mummy, *do* leave your hand there. It feels so lovely.'

'Further questions made it clear that there was no visual content whatever in this dream, and that it was of the purely auditory type. During the last few days Hans has been playing parlour games and "forfeits" with our landlord's children, amongst whom are his friends Olga (aged seven) and Berta (aged five).[1] (The game of forfeits is played in this way: *A*: "Whose is this forfeit in my hand?" *B*: "Mine." Then it is decided what *B* must do.) The dream was modelled on this game; only what Hans wished was that the person to whom the forfeit belonged should be condemned, not to give the usual kiss or be given the usual box on the ear, but to widdle, or rather to be made to widdle by someone.[2]

'I got him to tell me the dream again. He told it in the same words, except that instead of "then some one said" this time he said "then she said". This "she" is obviously Berta or Olga, one of the girls he had been playing with. Translated, the dream ran as follows: "I was playing forfeits with the little girls. I asked: 'Who wants to come to me?' She (Berta or Olga) replied: 'I do.' Then she had to make me widdle." (That is, she had to assist him in micturating, which is evidently agreeable for Hans.)

'It is clear that being made to widdle—having his knickers unbuttoned and his penis taken out—is a pleasurable process for Hans. On walks it is mostly his father who assists Hans in this way; and this gives the child an opportunity for the fixation of homosexual inclinations upon him.

'Two days ago, as I have already reported, while his mother was washing and powdering his genital region, he asked her: "Why don't you put your finger there?" Yesterday, when I was helping Hans to do number one, he asked me for the first time to take him to the back of the house so

[1] [In the German editions before 1924 the ages of the two girls were wrongly reversed here. Cf. p. 16.]

[2] [So in the original. But, as will be seen, the sense requires 'or rather to make someone else widdle'.]

that no one should see him. He added: "Last year when I widdled, Berta and Olga watched me." This meant, I think, that last year he had enjoyed being watched by the girls, but that this was no longer so. His exhibitionism has now succumbed to repression. The fact that the wish that Berta and Olga should watch him widdling (or make him widdle) is now repressed in real life is the explanation of its appearance in the dream, where it was neatly disguised under the game of forfeits.—I have repeatedly observed since then that he does not like to be seen widdling.'

I will only add that this dream obeys the rule I have given in *The Interpretation of Dreams* [1900*a*, Chapter VI, Section F, (*Standard Ed.*, **5**, 418)], to the effect that speeches occurring in dreams are derived from speeches heard or spoken by the dreamer during the preceding days.

Hans's father has noted down one other observation, dating from the period immediately after their return to Vienna: 'Hans (aged four and a half) was again watching his little sister being given her bath, when he began laughing. On being asked why he was laughing, he replied: "I'm laughing at Hanna's widdler." "Why?" "Because her widdler's so lovely."

'Of course his answer was a disingenuous one. In reality her widdler had seemed to him *funny*. Moreover, this is the first time he has recognized in this way the distinction between male and female genitals instead of denying it.'

II

CASE HISTORY AND ANALYSIS

'My dear Professor, I am sending you a little more about Hans—but this time, I am sorry to say, material for a case history. As you will see, during the last few days he has developed a nervous disorder, which has made my wife and me most uneasy, because we have not been able to find any means of dissipating it. I shall venture to call upon you tomorrow, . . . but in the meantime . . . I enclose a written record of the material available.

'No doubt the ground was prepared by sexual overexcitation due to his mother's tenderness; but I am not able to specify the actual exciting cause. He is afraid *a horse will bite him in the street*, and this fear seems somehow to be connected with his having been frightened by a large penis. As you know from a former report, he had noticed at a very early age what large penises horses have, and at that time he inferred that as his mother was so large she must have a widdler like a horse. [Cf. p. 10.]

'I cannot see what to make of it. Has he seen an exhibitionist somewhere? Or is the whole thing simply connected with his mother? It is not very pleasant for us that he should begin setting us problems so early. Apart from his being afraid of going into the street and from his being in low spirits in the evening, he is in other respects the same Hans, as bright and cheerful as ever.'

We will not follow Hans's father either in his easily comprehensible anxieties or in his first attempts at finding an explanation; we will begin by examining the material before us. It is not in the least our business to 'understand' a case at once: this is only possible at a later stage, when we have

received enough impressions of it. For the present we will suspend our judgement and give our impartial attention to everything that there is to observe.

The earliest accounts, dating from the first days in January of the present year (1908), run as follows:

'Hans (aged four and three-quarters) woke up one morning in tears. Asked why he was crying, he said to his mother: "When I was asleep I thought you were gone and I had no Mummy to coax with." [1]

'An anxiety dream, therefore.

'I had already noticed something similar at Gmunden in the summer. When he was in bed in the evening he was usually in a very sentimental state. Once he made a remark to this effect: "Suppose I was to have no Mummy", or "Suppose you were to go away", or something of the sort; I cannot remember the exact words. Unfortunately, when he got into an elegiac mood of that kind, his mother used always to take him into bed with her.

'On about January 5th he came into his mother's bed in the morning, and said: "Do you know what Aunt M. said? She said: 'He *has* got a dear little thingummy.' " [2] (Aunt M. was stopping with us four weeks ago. Once while she was watching my wife giving the boy a bath she did in fact say these words to her in a low voice. Hans had overheard them and was now trying to put them to his own uses.)

'On January 7th he went to the Stadtpark [3] with his nursemaid as usual. In the street he began to cry and asked to be taken home, saying that he wanted to "coax" with his Mummy. At home he was asked why he had refused to go

[1] 'Hans's expression for "to caress".'

[2] Meaning his penis. It is one of the commonest things—psychoanalyses are full of such incidents—for children's genitals to be caressed, not only in word but in deed, by fond relatives, including even parents themselves.

[3] [Public gardens near the centre of Vienna.]

any farther and had cried, but he would not say. Till the evening he was cheerful, as usual. But in the evening he grew visibly frightened; he cried and could not be separated from his mother, and wanted to "coax" with her again. Then he grew cheerful again, and slept well.

'On January 8th my wife decided to go out with him herself, so as to see what was wrong with him. They went to Schönbrunn, where he always likes going. Again he began to cry, did not want to start, and was frightened. In the end he did go; but was visibly frightened in the street. On the way back from Schönbrunn he said to his mother, after much internal struggling: "*I was afraid a horse would bite me.*" (He had, in fact, become uneasy at Schönbrunn when he saw a horse.) In the evening he seems to have had another attack similar to that of the previous evening, and to have wanted to be "coaxed" with. He was calmed down. He said, crying: "I know I shall have to go for a walk again to-morrow." And later: "The horse'll come into the room."

'On the same day his mother asked: "Do you put your hand to your widdler?" and he answered: "Yes. Every evening, when I'm in bed." The next day, January 9th, he was warned, before his afternoon sleep, not to put his hand to his widdler. When he woke up he was asked about it, and said he had put it there for a short while all the same.'

Here, then, we have the beginning of Hans's anxiety as well as of his phobia. As we see, there is good reason for keeping the two separate. Moreover, the material seems to be amply sufficient for giving us our bearings; and no moment of time is so favourable for the understanding of a case as its initial stage, such as we have here, though unluckily that stage is as a rule neglected or passed over in silence. The disorder set in with thoughts that were at the same time fearful and tender, and then followed an anxiety dream on the subject of losing his mother and so not being able to coax with her any more. His affection for his mother must therefore

have become enormously intensified. This was the fundamental phenomenon in his condition. In support of this, we may recall his two attempts at seducing his mother, the first of which dated back to the summer [p. 19], while the second (a simple commendation of his penis) occurred immediately before the outbreak of his street-anxiety. It was this increased affection for his mother which turned suddenly into anxiety —which, as we should say, succumbed to repression. We do not yet know from what quarter the impetus towards repression may have come. Perhaps it was merely the result of the intensity of the child's emotions, which had become greater than he could control; or perhaps other forces which we have not yet recognized were also at work. This we shall learn as we go on. Hans's anxiety, which thus corresponded to a repressed erotic longing, was, like every infantile anxiety, without an object to begin with: it was still anxiety and not yet fear. The child cannot tell [at first] what he is afraid of; and when Hans, on the first walk with the nursemaid, would not say what he was afraid of, it was simply that he himself did not yet know. He said all that he knew, which was that in the street he missed his mother, whom he could coax with, and that he did not want to be away from her. In saying this he quite straightforwardly confessed the primary meaning of his dislike of streets.

Then again, there were the states into which he fell on two consecutive evenings before going to sleep, and which were characterized by anxiety mingled with clear traces of tenderness. These states show that at the beginning of his illness there was as yet no phobia whatever present, whether of streets or of walking or even of horses. If there had been, his evening states would be inexplicable; for who bothers at bedtime about streets and walking? On the other hand it becomes quite clear why he was so fearful in the evening, if we suppose that at bedtime he was overwhelmed by an intensification of his libido—for its object was his mother, and

its aim may perhaps have been to sleep with her. He had besides learnt from his experience that *at Gmunden* his mother could be prevailed upon, when he got into such moods, to take him into her bed, and he wanted to gain the same ends here in Vienna. Nor must we forget that for part of the time at Gmunden he had been alone with his mother, as his father had not been able to spend the whole of the holidays there, and further, that in the country his affections had been divided among a number of playmates and friends of both sexes, while in Vienna he had none, so that his libido was in a position to return undivided to his mother.

His anxiety, then, corresponded to repressed longing. But it was not the same thing as the longing: the repression must be taken into account too. Longing can be completely transformed into satisfaction if it is presented with the object longed for. Therapy of that kind is no longer effective in dealing with anxiety. The anxiety remains even when the longing can be satisfied. It can no longer be completely retransformed into libido; there is something that keeps the libido back under repression.[1] This was shown to be so in the case of Hans on the occasion of his next walk, when his mother went with him. He was with his mother, and yet he still suffered from anxiety—that is to say, from an unsatisfied longing for her. It is true that the anxiety was less; for he did allow himself to be induced to go for the walk, whereas he had obliged the nursemaid to turn back. Nor is a street quite the right place for 'coaxing', or whatever else this young lover may have wanted. But his anxiety had stood the test; and the next thing for it to do was to find an object. It was on this walk that he first expressed a fear that a horse would bite him. Where did the material for this phobia come from?

[1] To speak quite frankly, this is actually the criterion according to which we decide whether such feelings of mingled apprehension and longing are normal or not: we begin to call them 'pathological anxiety' from the moment at which they can no longer be relieved by the attainment of the object longed for.

Probably from the complexes, as yet unknown to us, which had contributed to the repression and were keeping under repression his libidinal feelings towards his mother. That is an unsolved problem, and we shall now have to follow the development of the case in order to arrive at its solution. Hans's father has already given us certain clues, probably trustworthy ones, such as that Hans had always observed horses with interest on account of their large widdlers, that he had supposed that his mother must have a widdler like a horse, and so on. We might thus be led to think that the horse was merely a substitute for his mother. But if so, what would be the meaning of his being afraid in the evening that a horse would come into the room? A small boy's foolish fears, it will be said. But a neurosis never says foolish things, any more than a dream. When we cannot understand something, we always fall back on abuse. An excellent way of making a task lighter.

There is another point in regard to which we must avoid giving way to this temptation. Hans admitted that every night before going to sleep he amused himself with playing with his penis. 'Ah!' the family doctor will be inclined to say, 'now we have it. The child masturbated: hence his pathological anxiety.' But gently. That the child was getting pleasure for himself by masturbating does not by any means explain his anxiety; on the contrary, it makes it more problematical than ever. States of anxiety are not produced by masturbation or by getting satisfaction in any shape. Moreover, we may presume that Hans, who was now four and three-quarters, had been indulging in this pleasure every evening for at least a year (see p. 7). And we shall find [pp. 30–1] that at this moment he was actually engaged in a struggle to break himself of the habit—a state of things which fits in much better with repression and the generation of anxiety.

We must say a word, too, on behalf of Hans's excellent and

devoted mother. His father accuses her, not without some show of justice, of being responsible for the outbreak of the child's neurosis, on account of her excessive display of affection for him and her too frequent readiness to take him into her bed. We might as easily blame her for having precipitated the process of repression by her energetic rejection of his advances ('that'd be piggish' [p. 19]). But she had a predestined part to play, and her position was a hard one.

I arranged with Hans's father that he should tell the boy that all this business about horses was a piece of nonsense and nothing more. The truth was, his father was to say, that he was very fond of his mother and wanted to be taken into her bed. The reason he was afraid of horses now was that he had taken so much interest in their widdlers. He himself had noticed that it was not right to be so very much preoccupied with widdlers, even with his own, and he was quite right in thinking this. I further suggested to his father that he should begin giving Hans some enlightenment in the matter of sex knowledge. The child's past behaviour justified us in assuming that his libido was attached to a wish to see his mother's widdler; so I proposed to his father that he should take away this aim from Hans by informing him that his mother and all other female beings (as he could see from Hanna) had no widdler at all. This last piece of enlightenment was to be given him on a suitable occasion when it had been led up to by some question or some chance remark on Hans's part.

The next batch of news about Hans covers the period from March 1st to March 17th. The interval of more than a month will be accounted for directly.

'After Hans had been enlightened,[1] there followed a fairly quiet period, during which he could be induced without any

[1] As to the meaning of his anxiety; not yet as to women having no widdlers.

particular difficulty to go for his daily walk in the Stadtpark. [See p. 99.] His fear of horses became transformed more and more into a compulsion to look at them. He said: "I have to look at horses, and then I'm frightened."

'After an attack of influenza, which kept him in bed for two weeks, his phobia increased again so much that he could not be induced to go out, or at any rate no more than on to the balcony. Every Sunday he went with me to Lainz,[1] because on that day there is not much traffic in the streets, and it is only a short way to the station. On one occasion in Lainz he refused to go for a walk outside the garden because there was a carriage standing in front of it. After another week which he has had to spend indoors because he has had his tonsils cut, the phobia has grown very much worse again. He goes out on to the balcony, it is true, but not for a walk. As soon as he gets to the street door he hurriedly turns round.

'On Sunday, March 1st, the following conversation took place on the way to the station. I was once more trying to explain to him that horses do not bite. *He*: "But white horses bite. There's a white horse at Gmunden that bites. If you hold your finger to it it bites." (I was struck by his saying "finger" instead of "hand".) He then told me the following story, which I give here in a connected form: "When Lizzi had to go away, there was a cart with a white horse in front of her house, to take her luggage to the station." (Lizzi, he tells me, was a little girl who lived in a neighbouring house.) "Her father was standing near the horse, and the horse turned its head round (to touch him), and he said to Lizzi: '*Don't put your finger to the white horse or it'll bite you.*' " Upon this I said: "I say, it strikes me that it isn't a horse you mean, but a widdler, that one mustn't put one's hand to."

'*He*: "But a widdler doesn't bite."

[1] A suburb of Vienna [just beyond Schönbrunn] where Hans's grandparents lived.

'*I*: "Perhaps it does, though." He then went on eagerly to try and prove to me that it really was a white horse.[1]

'On March 2nd, as he again showed signs of being afraid, I said to him: "Do you know what? This nonsense of yours" (that is how he speaks of his phobia) "will get better if you go for more walks. It's so bad now because you haven't been able to go out because you were ill."

'*He*: "Oh no, it's so bad because I still put my hand to my widdler every night." '

Doctor and patient, father and son, were therefore at one in ascribing the chief share in the pathogenesis of Hans's present condition to his habit of masturbating.[2] Indications were not wanting, however, of the presence of other significant factors.

'On March 3rd we got in a new maid, whom he is particularly pleased with. She lets him ride on her back while she cleans the floor, and so he always calls her "my horse", and holds on to her dress with cries of "Gee-up". On about March 10th he said to this new nursemaid: "If you do such-and-such a thing you'll have to undress altogether, and take off your chemise even." (He meant this as a punishment, but it is easy to recognize the wish behind it.)

'*She*: "And what'd be the harm? I'd just say to myself I haven't got any money to spend on clothes."

'*He*: "Why, it'd be shameful. People'd see your widdler." '

Here we have the same curiosity again, but directed on to a new object, and (appropriately to a period of repression) cloaked under a moralizing purpose.

'On March 13th in the morning I said to Hans: "You

[1] Hans's father had no reason to doubt that it was a real event that the boy was describing.—I may also mention that the sensations of itching in the glans penis, which lead children to touch their genitals, are usually described by them in the phrase '*Es beisst mich*' ['I'm itching', literally 'it bites me'].

[2] ['*Onanieangewöhnung*.' The editions previous to 1924 read wrongly '*Onanieabgewöhnung*', 'breaking himself of masturbating'.]

know, if you don't put your hand to your widdler any more, this nonsense of yours'll soon get better."

'*Hans*: "But I don't put my hand to my widdler any more."

'*I*: "But you still want to."

'*Hans*: "Yes, I do. But wanting's not doing, and doing's not wanting." (! !)

'*I*: "Well, but to prevent your wanting to, this evening you're going to have a bag to sleep in."

'After this we went out in front of the house. Hans was still afraid, but his spirits were visibly raised by the prospect of having his struggles made easier for him, and he said: "Oh, if I have a bag to sleep in my nonsense'll have gone tomorrow." And, in fact, he was *much* less afraid of horses, and was fairly calm when vehicles drove past.

'Hans had promised to go with me to Lainz the next Sunday, March 15th. He resisted at first, but finally went with me all the same. He obviously felt all right in the street, as there was not much traffic, and said: "How sensible! God's done away with horses now." On the way I explained to him that his sister has not got a widdler like him. Little girls and women, I said, have no widdlers: Mummy has none, Anna has none, and so on.

'*Hans*: "Have you got a widdler?"

'*I*: "Of course. Why, what do you suppose?"

'*Hans* (after a pause): "But how do little girls widdle, if they have no widdlers?"

'*I*: "They don't have widdlers like yours. Haven't you noticed already, when Hanna was being given her bath?"

'All day long he was in very high spirits, went tobogganing, and so on. It was only towards evening that he fell into low spirits again and seemed to be afraid of horses.

'That evening his attack of nerves and his need for being coaxed with were less pronounced than on previous days. Next day his mother took him with her into town and he was very much frightened in the streets. The day after, he stopped

at home and was very cheerful. Next morning he woke up in a fright at about six o'clock. When he was asked what was the matter he said: "I put my finger to my widdler just a very little. I saw Mummy quite naked in her chemise, and she let me see her widdler. I showed Grete,[1] my Grete, what Mummy was doing, and showed her my widdler. Then I took my hand away from my widdler quick." When I objected that he could only mean "in her chemise" *or* "quite naked", Hans said: "She was in her chemise, but the chemise was so short that I saw her widdler." '

This was none of it a dream, but a masturbatory phantasy, which was, however, equivalent to a dream. What he made his mother do was evidently intended as a piece of self-justification: 'If Mummy shows her widdler, I may too.'

We can gather two things from this phantasy: first, that his mother's reproof had produced a powerful result on him at the time it was made,[2] and secondly, that the enlightenment he had been given to the effect that women have no widdlers was not accepted by him at first. He regretted that it should be so, and in his phantasy he stuck to his former view. He may also perhaps have had his reasons for refusing to believe his father for the moment.

Weekly Report from Hans's Father: 'My dear Professor, I enclose the continuation of Hans's story—quite an interesting instalment. I shall perhaps take the liberty of calling upon you during your consulting hours on Monday and if possible of bringing Hans with me—assuming that he will come. I said to him to-day: "Will you come with me on Monday to see the Professor, who can take away your nonsense for you?"

'*He*: "No."

[1] 'Grete is one of the little girls at Gmunden about whom Hans is having phantasies just now; he talks and plays with her.'

[2] [This presumably refers to her threat (pp. 7–8). But see the qualification of this on p. 35.]

'*I*: "But he's got a very pretty little girl."—Upon which he willingly and gladly consented.

'Sunday, March 22nd. With a view to extending the Sunday programme, I proposed to Hans that we should go first to Schönbrunn, and only go on from there to Lainz at midday. He had, therefore, to make his way not only from our house to the Hauptzollamt station on the Stadtbahn,[1] but also from the Hietzing station to Schönbrunn, and again from there to the Hietzing steam tramway station. And he managed all this, looking hurriedly away whenever any horses came along, for he was evidently feeling nervous. In looking away he was following a piece of advice given him by his mother.

'At Schönbrunn he showed signs of fear at animals which on other occasions he had looked at without any alarm. Thus he absolutely refused to go into the house in which the *giraffe* is kept, nor would he visit the elephant, which used formerly to amuse him a great deal. He was afraid of all the large animals, whereas he was very much entertained by the small ones. Among the birds, he was also afraid of the pelican this time—which had never happened before—evidently because of its size again.

'I therefore said to him: "Do you know why you're afraid of big animals? Big animals have big widdlers, and you're really afraid of big widdlers."

'*Hans*: "But I've never seen the big animals' widdlers yet." [2]

'*I*: "But you *have* seen a horse's, and a horse is a big animal."

'*Hans*: "Oh, a horse's often. Once at Gmunden when the

[1] [The Head Customs House station on the Vienna local and suburban railway. Hietzing is a suburb which adjoins the palace of Schönbrunn.]

[2] This was untrue. See his exclamation in front of the lions' cage on p. 9. It was probably the beginning of amnesia resulting from repression.

cart was standing at the door, and once in front of the Head Customs House."

'*I*: "When you were small, you most likely went into a stable at Gmunden . . ."

'*Hans* (interrupting): "Yes, I went into the stable every day at Gmunden when the horses had come home."

'*I*: ". . . and you were most likely frightened when you saw the horse's big widdler one time. But there's no need for you to be frightened of it. Big animals have big widdlers, and little animals have little widdlers."

'*Hans*: "And every one has a widdler. And my widdler will get bigger as I get bigger; it's fixed in, of course."

'Here the talk came to an end. During the next few days it seemed as though his fears had again somewhat increased. He hardly ventured out of the front door, to which he was taken after luncheon.'

Hans's last words of comfort throw a light upon the situation and allow us to make some small corrections in his father's assertions. It is true that he was afraid of big animals because he was obliged to think of their big widdlers; but it cannot really be said that he was afraid of big widdlers themselves. Formerly the idea of them had been decidedly pleasurable to him, and he used to make every effort to get a glimpse of one. Since that time this enjoyment had been spoiled for him, owing to the general reversal of pleasure into unpleasure which had come over the whole of his sexual researches—in a way which has not yet been explained—and also owing to something which is clearer to us, namely, to certain experiences and reflections which had led to distressing conclusions. We may infer from his self-consolatory words ('my widdler will get bigger as I get bigger') that during his observations he had constantly been making comparisons, and that he had remained extremely dissatisfied with the size of his own widdler. Big animals reminded him of his defect, and were for that reason disagreeable to him. But since the whole train

of thought was probably incapable of becoming clearly conscious, this distressing feeling, too, was transformed into anxiety, so that his present anxiety was erected both upon his former pleasure and his present unpleasure. When once a state of anxiety establishes itself, the anxiety swallows up all other feelings; with the progress of repression, and the more those ideas which are charged with affect and which have been conscious move down into the unconscious, all affects are capable of being changed into anxiety.

Hans's singular remark, 'it's fixed in, of course', makes it possible to guess many things in connection with his consolatory speech which he could not express in words and did not express during the course of the analysis. I shall bridge the gap for a little distance by means of my experiences in the analyses of grown-up people; but I hope the interpolation will not be considered arbitrary or capricious. 'It's fixed in, of course': if the motives of the thought were solace and defiance, we are reminded of his mother's old threat that she should have his widdler cut off if he went on playing with it. [See pp. 7–8.] At the time it was made, when he was three and a half, this threat had no effect. He calmly replied that then he should widdle with his bottom. It would be the most completely typical procedure if the threat of castration were to have a *deferred* effect, and if he were now, a year and a quarter later, oppressed by the fear of having to lose this precious piece of his ego. In other cases of illness we can observe a similar deferred operation of commands and threats made in childhood, where the interval covers as many decades or more. I even know cases in which a 'deferred obedience' under the influence of repression has had a principal share in determining the symptoms of the disease.[1]

[1] [Another instance of 'deferred obedience' will be found in the third section of Freud's paper on a 'demonological neurosis' (1923*d*). A sociological application of the concept appears in the last essay in *Totem and Taboo* (1912–13), *Standard Ed.*, **13**, 143.]

The piece of enlightenment which Hans had been given a short time before to the effect that women really do not possess a widdler was bound to have had a shattering effect upon his self-confidence and to have aroused his castration complex. For this reason he resisted the information, and for this reason it had no therapeutic results. Could it be that living beings really did exist which did not possess widdlers? If so, it would no longer be so incredible that they could take his own widdler away, and, as it were, make him into a woman! [1]

'During the night of 27th-28th Hans surprised us by getting out of bed while it was quite dark and coming into our bed. His room is separated from our bedroom by another small room. We asked him why: whether he had been afraid, perhaps. "No," he said; "I'll tell you to-morrow." He went to sleep in our bed and was then carried back to his own.

'Next day I questioned him closely to discover why he had come in to us during the night; and after some reluctance the

[1] I cannot interrupt the discussion so far as to demonstrate the typical character of the unconscious train of thought which I think there is here reason for attributing to little Hans. The castration complex is the deepest unconscious root of anti-semitism; for even in the nursery little boys hear that a Jew has something cut off his penis—a piece of his penis, they think—and this gives them a right to despise Jews. And there is no stronger unconscious root for the sense of superiority over women. Weininger (the young philosopher who, highly gifted but sexually deranged, committed suicide after producing his remarkable book, *Geschlecht und Charakter* [1903]), in a chapter that attracted much attention, treated Jews and women with equal hostility and overwhelmed them with the same insults. Being a neurotic, Weininger was completely under the sway of his infantile complexes; and from that standpoint what is common to Jews and women is their relation to the castration complex. [A more elaborate analysis of anti-semitism will be found in one of Freud's last writings, *Moses and Monotheism* (1939*a*, Chapter III, Part I, last pages of Section D).]

following dialogue took place, which I immediately took down in shorthand:

'*He:* "*In the night there was a big giraffe in the room and a crumpled one; and the big one called out because I took the crumpled one away from it. Then it stopped calling out; and then I sat down on top of the crumpled one.*"

'*I* (puzzled): "What? A crumpled giraffe? How was that?"

'*He*: "Yes." (He quickly fetched a piece of paper, crumpled it up, and said:) "It was crumpled like that."

'*I*: "And you sat down on top of the crumpled giraffe? How?"

'He again showed me, by sitting down on the ground.

'*I*: "Why did you come into our room?"

'*He*: "I don't know myself."

'*I*: "Were you afraid?"

'*He*: "No. Of course not."

'*I*: "Did you dream about the giraffe?"

'*He*: "No. I didn't dream. I thought it. I thought it all. I'd woken up earlier."

'*I*: "What can it mean: a crumpled giraffe? You know you can't squash a giraffe together like a piece of paper."

'*He*: "Of course I know. I just thought it. Of course there aren't any really and truly.[1] The crumpled one was all lying on the floor, and I took it away—took hold of it with my hands."

'*I*: "What? Can you take hold of a big giraffe like that with your hands?"

'*He*: "I took hold of the crumpled one with my hand."

'*I*: "Where was the big one meanwhile?"

'*He*: "The big one just stood farther off."

'*I*: "What did you do with the crumpled one?"

'*He*: "I held it in my hand for a bit, till the big one had

[1] In his own language Hans was saying quite definitely that it was a phantasy.

stopped calling out. And when the big one had stopped calling out, I sat down on top of it."

'*I*: "Why did the big one call out?"

'*He*: "Because I'd taken away the little one from it." (He noticed that I was taking everything down, and asked:) "Why are you writing that down?"

'*I*: "Because I shall send it to a Professor, who can take away your 'nonsense' for you."

'*He*: "Oho! So you've written down as well that Mummy took off her chemise, and you'll give that to the Professor too."

'*I*: "Yes. But he won't understand how you can think that a giraffe can be crumpled up."

'*He*: "Just tell him I don't know myself, and then he won't ask. But if he asks what the crumpled giraffe is, then he can write to us, and we can write back, or let's write at once that I don't know myself."

'*I*: "But why did you come in in the night?"

'*He*: "I don't know."

'*I*: "Just tell me quickly what you're thinking of."

'*He* (jokingly): "Of raspberry syrup."
'*I*: "What else?"
'*He*: "A gun for shooting people dead with." [1]
} His wishes.

'*I*: "You're sure you didn't dream it?"

'*He*: "Quite sure; no, I'm quite certain of it."

'He proceeded: "Mummy begged me so long to tell her why I came in in the night. But I didn't want to say, because I felt ashamed with Mummy at first."

'*I*: "Why?"

'*He*: "I didn't know."

'My wife had in fact examined him all the morning, till he had told her the giraffe story.'

[1] At this point his father in his perplexity was trying to practise the classical technique of psycho-analysis. This did not lead to much; but the result, such as it was, can be given a meaning in the light of later disclosures. [See pp. 99 and 112 *n.*]

That same day his father discovered the solution of the giraffe phantasy.

'The big giraffe is myself, or rather my big penis (the long neck), and the crumpled giraffe is my wife, or rather her genital organ. It is therefore the result of the enlightenment he has had [p. 31].

'Giraffe: see the expedition to Schönbrunn. [Cf. pp. 13 and 33.] Moreover, he has a picture of a giraffe and an elephant hanging over his bed.

'The whole thing is a reproduction of a scene which has been gone through almost every morning for the last few days. Hans always comes in to us in the early morning, and my wife cannot resist taking him into bed with her for a few minutes. Thereupon I always begin to warn her not to take him into bed with her ("the big one called out because I'd taken the crumpled one away from it"); and she answers now and then, rather irritated, no doubt, that it's all nonsense, that after all one minute is of no importance, and so on. Then Hans stays with her a little while. ("Then the big giraffe stopped calling out; and then I sat down on top of the crumpled one.")

'Thus the solution of this matrimonial scene transposed into giraffe life is this: he was seized in the night with a longing for his mother, for her caresses, for her genital organ, and came into our bedroom for that reason. The whole thing is a continuation of his fear of horses.'

I have only this to add to his father's penetrating interpretation. The '*sitting* down on top of' was probably Hans's representation of taking *possession*.[1] But the whole thing was a phantasy of defiance connected with his satisfaction at the triumph over his father's resistance. 'Call out as much as you like! But Mummy takes me into bed all the same, and

[1] [The German word for 'possession' ('*Besitz*') shows its etymological connection with the phrase used by little Hans ('*sich draufsetzen*') more obviously than the English.]

Mummy belongs to me!' It is therefore justifiable, as his father suspected, to divine behind the phantasy a fear that his mother did not like him, because his widdler was not comparable to his father's.

Next morning his father was able to get his interpretation confirmed.

'On Sunday, March 29th, I went with Hans to Lainz. I jokingly took leave of my wife at the door with the words: "Good-bye, big giraffe!" "Why giraffe?" asked Hans. "Mummy's the big giraffe," I replied; to which Hans rejoined: "Oh yes! And Hanna's the crumpled giraffe, isn't she?"

'In the train I explained the giraffe phantasy to him, upon which he said: "Yes, that's right." And when I said to him that I was the big giraffe, and that its long neck had reminded him of a widdler, he said: "Mummy has a neck like a giraffe, too. I saw, when she was washing her white neck." [1]

'On Monday, March 30th, in the morning, Hans came to me and said: "I say! I thought two things this morning!" "What was the first?" "I was with you at Schönbrunn where the sheep are; and then we crawled through under the ropes, and then we told the policeman at the end of the garden, and he grabbed hold of us." He had forgotten the second thing.

'I can add the following comment on this. When we wanted to visit the sheep on Sunday, we found that a space in the gardens was shut off by a rope, so that we were unable to get to them. Hans was very much astonished that the space should be shut off only with a rope, which it would be quite easy to slip under. I told him that respectable people didn't crawl under the rope. He said it would be quite easy; whereupon I replied that a policeman might come along and take one off. There is a lifeguardsman on duty at the entrance of

[1] Hans only confirmed the interpretation of the two giraffes as his father and mother, and not the sexual symbolism, according to which the giraffe itself represented the penis. This symbolism was probably correct, but we really cannot ask more of Hans.

Schönbrunn; and I once told Hans that he arrested naughty children.

'After we returned from our visit to you, which took place the same day, Hans confessed to yet another little bit of craving to do something forbidden: "I say, I thought something this morning again." "What?" "I went with you in the train, and we smashed a window and the policeman took us off with him." '

A most suitable continuation of the giraffe phantasy. He had a suspicion that to take possession of his mother was forbidden; he had come up against the barrier against incest.[1] But he regarded it as forbidden *in itself*. His father was with him each time in the forbidden exploits which he carried out in his imagination, and was locked up with him. His father, he thought, also did that enigmatic forbidden something with his mother which he replaced by an act of violence such as smashing a window-pane or forcing a way into an enclosed space.

That afternoon the father and son visited me during my consulting hours. I already knew the funny little fellow, and with all his self-assurance he was yet so amiable that I had always been glad to see him. I do not know whether he remembered me, but he behaved irreproachably and like a perfectly reasonable member of human society. The consultation was a short one. His father opened it by remarking that, in spite of all the pieces of enlightenment we had given Hans, his fear of horses had not yet diminished. We were also forced to confess that the connections between the horses he was afraid of and the affectionate feelings towards his mother which had been revealed were by no means abundant. Certain details which I now learnt—to the effect that he was particularly bothered by what horses wear in front of their eyes and by the black round their mouths—were certainly

[1] [See the last section of the third of Freud's *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* (1905*d*), *Standard Ed.*, **7**, 225.]

not to be explained from what we knew. But as I saw the two of them sitting in front of me and at the same time heard Hans's description of his anxiety-horses, a further piece of the solution shot through my mind, and a piece which I could well understand might escape his father. I asked Hans jokingly whether his horses wore eyeglasses, to which he replied that they did not. I then asked him whether his father wore eyeglasses, to which, against all the evidence, he once more said no. Finally I asked him whether by 'the black round the mouth' he meant a moustache; and I then disclosed to him that he was afraid of his father, precisely because he was so fond of his mother. It must be, I told him, that he thought his father was angry with him on that account; but this was not so, his father was fond of him in spite of it, and he might admit everything to him without any fear. Long before he was in the world, I went on, I had known that a little Hans would come who would be so fond of his mother that he would be bound to feel afraid of his father because of it; and I had told his father this. 'But why do you think I'm angry with you?' his father interrupted me at this point; 'have I ever scolded you or hit you?' Hans corrected him: 'Oh yes! You have hit me.' 'That's not true. When was it, anyhow?' 'This morning,' answered the little boy; and his father recollected that Hans had quite unexpectedly butted his head into his stomach, so that he had given him as it were a reflex blow with his hand. It was remarkable that he had not brought this detail into connection with the neurosis; but he now recognized it as an expression of the little boy's hostile disposition towards him, and perhaps also as a manifestation of a need for getting punished for it.[1]

'Does the Professor talk to God,' Hans asked his father on

[1] Later on the boy repeated his reaction towards his father in a clearer and more complete manner, by first hitting his father on the hand and then affectionately kissing the same hand.—[Cf. in this connection the third part of Freud's paper on 'Character Types' (1916*d*).]

the way home, 'as he can tell all that beforehand?' I should be extraordinarily proud of this recognition out of the mouth of a child, if I had not myself provoked it by my joking boastfulness. From the date of this consultation I received almost daily reports of the alterations in the little patient's condition. It was not to be expected that he should be freed from his anxiety at a single blow by the information I gave him; but it became apparent that a possibility had now been offered him of bringing forward his unconscious productions and of unfolding his phobia. From that time forward he carried out a programme which I was able to announce to his father in advance.

'April 2nd. The *first real improvement* is to be noted. While formerly he could never be induced to go out of the street-door for very long, and always ran back into the house with every sign of fright if horses came along, this time he stayed in front of the street-door for an hour—even while carts were driving past, which happens fairly often in our street. Every now and then he ran into the house when he saw a cart approaching in the distance, but he turned round at once as though he were changing his mind. In any case there is only a trace of the anxiety left, and the progress since his enlightenment is unmistakable.

'In the evening he said: "We get as far as the street-door now, so we'll go into the Stadtpark too."

'On April 3rd, in the morning he came into bed with me, whereas for the last few days he had not been coming any more and had even seemed to be proud of not doing so. "And why have you come to-day?" I asked.

'*Hans*: "When I'm not frightened I shan't come any more."

'*I*: "So you come in to me because you're frightened?"

'*Hans*: "When I'm not with you I'm frightened; when I'm

not in bed with you, then I'm frightened. When I'm not frightened any more I shan't come any more."

'*I*: "So you're fond of me and you feel anxious when you're in your bed in the morning? and that's why you come in to me?"

'*Hans*: "Yes. Why did you tell me I'm fond of *Mummy* and that's why I'm frightened, when I'm fond of *you*?" '

Here the little boy was displaying a really unusual degree of clarity. He was bringing to notice the fact that his love for his father was wrestling with his hostility towards him in his capacity of rival with his mother; and he was reproaching his father with not having yet drawn his attention to this interplay of forces, which was bound to end in anxiety. His father did not entirely understand him as yet, for during this conversation he only succeeded in convincing himself of the little boy's hostility towards him, the existence of which I had asserted during our consultation. The following dialogue, which I nevertheless give without alteration, is really of more importance in connection with the progress of the father's enlightenment than with the little patient.

'Unfortunately I did not immediately grasp the meaning of this reproach. Because Hans is fond of his mother he evidently wants to get me out of the way, and he would then be in his father's place. This suppressed hostile wish is turned into anxiety *about* his father, and he comes in to me in the morning to see if I have gone away. Unfortunately at the moment I did not understand this, and said to him:

' "When you're alone, you're just anxious for me and come in to me."

'*Hans*: "When you're away, I'm afraid you're not coming home."

'*I*: "And have I ever threatened you that I shan't come home?"

'*Hans*: "Not you, but Mummy. Mummy's told me she

won't come back." (He had probably been naughty, and she had threatened to go away.)

'*I*: "She said that because you were naughty."

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "So you're afraid I'm going away because you were naughty; that's why you come in to me."

'When I got up from table after breakfast Hans said: "Daddy, don't trot away from me!" I was struck by his saying "trot" instead of "run", and replied: "Oho! So you're afraid of the horse trotting away from you." Upon which he laughed.'

We know that this portion of Hans's anxiety had two constituents: there was fear *of* his father and fear *for* his father. The former was derived from his hostility towards his father, and the latter from the conflict between his affection, which was exaggerated at this point by way of compensation, and his hostility.

His father proceeds: 'This is no doubt the beginning of an important phase. His motive for at the most just venturing outside the house but not going away from it, and for turning round at the first attack of anxiety when he is half-way, is his fear of not finding his parents at home because they have gone away. He sticks to the house from love of his mother, and he is afraid of my going away because of the hostile wishes that he nourishes against me—for then *he* would be the father.

'In the summer I used to be constantly leaving Gmunden for Vienna on business, and he was then the father. You will remember that his fear of horses is connected with the episode at Gmunden when a horse was to take Lizzi's luggage to the station [p. 29]. The repressed wish that I should drive to the station, for then he would be alone with his mother (the wish that "the horse should drive off"), is turned into fear of the horse's driving off; and in fact nothing throws him into greater alarm than when a cart drives off from the

courtyard of the Head Customs House (which is just opposite our flat) and the horses start moving.

'This new phase (hostile sentiments towards his father) could only come out after he knew that I was not angry because he was so fond of his mother.

'In the afternoon I went out in front of the street-door with him again; he again went out in front of the house, and stayed there even when carts went past. In the case of a few carts only he was afraid, and ran into the entrance-hall. He also said to me in explanation: "Not all white horses bite." That is to say: owing to the analysis some white horses have

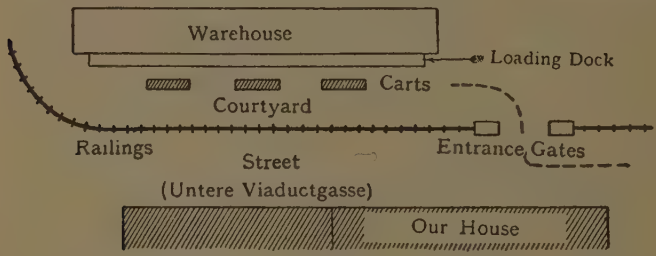


FIG. 2.

already been recognized as "Daddy", and they no longer bite; but there are others still left over which *do* bite.

'The position of our street-door is as follows: Opposite it is the warehouse of the Office for the Taxation of Food-Stuffs, with a loading dock at which carts are driving up all day long to fetch away boxes, packing-cases, etc. This courtyard is cut off from the street by railings; and the entrance gates to the courtyard are opposite our house (Fig. 2). I have noticed for some days that Hans is specially frightened when carts drive into or out of the yard, a process which involves their taking a corner. I asked at the time why he was so much afraid, and he replied: "*I'm afraid the horses will fall down when the cart turns*" (*a*). He is equally frightened when carts standing at the loading dock start moving in order to drive off (*b*). Further

(*c*), he is more frightened of large dray-horses than of small horses, and of rough farm-horses than of smart horses (such as those in a carriage and pair). He is also more frightened when a vehicle drives past quickly (*d*) than when the horses trot up slowly. These differentiations have, of course, only come to light clearly during the last few days.'

I should be inclined to say that, in consequence of the analysis, not only the patient but his phobia too had plucked up courage and was venturing to show itself. [Cf. p. 124.]

'On April 5th Hans came in to our bedroom again, and was sent back to his own bed. I said to him: "As long as you come into our room in the mornings, your fear of horses won't get better." He was defiant, however, and replied: "I shall come in all the same, even if I *am* afraid." So he will not let himself be forbidden to visit his mother.

'After breakfast we were to go downstairs. Hans was delighted, and planned that, instead of stopping in front of the street-door as usual, he should go across the street into the yard, where he had often enough seen street-boys playing. I told him I should be pleased if he were to go across, and took the opportunity of asking him why he is so much afraid when the loaded carts at the loading dock start moving (*b*).

'*Hans*: "I'm afraid of standing by the cart and the cart driving off quick, and of my standing on it and wanting to get on to the board (the loading dock), and my driving off in the cart."

'*I*: "And if the cart stands still? Aren't you afraid then? Why not?"

'*Hans*: "If the cart stands still, then I can get on to the cart quick and get on to the board." [Fig. 3.]

'(So Hans is planning to climb over a cart on to the loading dock, and is afraid of the cart driving away while he is on it.)

'*I*: "Perhaps you're afraid you won't come home any more if you drive away in the cart?"

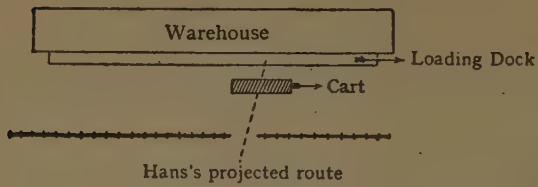


FIG. 3.

'*Hans*: "Oh no! I can always come back to Mummy, in the cart or in a cab. I can tell him the number of the house too."

'*I*: "Then why *are* you afraid?"

'*Hans*: "I don't know. But the Professor'll know. D'you think he'll know?"

'*I*: "And why do you want to get over on to the board?"

'*Hans*: "Because I've never been up there, and I should so much like to be there; and d'you know why I should like to go there? Because I should like to load and unload the boxes, and I should like to climb about on the boxes there. I should so like to climb about there. D'you know who I learnt the climbing about from? Some boys climbed on the boxes, and I saw them, and I want to do it too."

'His wish was not fulfilled. For when Hans ventured once more in front of the street-door, the few steps across the street and into the courtyard awoke too great resistances in him, because carts were constantly driving into the yard.'

The Professor only knows that the game which Hans intended to play with the loaded carts must have stood in the relation of a symbolic substitute to some other wish as to which he had so far uttered no word. But, if it did not seem too daring, this wish might already, even at this stage, be constructed.

'In the afternoon we again went out in front of the street-door, and when I returned I asked Hans:

' "Which horses are you actually most afraid of?"

'*Hans*: "All of them."

'*I*: "That's not true."

'*Hans*: "I'm most afraid of horses with a thing on their mouths."

'*I*: "What do you mean? The piece of iron they have in their mouths?"

'*Hans*: "No. They have something black on their mouths." (He covered his mouth with his hand.)

'*I*: "What? A moustache, perhaps?"

'*Hans* (laughing): "Oh no!"

'*I*: "Have they all got it?"

'*Hans*: "No, only a few of them."

'*I*: "What is it that they've got on their mouths?"

'*Hans*: "A black thing." (I think in reality it must be the thick piece of harness that dray-horses wear over their noses.) [Fig. 4.]

Fig. 4.

' "And I'm most afraid of furniture-vans, too."

'*I*: "Why?"

'*Hans*: "I think when furniture-horses are dragging a heavy van they'll fall down."

'*I*: "So you're not afraid with a small cart?"

'*Hans*: "No. I'm not afraid with a small cart or with a post-office van. I'm most afraid too when a bus comes along."

'*I*: "Why? Because it's so big?"

'*Hans*: "No. Because once a horse in a bus fell down."

'*I*: "When?"

'*Hans*: "Once when I went out with Mummy in spite of my 'nonsense', when I bought the waistcoat." (This was subsequently confirmed by his mother.)

'*I*: "What did you think when the horse fell down?"

'*Hans*: "Now it'll always be like this. All horses in buses'll fall down."

'*I*: "In all buses?"

'*Hans*: "Yes. And in furniture-vans too. Not often in furniture-vans."

'*I*: "You had your nonsense already at that time?"

'*Hans*: "No. I only got it then. When the horse in the bus [1] fell down, it gave me such a fright, really! That was when I got the nonsense."

'*I*: "But the nonsense was that you thought a horse would bite you. And now you say you were afraid a horse would fall down."

'*Hans*: "Fall down and bite." [2]

'*I*: "Why did it give you such a fright?"

'*Hans*: "Because the horse went like this with its feet." (He lay down on the ground and showed me how it kicked about.) "It gave me a fright *because it made a row with its feet.*"

'*I*: "Where did you go with Mummy that day?"

'*Hans*: "First to the Skating Rink, then to a *café*, then to buy a waistcoat, then to the pastry-cook's with Mummy, and then home in the evening; we went back through the Stadt-park." (All of this was confirmed by my wife, as well as the fact that the anxiety broke out immediately afterwards.)

'*I*: "Was the horse dead when it fell down?"

'*Hans*: "Yes!"

'*I*: "How do you know that?"

'*Hans*: "Because I saw it." (He laughed.) "No, it wasn't a bit dead."

'*I*: "Perhaps you thought it was dead?"

'*Hans*: "No. Certainly not. I only said it as a joke." (His expression at the moment, however, had been serious.)

'As he was tired, I let him run off. He only told me besides

[1] [In the editions before 1924 this was wrongly given as 'furniture-van'.]

[2] Hans was right, however improbable this collocation may sound. The train of thought, as we shall see, was that the horse (his father) would bite him because of his wish that it (his father) should fall down.

this that he had first been afraid of bus-horses, then of all others, and only in the end of furniture-van horses.

'On the way back from Lainz there were a few more questions:

'*I*: "When the bus-horse fell down, what colour was it? White, red, brown, grey?"

'*Hans*: "Black. Both horses were black."

'*I*: "Was it big or little?"

'*Hans*: "Big."

'*I*: "Fat or thin?"

'*Hans*: "Fat. Very big and fat."

'*I*: "When the horse fell down, did you think of your daddy?"

'*Hans*: "Perhaps. Yes. It's possible." '

His father's investigations may have been without success at some points; but it does no harm to make acquaintance at close quarters with a phobia of this sort—which we may feel inclined to name after its new objects. [Cf. p. 125.] For in this way we get to see how diffuse it really is. It extends on to horses and on to carts, on to the fact that horses fall down and that they bite, on to horses of a particular character, on to carts that are heavily loaded. I will reveal at once that all these characteristics were derived from the circumstance that the anxiety originally had no reference at all to horses but was transposed on to them secondarily and had now become fixed upon those elements of the horse-complex which showed themselves well adapted for certain transferences.[1] We must specially acknowledge one most important result of the boy's examination by his father. We have learned the immediate precipitating cause after which the phobia broke out. This was when the boy saw a big heavy horse fall down;

[1] [Here 'transference' has a wider meaning than the one more usual in Freud's later writings. It is used in the present sense in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900*a*), Chapter VII, Section C (*Standard Ed.*, **5**, 562).]

and one at least of the interpretations of this impression seems to be that emphasized by his father, namely, that Hans at that moment perceived a wish that his father might fall down in the same way—and be dead. His serious expression as he was telling the story no doubt referred to this unconscious meaning. May there not have been yet another meaning concealed behind all this? And what can have been the significance of the making a row with its legs?

'For some time Hans has been playing horses in the room; he trots about, falls down, kicks about with his feet, and neighs. Once he tied a small bag on like a nose-bag. He has repeatedly run up to me and bitten me.'

In this way he was accepting the last interpretations more decidedly than he could in words, but naturally with a change of parts, for the game was played in obedience to a wishful phantasy. Thus *he* was the horse, and bit his father, and in this way was identifying himself with his father.

'I have noticed for the last two days that Hans has been defying me in the most decided manner, not impudently, but in the highest spirits. Is it because he is no longer afraid of me —the horse?

'April 6th. Went out with Hans in front of the house in the afternoon. At every horse that passed I asked him if he saw the "black on its mouth"; he said "no" every time. I asked him what the black really looked like; he said it was black iron. My first idea, that he meant the thick leather straps that are part of the harness of dray-horses, is therefore unconfirmed. I asked him if the "black" reminded him of a moustache, and he said: "Only by its colour." So I do not yet know what it really is.

'The fear has diminished; this time he ventured as far as the next-door house, but turned round quickly when he heard the sound of horses' hooves in the distance. When a cart drew

up at our door and came to a stop, he became frightened and ran into the house, because the horse began pawing with its foot. I asked him why he was afraid, and whether perhaps he was nervous because the horse had done like this (and I stamped with my foot). He said: "Don't make such a row with your feet!" Compare his remark about the fallen bus-horse.

'He was particularly terrified by a furniture-van passing by. At that he ran right inside the house. "Doesn't a furniture-van like that," I asked him unconcernedly, "really look like a bus?" He said nothing. I repeated the question, and he then said: "Why, of course! Otherwise I shouldn't be so afraid of a furniture-van."

'April 7th. I asked again to-day what the "black on the horses' mouths" looked like. Hans said: "Like a muzzle." The curious thing is that for the last three days not a single horse has passed on which he could point out this "muzzle". I myself have seen no such horse on any of my walks, although Hans asseverates that such horses do exist. I suspect that some sort of horses' bridle—the thick piece of harness round their mouths, perhaps—really reminded him of a moustache, and that after I alluded to this this fear disappeared as well.

'Hans's improvement is constant. The radius of his circle of activity with the street-door as its centre grows ever wider. He has even accomplished the feat, which has hitherto been impossible for him, of running across to the pavement opposite. All the fear that remains is connected with the bus scene, the meaning of which is not yet clear to me.

'April 9th. This morning Hans came in to me while I was washing and bare to the waist.

'*Hans*: "Daddy, you *are* lovely! You're so white."

'*I*: "Yes. Like a white horse."

'*Hans*: "The only black thing's your moustache." (Continuing) "Or perhaps it's a black muzzle?"

'I told him then that I had been to see the Professor the evening before, and said: "There's one thing he wants to know." "I *am* curious," remarked Hans.

'I told him I knew on what occasions it was that he made a row with his feet. "Oh, yes!" he interrupted me, "when I'm cross, or when I have to do 'lumf' and would rather play." (He has a habit, it is true, of making a row with his feet, i.e. of stamping, when he is angry.—"Doing lumf" means doing number two. When Hans was small he said one day when he got off the chamber: "Look at the lumf [German: '*Lumpf*']." He meant "stocking" [German: "*Strumpf*"], because of its shape and colour. This designation has been preserved to this day.—In very early days, when he had to be put on the chamber, and refused to leave off playing, he used to stamp his feet in a rage, and kick about, and sometimes throw himself on the ground.)

' "And you kick about with your feet as well, when you have to widdle and don't want to go, because you'd rather go on playing."

'*He*: "Oh, I must widdle." And he went out of the room—by way of confirmation, no doubt.'

In the course of his visit his father had asked me what Hans could have been reminded of by the fallen horse kicking about with its feet. I had suggested that that may have been his own reaction when he retained his urine. Hans now confirmed this by means of the re-emergence during the conversation of a desire to micturate; and he added some other meanings of the making a row with the feet.

'We then went out in front of the street-door. When a coal-cart came along, he said to me: "Daddy, I'm very much afraid of coal-carts, too."

'*I*: "Perhaps that's because they're as big as buses, too."

'*Hans*: "Yes; and because they're so heavily loaded, and the horses have so much to drag and might easily fall down. If a cart's empty, I'm not afraid." It is a fact, as I have already remarked, that only heavy vehicles throw him into a state of anxiety.'

Nevertheless, the situation was decidedly obscure. The analysis was making little progress; and I am afraid the reader will soon begin to find this description of it tedious. Every analysis, however, has dark periods of this kind. But Hans was now on the point of leading us into an unexpected region.

'I came home and was speaking to my wife, who had made various purchases which she was showing me. Among them was a pair of yellow ladies' drawers. Hans exclaimed "Ugh!" two or three times, threw himself on the ground, and spat. My wife said he had done this two or three times already when he had seen the drawers.

' "Why do you say 'Ugh'?" I asked.

'*Hans*: "Because of the drawers."

'*I*: "Why? Because of their colour? Because they're yellow, and remind you of lumf or widdle?"

'*Hans*: "Lumf isn't yellow. It's white or black."—Immediately afterwards: "I say, is it easy to do lumf if you eat cheese?" (I had once told him so, when he asked me why I ate cheese.)

'*I*: "Yes."

'*Hans*: "That's why you go straight off every morning and do lumf? I should so much like to eat cheese with my bread-and-butter."

'He had already asked me yesterday as he was jumping about in the street: "I say, it's true, isn't it, if you jump about a lot you can do lumf easily?"—There has been trouble with his stools from the very first; and aperients and enemas have frequently been necessary. At one time his habitual

constipation was so great that my wife called in Dr. L. He was of opinion that Hans was overfed, which was in fact the case, and recommended a more moderate diet—and the condition was at once brought to an end. Recently the constipation has again made its appearance more frequently.

'After luncheon I said to him: "We'll write to the Professor again," and he dictated to me: "When I saw the yellow drawers I said 'Ugh! that makes me spit!' and threw myself down and shut my eyes and didn't look."

'*I*: "Why?"

'*Hans*: "Because I saw the yellow drawers; and I did the same sort of thing with the black drawers too.[1] The black ones are the same sort of drawers, only they were black." (Interrupting himself) "I say, I *am* glad. I'm always so glad when I can write to the Professor."

'*I*: "Why did you say 'Ugh'? Were you disgusted?"

'*Hans*: "Yes, because I saw that. I thought I should have to do lumf."

'*I*: "Why?"

'*Hans*: "I don't know."

'*I*: "When did you see the black drawers?"

'*Hans*: "Once, when Anna (our maid) had been here a long time—with Mummy—she brought them home just after she'd bought them." (This statement was confirmed by my wife.)

'*I*: "Were you disgusted then, too?"

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "Have you seen Mummy in drawers like that?"

'*Hans*: "No."

'*I*: "When she was dressing?"

'*Hans*: "When she bought the yellow ones I'd seen them once before already." (This is contradicted. He saw the yellow ones for the first time when his mother bought them.)

[1] 'For the last few weeks my wife has possessed a pair of black bloomers for wearing on cycling tours.'

"She's got the black ones on to-day too" (correct), "because I saw her take them off in the morning."

'*I*: "What? She took off the black drawers in the morning?"

'*Hans*: "In the morning when she went out she took off the black drawers, and when she came back she put the black ones on again."

'I asked my wife about this, as it seemed to me absurd. She said it was entirely untrue. Of course she had not changed her drawers when she went out.

'I at once asked Hans about it: "You told me that Mummy had put on some black drawers, and that when she went out she took them off, and that when she came back she put them on again. But Mummy says it's not true."

'*Hans*: "I think perhaps I may have forgotten she didn't take them off." (Impatiently) "Oh, do let me alone." '

I have a few comments to make at this point on the business of the drawers. It was obviously mere hypocrisy on Hans's part to pretend to be so glad of the opportunity of giving an account of the affair. In the end he threw the mask aside and was rude to his father. It was a question of things which had once afforded him *a great deal of pleasure*, but of which, now that repression had set in, he was very much ashamed, and at which he professed to be disgusted. He told some downright lies so as to disguise the circumstances in which he had seen his mother change her drawers. In reality, the putting on and taking off of her drawers belonged to the 'lumf' context. His father was perfectly aware of what it was all about and of what Hans was trying to conceal.

'I asked my wife whether Hans was often with her when she went to the W.C. "Yes," she said, "often. He goes on pestering me till I let him. Children are all like that." '

Nevertheless, it is worth bearing carefully in mind the desire, which Hans had already repressed, for seeing his mother doing lumf.

'We went out in front of the house. He was in very good spirits and was prancing about all the time like a horse. So I said: "Now, who is it that's the bus-horse? Me, you or Mummy?"

'*Hans* (promptly): "I am; I'm a young horse."

'During the period when his anxiety was at its height, and he was frightened at seeing horses frisking, he asked me why they did it; and to reassure him I said: "Those are young horses, you see, and they frisk about like little boys. You frisk about too, and you're a little boy." Since then, whenever he has seen horses frisking, he has said: "That's right; those are young horses!"

'As we were going upstairs I asked him almost without thinking: "Used you to play at horses with the children at Gmunden?"

'*He*: "Yes." (Thoughtfully) "I think that was how I got the nonsense."

'*I*: "Who was the horse?"

'*He*: "I was; and Berta was the coachman."

'*I*: "Did you fall down by any chance, when you were a horse?"

'*Hans*: "No. When Berta said 'Gee-up', I ran ever so quick; I just raced along." [1]

'*I*: "You never played at buses?"

'*Hans*: "No. At ordinary carts, and horses without carts. When a horse has a cart, it can go without a cart just as well, and the cart can stay at home."

'*I*: "Used you often to play at horses?"

'*Hans*: "Very often. Fritzl [2] was the horse once, too, and Franzl the coachman; and Fritzl ran ever so fast and all at once he hit his foot on a stone and bled."

'*I*: "Perhaps he fell down?"

[1] 'Hans had a set of toy harness with bells.'

[2] Another of the landlord's children, as we already know [see p. 16].

'*Hans*: "No. He put his foot in some water and then wrapped it up." [1]

'*I*: "Were you often the horse?"

'*Hans*: "Oh, yes."

'*I*: "And that was how you got the nonsense?"

'*Hans*: "Because they kept on saying "cos of the horse,' "cos of the horse' " (he put a stress on the "cos'); "so perhaps I got the nonsense because they talked like that; "cos of the horse.' " ' [2]

For a while Hans's father pursued his enquiry fruitlessly along other paths.

'*I*: "Did they tell you anything about horses?"

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "What?"

'*Hans*: "I've forgotten."

'*I*: "Perhaps they told you about their widdlers?"

'*Hans*: "Oh, no."

'*I*: "Were you frightened of horses already then?"

'*Hans*: "Oh, no. I wasn't frightened at all."

'*I*: "Perhaps Berta told you that horses——"

[1] See below [p. 82]. His father was quite right in suspecting that Fritzl fell down.

[2] ['*Wegen dem Pferd*'.] I may explain that Hans was not maintaining that he had got the nonsense *at that time* but *in that connection*. Indeed, it must have been so, for theoretical considerations require that what is to-day the object of a phobia must at one time in the past have been the source of a high degree of pleasure. I may at the same time complete what the child was unable to express, and add that the little word '*wegen*' ['because of', "cos of'] was the means of enabling the phobia to extend from horses on to '*Wagen*' ['vehicles'] or, as Hans was accustomed to pronounce the word and hear it pronounced, '*Wägen*' [pronounced exactly like '*wegen*']. It must never be forgotten how much more concretely children treat words than grown-up people do, and consequently how much more significant for them are similarities of sound in words. [This point was remarked upon by Freud in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900*a*), Chapter VI (near the end of Section A)—*Standard Ed.*, **4**, 303, as well as in Chapter IV of his book on Jokes (1905*c*).]

'*Hans* (interrupting): "——widdle? No."

'On April 10th I took up our conversation of the day before, and tried to discover what his "'cos of the horse" meant. Hans could not remember; he only knew that some children had stood outside the front door one morning and had said, "'cos of the horse, 'cos of the horse!" He had been there himself. When I pressed him more closely, he declared that they had not said "'cos of the horse" at all, but that he had remembered wrong.

'*I*: "But you and the others were often in the stables. You must surely have talked about horses there."—"We didn't."—"What did you talk about?"—"Nothing."—"Such a lot of children, and nothing to talk about?"—"We did talk about something, but not about horses."—"Well, what was it?"—"I don't remember any more."

'I allowed the matter to drop, as the resistances were evidently too great,[1] and went on to the following question: "Did you like playing with Berta?"

'*He*: "Yes, very much; but not with Olga. D'you know what Olga did? I was given a paper ball once by Grete up there at Gmunden, and Olga tore it all to pieces. Berta would never have torn my ball. I liked playing with Berta very much."

'*I*: "Did you see what Berta's widdler looked like?"

'*He*: "No, but I saw the horses'; because I was always in the stables, and so I saw the horses' widdlers."

'*I*: "And so you were curious and wanted to know what Berta's and Mummy's widdlers looked like?"

'*He*: "Yes."

'I reminded him of how he had once complained to me

[1] In point of fact there was nothing more to be got out of it than Hans's verbal association, and this had escaped his father. Here is a good instance of conditions under which an analyst's efforts are wasted.

that the little girls always wanted to look on while he was widdling [p. 21].

'*He*: "Berta always looked on at me too" (he spoke with great satisfaction and not at all resentfully); "often she did. I used to widdle in the little garden where the radishes were, and she stood outside the front door and looked on at me."

'*I*: "And when she widdled, did you look on?"

'*He*: "She used to go to the W.C."

'*I*: "And you were curious?"

'*He*: "I was inside the W.C. when she was in it."

'(This was a fact. The servants told us about it once, and I recollect that we forbade Hans to do it.)

'*I*: "Did you tell her you wanted to go in?"

'*He*: "I went in alone and because Berta let me. There's nothing shameful in that."

'*I*: "And you'd have liked to see her widdler?"

'*He*: "Yes, but I didn't see it."

'I then reminded him of the dream about playing forfeits that he had had at Gmunden [p. 20], and said: "When you were at Gmunden did you want Berta to make you widdle?"

'*He*: "I never said so to her."

'*I*: "Why didn't you ever say so to her?"

'*He*: "Because I didn't think of it." (Interrupting himself) "If I write everything to the Professor, my nonsense'll soon be over, won't it?"

'*I*: "Why did you want Berta to make you widdle?"

'*He*: "I don't know. Because she looked on at me."

'*I*: "Did you think to yourself she should put her hand to your widdler?"

'*He*: "Yes." (Changing the subject) "It was such fun at Gmunden. In the little garden where the radishes were there was a little sand-heap; I used to play there with my spade."

'(This was the garden where he used always to widdle.)

'*I*: "Did you put your hand to your widdler at Gmunden, when you were in bed?"

'*He*: "No. Not then; I slept so well at Gmunden that I never thought of it at all. The only times I did it was at —— Street [1] and now."

'*I*: "But Berta never put her hand to your widdler?"

'*He*: "She never did, no; because I never told her to."

'*I*: "Well, and when was it you wanted her to?"

'*He*: "Oh, at Gmunden once."

'*I*: "Only once?"

'*He*: "Well, now and then."

'*I*: "She used always to look on at you when you widdled; perhaps she was curious to know how you did it?"

'*He*: "Perhaps she was curious to know what my widdler looked like."

'*I*: "But you were curious too. Only about Berta?"

'*He*: "About Berta, and about Olga."

'*I*: "About who else?"

'*He*: "About no one else."

'*I*: "You know that's not true. About Mummy too."

'*He*: "Oh, yes, about Mummy."

'*I*: "But now you're not curious any more. You know what Hanna's widdler looks like, don't you?"

'*He*: "It'll grow, though, won't it?" [2]

'*I*: "Yes, of course. But when it's grown it won't look like yours."

'*He*: "I know that. It'll be the same" (*sc.* as it now is) "only bigger."

'*I*: "When we were at Gmunden, were you curious when your Mummy undressed?"

'*He*: "Yes. And then when Hanna was in her bath I saw her widdler."

'*I*: "And Mummy's too?"

'*He*: "No."

'*I*: "You were disgusted when you saw Mummy's drawers?"

[1] The flat they were in before the move [p. 15].

[2] Hans wants to be assured that his own widdler will grow.

'*He*: 'Only when I saw the black ones—when she bought them—then I spat. But I don't spit when she puts her drawers on or takes them off. *I spit because the black drawers are black like a lumf and the yellow ones like a widdle, and then I think I've got to widdle.* When Mummy has her drawers on I don't see them; she's got her clothes on over them."

'*I*: "And when she takes off her clothes?"

'*He*: "I don't spit then either. But when her drawers are new they look like a lumf. When they're old, the colour goes away and they get dirty. When you buy them they're quite clean, but at home they've been made dirty. When they're bought they're new, and when they're not bought they're old."

'*I*: "Then you aren't disgusted by old ones?"

'*He*: "When they're old they're much blacker than a lumf, aren't they? They're just a bit blacker." [1]

'*I*: "Have you often been into the W.C. with Mummy?"

'*He*: "Very often."

'*I*: "And were you disgusted?"

'*He*: "Yes. . . . No."

'*I*: "You like being there when Mummy widdles or does lumf?"

'*He*: "Yes, very much."

'*I*: "Why do you like it so much?"

'*He*: "I don't know."

'*I*: "Because you think you'll see her widdler."

'*He*: "Yes, I do think that."

'*I*: "But why won't you ever go into the W.C. at Lainz?"

'(At Lainz he always begs me not to take him into the W.C.; he was frightened once by the noise of the flush.)

[1] Our young man was here wrestling with a subject of which he was not equal to giving a clear exposition; so that there is some difficulty in understanding him. He may perhaps have meant that the drawers only recalled his feelings of disgust when he saw them on their own account; as soon as his mother had them on, he ceased to connect them with lumf or widdle, and they then interested him in a different way.

'*He*: "Perhaps it's because it makes a row when you pull the plug."

'*I*: "And then you're afraid."

'*He*: "Yes."

'*I*: "And what about our W.C. here?"

'*He*: "Here I'm not. At Lainz it gives me a fright when you pull the plug. And when I'm inside and the water rushes down, then it gives me a fright too."

'And, "just to show me that he wasn't frightened in our flat," he made me go into the W.C. and set the flush in motion. He then explained to me:

' "First there's a loud row, and then a loose one." (This is when the water comes down.) "When there's a loud row I'd rather stay inside, and when there's a soft one I'd rather go out."

'*I*: "Because you're afraid?"

'*He*: "Because if there's a loud row I always so much like to see it"—(correcting himself) "to hear it; so I'd rather stay inside and hear it properly."

'*I*: "What does a loud row remind you of?"

'*He*: "That I've got to do lumf in the W.C." (The same thing, that is, that the black drawers reminded him of.)

'*I*: "Why?"

'*He*: "I don't know. A loud row sounds as though you were doing lumf. A big row reminds me of lumf, and a little one of widdle." (Cf. the black and the yellow drawers.)

'*I*: "I say, wasn't the bus-horse the same colour as a lumf?" (According to his account it had been black [p. 51].)

'*He* (very much struck): "Yes." '

At this point I must put in a few words. Hans's father was asking too many questions, and was pressing the inquiry along his own lines instead of allowing the little boy to express his thoughts. For this reason the analysis began to be obscure and uncertain. Hans went his own way and would produce nothing if attempts were made to draw him off it.

For the moment his interest was evidently centred upon lumf and widdle, but we cannot tell why. Just as little satisfactory light was thrown upon the business of the row as upon that of the yellow and black drawers. I suspect that the boy's sharp ears had clearly detected the difference between the sounds made by a man micturating and a woman. The analysis succeeded in forcing the material somewhat artificially into an expression of the distinction between the two different calls of nature. I can only advise those of my readers who have not as yet themselves conducted an analysis not to try to understand everything at once, but to give a kind of unbiassed attention to every point that arises and to await further developments.

'April 11th. This morning Hans came into our room again and was sent away, as he always has been for the last few days.

'Later on, he began: "Daddy, I thought something: *I was in the bath*,[1] *and then the plumber came and unscrewed it.*[2] *Then he took a big borer and stuck it into my stomach.*" '

Hans's father translated this phantasy as follows: ' "I was in bed with Mummy. Then Daddy came and drove me away. With his big penis he pushed me out of my place by Mummy." '

Let us suspend our judgement for the present.

'He went on to relate a second idea that he had had: "We were travelling in the train to Gmunden. In the station we put on our clothes; but we couldn't get it done in time, and the train carried us on."

'Later on, I asked: "Have you ever seen a horse doing lumf?"

'*Hans*: "Yes, very often."

'*I*: "Does it make a loud row when it does lumf?"

[1] 'Hans's mother gives him his bath.'
[2] 'To take it away to be repaired.'

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "What does the row remind you of?"

'*Hans*: "Like when lumf falls into the chamber."

'The bus-horse that falls down and makes a row with its feet is no doubt—a lumf falling and making a noise. His fear of defaecation and his fear of heavily loaded carts is equivalent to the fear of a heavily loaded stomach.'

In this roundabout way Hans's father was beginning to get a glimmering of the true state of affairs.

'April 11th. At luncheon Hans said: "If only we had a bath at Gmunden, so that I didn't have to go to the public baths!" It is a fact that at Gmunden he was always taken to the neighbouring public baths to be given a hot bath—a proceeding against which he used to protest with passionate tears. And in Vienna, too, he always screams if he is made to sit or lie in the big bath. He must be given his bath kneeling or standing.'

Hans was now beginning to bring fuel to the analysis in the shape of spontaneous utterances of his own. This remark of his established the connection between his two last phantasies—that of the plumber who unscrewed the bath and that of the unsuccessful journey to Gmunden. His father had correctly inferred from the latter that Hans had some aversion to Gmunden. This, by the way, is another good reminder of the fact that what emerges from the unconscious is to be understood in the light not of what goes before but of what comes after.

'I asked him whether he was afraid, and if so of what.

'*Hans*: "Because of falling in."

'*I*: "But why were you never afraid when you had your bath in the little bath?"

'*Hans*: "Why, I sat in that one. I couldn't lie down in it, it was too small."

'*I*: "When you went in a boat at Gmunden weren't you afraid of falling into the water?"

'*Hans*: "No, because I held on, so I couldn't fall in. It's only in the big bath that I'm afraid of falling in."

'*I*: "But Mummy baths you in it. Are you afraid of Mummy dropping you in the water?"

'*Hans*: "I'm afraid of her letting go and my head going in."

'*I*: "But you know Mummy's fond of you and won't let go of you."

'*Hans*: "I only just thought it."

'*I*: "Why?"

'*Hans*: "I don't know at all."

'*I*: "Perhaps it was because you'd been naughty and thought she didn't love you any more?"

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "When you were watching Mummy giving Hanna her bath, perhaps you wished she would let go of her so that Hanna should fall in?"

'*Hans*: "Yes." '

Hans's father, we cannot help thinking, had made a very good guess.

'April 12th. As we were coming back from Lainz in a second-class carriage, Hans looked at the black leather upholstery of the seats, and said: "Ugh! that makes me spit! Black drawers and black horses make me spit too, because I have to do lumf."

'*I*: "Perhaps you saw something of Mummy's that was black, and it frightened you?"

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "Well, what was it?"

'*Hans*: "I don't know. A black blouse or black stockings."

'*I*: "Perhaps it was black hair near her widdler, when you were curious and looked."

'*Hans* (defending himself): "But I didn't see her widdler."

'Another time, he was frightened once more at a cart driving out of the yard gates opposite. "Don't the gates look like a behind?" I asked.

'*He*: "And the horses are the lumfs!" Since then, whenever he sees a cart driving out, he says: "Look, there's a 'lumfy' coming!" This form of the word ("lumfy") is quite a new one to him; it sound like a term of endearment. My sister-in-law always calls her child "Wumfy".

'On April 13th he saw a piece of liver in the soup and exclaimed: "Ugh! A lumf!" Meat croquettes, too, he eats with evident reluctance, because their form and colour remind him of lumf.

'In the evening my wife told me that Hans had been out on the balcony and had said: "I thought to myself Hanna was on the balcony and fell down off it." I had once or twice told him to be careful that Hanna did not get too near the balustrade when she was out on the balcony; for the railing was designed in the most unpractical way (by a metal-worker of the Secessionist movement) and had big gaps in it which I had to have filled in with wire netting. Hans's repressed wish was very transparent. His mother asked him if he would rather Hanna were not there, to which he said "Yes".

'April 14th. The theme of Hanna is uppermost. As you may remember from earlier records, Hans felt a strong aversion to the new-born baby that robbed him of a part of his parents' love. This dislike has not entirely disappeared and is only partly overcompensated by an exaggerated affection.[1] He has already several times expressed a wish that the stork should bring no more babies and that we should pay him money not to bring any more "out of the big box" where

[1] The 'Hanna' theme immediately succeeded the 'lumf' theme, and the explanation of this at length begins to dawn upon us: Hanna was a lumf herself—babies were lumfs.

babies are. (Compare his fear of furniture-vans. Does not a bus look like a big box?) Hanna screams such a lot, he says, and that's a nuisance to him.

'Once he suddenly said: "Can you remember when Hanna came? She lay beside Mummy in bed, so nice and good." (His praise rang suspiciously hollow.)

'And then as regards downstairs, outside the house. There is again great progress to be reported. Even drays cause him less alarm. Once he called out, almost with joy: "Here comes a horse with something black on its mouth!" And I was at last able to establish the fact that it was a horse with a leather muzzle. But Hans was not in the least afraid of this horse.

'Once he knocked on the pavement with his stick and said: "I say, is there a man underneath?—some one buried?—or is that only in the cemetery?" So he is occupied not only with the riddle of life but with the riddle of death.

'When we got indoors again I saw a box standing in the front hall, and Hans said: "Hanna travelled with us to Gmunden in a box like that. Whenever we travelled to Gmunden she travelled with us in the box. You don't believe me again? Really, Daddy. Do believe me. We got a big box and it was full of babies; they sat in the bath." (A small bath had been packed inside the box.) "I put them in it. Really and truly. I can remember quite well." [1]

'*I*: "What can you remember?"

'*Hans*: "That Hanna travelled in the box; because I haven't forgotten about it. My word of honour!"

'*I*: "But last year Hanna travelled with us in the railway carriage."

'*Hans*: "*But before that she always travelled with us in the box.*"

[1] Hans was now going off into a phantasy. As we can see, a box and a bath have the same meaning for him: they both represent the space which contains the babies. We must bear in mind Hans's repeated assurances on this point.

'*I*: "Didn't Mummy have the box?"

'*Hans*: "Yes. Mummy had it."

'*I*: "Where?"

'*Hans*: "At home in the attic."

'*I*: "Perhaps she carried it about with her?" [1]

'*Hans*: "No. And when we travel to Gmunden this time Hanna'll travel in the box again."

'*I*: "And how did she get out of the box, then?"

'*Hans*: "She was taken out."

'*I*: "By Mummy?"

'*Hans*: "Mummy and me. Then we got into the carriage, and Hanna rode on the horse, and the coachman said 'Gee-up'. The coachman sat up in front. Were you there too? Mummy knows all about it. Mummy doesn't know; she's forgotten about it already, but don't tell her anything!"

'I made him repeat the whole of this.

'*Hans*: "Then Hanna got out."

'*I*: "Why, she couldn't walk at all then."

'*Hans*: "Well then, we lifted her down."

'*I*: "But how could she have sat on the horse? She couldn't sit up at all last year."

'*Hans*: "Oh yes, she sat up all right, and called out 'Gee-up', and whipped with her whip—'Gee-up! Gee-up!'—the whip I used to have. The horse hadn't any stirrups, but Hanna rode it. I'm not joking, you know, Daddy." '

What can be the meaning of the boy's obstinate persistence in all this nonsense? Oh no, it was no nonsense: it was parody, it was Hans's revenge upon his father. It was as much as to say: '*If you really expect me to believe that the stork brought Hanna in October, when even in the summer, while we were travelling to Gmunden, I'd noticed how big Mother's stomach was,—then I expect*

[1] The box was of course the womb. (Hans's father was trying to let him know that he understood this.) And the same is true of the caskets in which so many of the heroes of mythology were exposed, from the time of King Sargon of Agade onwards.—(*Added* 1923:) Cf. Rank's study, *Der Mythus von der Geburt des Helden*, 1909.

you to believe my lies.' What can be the meaning of the assertion that even the summer before the last Hanna had travelled with them to Gmunden 'in the box', except that he knew about his mother's pregnancy? His holding out the prospect of a repetition of this journey in the box in each successive year exemplifies a common way in which unconscious thoughts from the past emerge into consciousness; or it may have special reasons and express his dread of seeing a similar pregnancy repeated on their next summer holiday. We now see, moreover, what the circumstances were that had made him take a dislike to the journey to Gmunden, as his second phantasy had indicated [p. 65].

'Later on, I asked him how Hanna had actually come into his mother's bed after she was born.'

This gave Hans a chance of letting himself go and fairly 'stuffing' his father.

'*Hans*: "Hanna just came. Frau Kraus" (the midwife) "put her in the bed. She couldn't walk, of course. But the stork carried her in his beak. Of course she couldn't walk." (He went on without a pause.) "The stork came up the stairs up to the landing, and then he knocked and everybody was asleep, and he had the right key and unlocked the door and put Hanna in *your*[1] bed, and Mummy was asleep—no, the stork put her in *her* bed. It was the middle of the night, and then the stork put her in the bed very quietly, he didn't trample about at all, and then he took his hat and went away again. No, he hadn't got a hat."

'*I*: "Who took his hat? The doctor, perhaps?"

'*Hans*: "Then the stork went away; he went home, and then he rang at the door, and every one in the house stopped sleeping. But don't tell this to Mummy or Tini" (the cook). "It's a secret."

'*I*: "Are you fond of Hanna?"

[1] Ironical, of course. Like his subsequent request that none of the secret should be betrayed to his mother.

'*Hans*: "Oh yes, very fond."

'*I*: "Would you rather that Hanna weren't alive or that she were?"

'*Hans*: "I'd rather she weren't alive."

'*I*: "Why?"

'*Hans*: "At any rate she wouldn't scream so, and I can't bear her screaming."

'*I*: "Why, you scream yourself."

'*Hans*: "But Hanna screams too."

'*I*: "Why can't you bear it?"

'*Hans*: "Because she screams so loud."

'*I*: "Why, she doesn't scream at all."

'*Hans*: "When she's whacked on her bare bottom, then she screams."

'*I*: "Have you ever whacked her?"

'*Hans*: "When Mummy whacks her on her bottom, then she screams."

'*I*: "And you don't like that?"

'*Hans*: "No. . . . Why? Because she makes such a row with her screaming."

'*I*: "If you'd rather she weren't alive, you can't be fond of her at all."

'*Hans* (assenting): "H'm, well."

'*I*: "That was why you thought when Mummy was giving her her bath, if only she'd let go, Hanna would fall into the water . . ."

'*Hans* (taking me up): ". . . and die."

'*I*: "And then you'd be alone with Mummy. A good boy doesn't wish that sort of thing, though."

'*Hans*: "*But he may* THINK *it.*"

'*I*: "But that isn't good."

'*Hans*: "*If he thinks it, it* IS *good all the same, because you can write it to the Professor.*" [1]

[1] Well done, little Hans! I could wish for no better understanding of psycho-analysis from any grown-up.

'Later on I said to him: "You know, when Hanna gets bigger and can talk, you'll be fonder of her."

'*Hans*: "Oh no. I *am* fond of her. In the autumn, when she's big, I shall go with her to the Stadtpark quite alone, and explain everything to her."

'As I was beginning to give him some further enlightenment, he interrupted me, probably with the intention of explaining to me that it was not so wicked of him to wish that Hanna was dead.

'*Hans*: "You know, all the same, she'd been alive a long time even before she was here. When she was with the stork she was alive too."

'*I*: "No. Perhaps she wasn't with the stork after all."

'*Hans*: "Who brought her, then? The stork had got her."

'*I*: "Where did he bring her from, then?"

'*Hans*: "Oh—from him."

'*I*: "Where had he got her, then?"

'*Hans*: "In the box; in the *stork-box*."

'*I*: "Well, and what does the box look like?"

'*Hans*: "Red. Painted red." (Blood?)

'*I*: "Who told you that?"

'*Hans*: "Mummy . . . I thought it to myself . . . it's in the book."

'*I*: "In what book?"

'*Hans*: "In the picture-book." (I made him fetch his first picture-book. In it was a picture of a stork's nest with storks, on a red chimney. This was the box. Curiously enough, on the same page there was also a picture of a horse being shod.[1] Hans had transferred the babies into the box, as they were not to be seen in the nest.)

'*I*: "And what did the stork do with her?"

'*Hans*: "Then the stork brought Hanna here. In his beak.

[1] [In view of what follows presently it may be worth remarking that the German word for 'shod' ('*beschlagen*') differs in only a single letter from that for 'beaten' ('*geschlagen*').]

You know, the stork that's at Schönbrunn, and that bit the umbrella." (A reminiscence of an episode at Schönbrunn.)

'*I*: "Did you see how the stork brought Hanna?"

'*Hans*: 'Why, I was still asleep, you know. A stork can never bring a little girl or a little boy in the morning."

'*I*: "Why?"

'*Hans*: "He can't. A stork can't do it. Do you know why? So that people shan't see. And then, all at once, in the morning, there's a little girl there." [1]

'*I*: "But, all the same, you were curious at the time to know how the stork did it?"

'*Hans*: "Oh yes."

'*I*: "What did Hanna look like when she came?"

'*Hans* (hypocritically): "All white and lovely. So pretty."

'*I*: "But when you saw her the first time you didn't like her."

'*Hans*: "Oh, I did; very much!"

'*I*: "You were surprised that she was so small, though."

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "How small was she?"

'*Hans*: "Like a baby stork."

'*I*: "Like what else? Like a lumf, perhaps?"

'*Hans*: "Oh no. A lumf's much bigger . . . a bit smaller than Hanna, really." '

I had predicted to his father that it would be possible to trace back Hans's phobia to thoughts and wishes occasioned by the birth of his baby sister. But I had omitted to point out that according to the sexual theory of children a baby is a 'lumf', so that Hans's path would lie through the excre-

[1] There is no need to find fault with Hans's inconsistencies. In the previous conversation his disbelief in the stork had emerged from his unconscious and had been coupled with the exasperation he felt against his father for making so many mysteries. But he had now become calmer and was answering his father's questions with official thoughts in which he had worked out glosses upon the many difficulties involved in the stork hypothesis.

mental complex. It was owing to this neglect on my part that the progress of the case became temporarily obscured. Now that the matter had been cleared up, Hans's father attempted to examine the boy a second time upon this important point.

The next day, 'I got Hans to repeat what he had told me yesterday. He said: "Hanna travelled to Gmunden in the big box, and Mummy travelled in the railway carriage, and Hanna travelled in the luggage train with the box; and then when we got to Gmunden Mummy and I lifted Hanna out and put her on the horse. The coachman sat up in front, and Hanna had the old whip" (the whip he had last year) "and whipped the horse and kept on saying 'Gee-up', and it was such fun, and the coachman whipped too.—The coachman didn't whip at all, because Hanna had the whip.—The coachman had the reins—Hanna had the reins too." (On each occasion we drove in a carriage from the station to the house. Hans was here trying to reconcile fact and fancy.) "At Gmunden we lifted Hanna down from the horse, and she walked up the steps by herself." (Last year, when Hanna was at Gmunden, she was eight months old. The year before that—and Hans's phantasy evidently related to that time—his mother had been five months gone with child when we arrived at Gmunden.)

'*I*: "Last year Hanna was there."

'*Hans*: "Last year she drove in the carriage; but the year before that, when she was living with us . . ."

'*I*: "Was she with us already then?"

'*Hans*: "Yes. You were always there; you used always to go in the boat with me, and Anna was our servant."

'*I*: "But that wasn't last year. Hanna wasn't alive then."

'*Hans*: "*Yes, she was alive then.* Even while she was still travelling in the box she could run about and she could say

'Anna'." (She has only been able to do so for the last four months.)

'*I*: "But she wasn't with us at all then."

'*Hans*: "Oh yes, she was; she was with the stork."

'*I*: "How old is she, then?"

'*Hans*: "She'll be two years old in the autumn. Hanna *was* there, you know she was."

'*I*: "And when was she with the stork in the stork-box?"

'*Hans*: "A long time before she travelled in the box, a very long time."

'*I*: "How long has Hanna been able to walk, then? When she was at Gmunden she couldn't walk yet."

'*Hans*: "Not last year; but other times she could."

'*I*: "But Hanna's only been at Gmunden once."

'*Hans*: "No. She's been twice. Yes, that's it. I can remember quite well. Ask Mummy, she'll tell you soon enough."

'*I*: "It's not true, all the same."

'*Hans*: "Yes, it *is* true. *When she was at Gmunden the first time she could walk and ride, and later on she had to be carried.*—No. It was only later on that she rode, and last year she had to be carried."

'*I*: "But it's only quite a short time that she's been walking. At Gmunden she couldn't walk."

'*Hans*: "Yes. Just you write it down. I can remember quite well.—Why are you laughing?"

'*I*: "Because you're a fraud; because you know quite well that Hanna's only been at Gmunden once."

'*Hans*: "No, that isn't true. The first time she rode on the horse . . . and the second time . . ." (He showed signs of evident uncertainty.)

'*I*: "Perhaps the horse was Mummy?"

'*Hans*: "No, a real horse in a fly."

'*I*: "But we used always to have a carriage with two horses."

'*Hans*: "Well, then, it was a carriage and pair."

'*I*: "What did Hanna eat inside the box?"

'*Hans*: "They put in bread-and-butter for her, and herring, and radishes" (the sort of thing we used to have for supper at Gmunden), "and as Hanna went along she buttered her bread-and-butter and ate fifty meals."

'*I*: "Didn't Hanna scream?"

'*Hans*: "No."

'*I*: "What did she do, then?"

'*Hans*: "Sat quite still inside."

'*I*: "Didn't she push about?"

'*Hans*: "No, she kept on eating all the time and didn't stir once. She drank up two big mugs of coffee—by the morning it was all gone, and she left the bits behind in the box, the leaves of the two radishes and a knife for cutting the radishes. She gobbled everything up like a hare: one minute and it was all finished. It *was* a joke. Hanna and I really travelled together in the box; I slept the whole night in the box." (We did in fact, two years ago, make the journey to Gmunden by night.) "And Mummy travelled in the railway carriage. And we kept on eating all the time when we were driving in the carriage, too; it *was* jolly.—She didn't ride on a horse at all . . ." (he now became undecided, for he knew that we had driven with two horses) ". . . she sat in the carriage. Yes, that's how it was, but Hanna and I drove quite by ourselves . . . Mummy rode on the horse, and Karoline" (our maid last year) "on the other . . . I say, what I'm telling you isn't a bit true."

'*I*: "What isn't true?"

'*Hans*: "None of it is. I say, let's put Hanna and me in the box[1] and I'll widdle into the box. I'll just widdle into my knickers; I don't care a bit; there's nothing at all shameful in it. I say, that isn't a joke, you know; but it's great fun, though."

[1] 'The box standing in the front hall which we had taken to Gmunden as luggage.'

'Then he told me the story of how the stork came—the same story as yesterday, except that he left out the part about the stork taking his hat when he went away.

'*I*: "Where did the stork keep his latch-key?"

'*Hans*: "In his pocket."

'*I*: "And where's the stork's pocket?"

'*Hans*: "In his beak."

'*I*: "It's in his beak! I've never seen a stork yet with a key in his beak."

'*Hans*: "How else could he have got in? How did the stork come in at the door, then? No, it isn't true; I just made a mistake. The stork rang at the front door and some one let him in."

'*I*: "And how did he ring?"

'*Hans*: "He rang the bell."

'*I*: "How did he do that?"

'*Hans*: "He took his beak and pressed on it with his beak."

'*I*: "And did he shut the door again?"

'*Hans*: "No, a maid shut it. She was up already, you see, and opened the door for him and shut it."

'*I*: "Where does the stork live?"

'*Hans*: "Where? In the box where he keeps the little girls. At Schönbrunn, perhaps."

'*I*: "I've never seen a box at Schönbrunn."

'*Hans*: "It must be farther off, then.—Do you know how the stork opens the box? He takes his beak—the box has got a key, too—he takes his beak, lifts up one" (i.e. one-half of the beak) "and unlocks it like this." (He demonstrated the process on the lock of the writing-table.) "There's a handle on it too."

'*I*: "Isn't a little girl like that too heavy for him?"

'*Hans*: "Oh no."

'*I*: "I say, doesn't a bus look like a stork-box?"

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "And a furniture-waggon?"

'*Hans*: "And a scallywaggon" ("scallywag"—a term of abuse for naughty children) "too."

'April 17th. Yesterday Hans carried out his long-premeditated scheme of going across into the courtyard opposite. He would not do it to-day, as there was a cart standing at the loading dock exactly opposite the entrance gates. "When a cart stands there," he said to me, "I'm afraid I shall tease the horses and they'll fall down and make a row with their feet."

'*I*: "How does one tease horses?"

'*Hans*: "When you're cross with them you tease them, and when you shout 'Gee-up'." [1]

'*I*: "Have you ever teased horses?"

'*Hans*: "Yes, quite often. I'm *afraid* I shall do it, but I don't *really*."

'*I*: "Did you ever tease horses at Gmunden?"

'*Hans*: "No."

'*I*: "But you like teasing them?'

'*Hans*: "Oh yes, very much."

'*I*: "Would you like to whip them?"

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "Would you like to beat the horses as Mummy beats Hanna? You like that too, you know."

'*Hans*: "It doesn't do the horses any harm when they're beaten." (I said this to him once to mitigate his fear of seeing horses whipped.) "Once I really did it. Once I had the whip, and whipped the horse, and it fell down and made a row with its feet."

'*I*: "When?"

'*Hans*: "At Gmunden."

'*I*: "A real horse? Harnessed to a cart?"

'*Hans*: "It wasn't in the cart."

[1] 'Hans has often been very much terrified when drivers beat their horses and shout "Gee-up".'

'*I*: "Where was it, then?"

'*Hans*: "I just held it so that it shouldn't run away." (Of course all this sounded most improbable.)

'*I*: "Where was that?"

'*Hans*: "Near the trough."

'*I*: "Who let you? Had the coachman left the horse standing there?"

'*Hans*: "It was just a horse from the stables."

'*I*: "How did it get to the trough?"

'*Hans*: "I took it there."

'*I*: "Where from? Out of the stables?"

'*Hans*: "I took it out because I wanted to beat it."

'*I*: "Was there no one in the stables?"

'*Hans*: "Oh yes, Loisl." (The coachman at Gmunden.)

'*I*: "Did he let you?"

'*Hans*: "I talked nicely to him, and he said I might do it."

'*I*: "What did you say to him?"

'*Hans*: "Could I take the horse and whip it and shout at it. And he said 'Yes'."

'*I*: "Did you whip it a lot?"

'*Hans*: "*What I've told you isn't the least true.*"

'*I*: "How much of it's true?"

'*Hans*: "None of it's true; I only told it you for fun."

'*I*: "You never took a horse out of the stables?"

'*Hans*: "Oh no."

'*I*: "But you wanted to."

'*Hans*: "Oh yes, wanted to. I've thought it to myself."

'*I*: "At Gmunden?"

'*Hans*: "No, only here. I thought it in the morning when I was quite undressed; no, in the morning in bed."

'*I*: "Why did you never tell me about it?"

'*Hans*: "I didn't think of it."

'*I*: "You thought it to yourself because you saw it in the street."

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "Which would you really like to beat? Mummy, Hanna, or me?"

'*Hans*: "Mummy."

'*I*: "Why?"

'*Hans*: "I should just like to beat her."

'*I*: "When did you ever see any one beating their Mummy?"

'*Hans*: "I've never seen any one do it, never in all my life."

'*I*: "And yet you'd just like to do it. How would you like to set about it?"

'*Hans*: "With a carpet-beater." (His mother often threatens to beat him with the carpet-beater.)

'I was obliged to break off the conversation for to-day.

'In the street Hans explained to me that buses, furniture-vans, and coal-carts were stork-box carts.'

That is to say, pregnant women. Hans's access of sadism immediately before cannot be unconnected with the present theme.

'April 21st. This morning Hans said that he had thought as follows: "There was a train at Lainz and I travelled with my Lainz Grandmummy to the Hauptzollamt station. You hadn't got down from the bridge yet, and the second train was already at St. Veit.[1] When you came down, the train was there already, and we got in."

'(Hans was at Lainz yesterday. In order to get on to the departure platform one has to cross a bridge. From the platform one can see along the line as far as St. Veit station. The whole thing is a trifle obscure. Hans's original thought had no doubt been that he had gone off by the first train, which I had missed, and that then a second train had come in

[1] [Unter St. Veit: one station farther away from Vienna than Lainz. Owing to the straightness of the line, a traveller waiting on the platform at Lainz for a train to Vienna can see it approaching all the way from Unter St. Veit and even beyond.]

from Unter St. Veit and that I had gone after him in it. But he had distorted a part of this runaway phantasy, so that he said finally: "Both of us only got away by the second train."

'This phantasy is related to the last one [p. 65], which was not interpreted, and according to which we took too long to put on our clothes in the station at Gmunden, so that the train carried us on.)

'Afternoon, in front of the house. Hans suddenly ran indoors as a carriage with two horses came along. I could see nothing unusual about it, and asked him what was wrong. "The horses are so proud," he said, "that I'm afraid they'll fall down." (The coachman was reining the horses in tight, so that they were trotting with short steps and holding their heads high. In fact their action *was* "proud".)

'I asked him who it really was that was so proud.

'*He*: "You are, when I come into bed with Mummy."

'*I*: "So you want me to fall down?"

'*Hans*: "Yes. You've got to be naked" (meaning "barefoot", as Fritzl had been) "and knock up against a stone and bleed, and then I'll be able to be alone with Mummy for a little bit at all events. When you come up into our flat I'll be able to run away quick so that you don't see."

'*I*: "Can you remember who it was that knocked up against the stone?"

'*He*: "Yes, Fritzl."

'*I*: "When Fritzl fell down, what did you think?" [1]

'*He*: "That *you* should hit the stone and tumble down."

'*I*: "So you'd like to go to Mummy?"

'*He*: "Yes."

'*I*: "What do I really scold you for?"

'*He*: "I don't know." (!!)

'*I*: "Why?"

'*He*: "Because you're cross."

[1] So that in fact Fritzl *did* fall down—which he at one time denied. [See p. 59.]

'*I*: "But that's not true."

'*Hans*: "Yes, it *is* true. You're cross. I know you are. It must be true."

'Evidently, therefore, my explanation that only *little* boys come into bed with their Mummies and that *big* ones sleep in their own beds had not impressed him very much.

'I suspect that his desire to "tease" the horse, i.e. to beat it and shout at it, does not apply to his mother, as he pretended, but to me. No doubt he only put her forward because he was unwilling to admit the alternative to me. For the last few days he has been particularly affectionate to me.'

Speaking with the air of superiority which is so easily acquired after the event, we may correct Hans's father, and explain that the boy's wish to 'tease' the horse had two constituents; it was compounded of an obscure sadistic desire for his mother and of a clear impulse for revenge against his father. The latter could not be reproduced until the former's turn had come to emerge in connection with the pregnancy complex. In the process of the formation of a phobia from the unconscious thoughts underlying it, condensation takes place; and for that reason the course of the analysis can never follow that of the development of the neurosis.

'April 22nd. This morning Hans again thought something to himself: "A street-boy was riding on a truck, and the guard came and undressed the boy quite naked and made him stand there till next morning, and in the morning the boy gave the guard 50,000 florins so that he could go on riding on the truck."

'(The Nordbahn [Northern Railway] runs past opposite our house. In a siding there stood a trolley on which Hans once saw a street-boy riding. He wanted to do so too; but I told him it was not allowed, and that if he did the guard would be after him. A second element in this phantasy is Hans's repressed wish to be naked.)'

It has been noticeable for some time that Hans's imagination was being coloured by images derived from traffic, and was advancing systematically from horses, which draw vehicles, to railways. In the same way a railway-phobia eventually becomes associated with every street-phobia.[1]

'At lunch-time I was told that Hans *had been playing all the morning with an india-rubber doll which he called Grete.* [Cf. p. 32.] *He had pushed a small penknife in through the opening to which the little tin squeaker had originally been attached, and had then torn the doll's legs apart so as to let the knife drop out. He had said to the nurse-maid, pointing between the doll's legs: "Look, there's its widdler!"*

'*I*: "What was it you were playing at with your doll to-day?"

'*Hans*: "I tore its legs apart. Do you know why? Because there was a knife inside it belonging to Mummy. I put it in at the place where the button[2] squeaks, and then I tore apart its legs and it came out there."

'*I*: "Why did you tear its legs apart? So that you could see its widdler?"

'*He*: "Its widdler was there before; I could have seen it anyhow."

'*I*: "What did you put the knife in for?"

'*He*: "I don't know."

'*I*: "Well, what does the knife look like?"

'He brought it to me.

'*I*: "Did you think it was a baby, perhaps?"

'*He*: "No, I didn't think anything at all; but I believe the stork got a baby once—or some one."

'*I*: "When?"

[1] [This characteristic of phobias is discussed below on p. 125.]

[2] ['*Der Knopf.*' So in the first edition. In all subsequent ones '*der Kopf*' ('the head'). This latter is almost certainly wrong: see below, p. 130, where the hole is described as being 'in the body'.]

'*He*: "Once. I heard so—or didn't I hear it at all?—or did I say it wrong?"

'*I*: "What does 'say it wrong' mean?"

'*He*: "That it's not true."

'*I*: "Everything one says is a bit true."

'*He*: "Well, yes, a little bit."

'*I* (after changing the subject): "How do you think chickens are born?"

'*He*: "The stork just makes them grow; the stork makes chickens grow—no, God does."

'I explained to him that chickens lay eggs, and that out of the eggs there come other chickens.

'Hans laughed.

'*I*: "Why do you laugh?"

'*He*: "Because I like what you've told me."

'He said he had seen it happen already.

'*I*: "Where?"

'*Hans*: "You did it."

'*I*: "Where did I lay an egg?"

'*Hans*: "At Gmunden; you laid an egg in the grass, and all at once a chicken came hopping out. You laid an egg once; I know you did, I know it for certain. Because Mummy said so."

'*I*: "I'll ask Mummy if that's true."

'*Hans*: "It isn't true a bit. But *I* once laid an egg, and a chicken came hopping out."

'*I*: "Where?"

'*Hans*: "At Gmunden I lay down in the grass—no, I knelt down—and the children didn't look on at me, and all at once in the morning I said: 'Look for it, children; I laid an egg yesterday.' And all at once they looked, and all at once they saw an egg, and out of it there came a little Hans. Well, what are you laughing for? Mummy didn't know about it, and Karoline didn't know, because no one was looking on, and all at once I laid an egg, and all at once it

was there. Really and truly. Daddy, when does a chicken grow out of an egg? When it's left alone? Must it be eaten?"

'I explained the matter to him.

'*Hans*: "All right, let's leave it with the hen; then a chicken'll grow. Let's pack it up in the box and let's take it to Gmunden." '

As his parents still hesitated to give him the information which was already long overdue, little Hans had by a bold stroke taken the conduct of the analysis into his own hands. By means of a brilliant symptomatic act, '*Look!*' he had said to them, '*this is how I imagine that a birth takes place.*' What he had told the maid-servant about the meaning of his game with the doll had been insincere; to his father he explicitly denied that he had only wanted to see its widdler. After his father had told him, as a kind of payment on account, how chickens come out of eggs, Hans gave a combined expression to his dissatisfaction, his mistrust, and his superior knowledge in a charming piece of persiflage, which culminated with his last words in an unmistakable allusion to his sister's birth.

'*I*: "What were you playing at with your doll?"

'*Hans*: "I said 'Grete' to her."

'*I*: "Why?"

'*Hans*: "Because I said 'Grete' to her."

'*I*: "How did you play?"

'*Hans*: "I just looked after her like a real baby."

'*I*: "Would you like to have a little girl?"

'*Hans*: "Oh yes. Why not? I should like to have one, but Mummy mustn't have one; I don't like that."

(He has often expressed this view before. He is afraid of losing still more of his position if a third child arrives.)

'*I*: "But only women have children."

'*Hans*: "I'm going to have a little girl."

'*I*: "Where will you get her, then?"

'*Hans*: "Why, from the stork. *He takes the little girl out*, and all at once the little girl lays an egg, and out of the egg there

comes another Hanna—another Hanna. Out of Hanna there comes another Hanna. No, *one* Hanna comes out."

'*I*: "You'd like to have a little girl."

'*Hans*: "*Yes, next year I'm going to have one*, and she'll be called Hanna too."

'*I*: "But why isn't Mummy to have a little girl?"

'*Hans*: "Because *I* want to have a little girl for once."

'*I*: "But you can't have a little girl."

'*Hans*: "Oh yes, boys have girls and girls have boys."[1]

'*I*: "Boys don't have children. Only women, only Mummies have children."

'*Hans*: "But why shouldn't I?"

'*I*: "Because God's arranged it like that."

'*Hans*: "But why don't *you* have one? Oh yes, you'll have one all right. Just you wait."

'*I*: "I shall have to wait some time."

'*Hans*: "But I belong to you."

'*I*: "But Mummy brought you into the world. So you belong to Mummy and me."

'*Hans*: "Does Hanna belong to me or to Mummy?"

'*I*: "To Mummy."

'*Hans*: "No, to me. *Why not to me and Mummy?*"

'*I*: "Hanna belongs to me, Mummy, and you."

'*Hans*: "There you are, you see." '

So long as the child is in ignorance of the female genitals, there is naturally a vital gap in his comprehension of sexual matters.

'On April 24th my wife and I enlightened Hans up to a certain point: we told him that children grow inside their Mummy, and are then brought into the world by being pressed out of her like a "lumf", and that this involves a great deal of pain.

[1] Here is another bit of infantile sexual theory with an unsuspected meaning.

'In the afternoon we went out in front of the house. There was a visible improvement in his state. He ran after carts, and the only thing that betrayed a remaining trace of his anxiety was the fact that he did not venture away from the neighbourhood of the street-door and could not be induced to go for any considerable walk.

'On April 25th Hans butted me in the stomach with his head, as he has already done once before [p. 42]. I asked him if he was a goat.

' "Yes," he said, "a ram." I enquired where he had seen a ram.

'*He*: "At Gmunden: Fritzl had one." (Fritzl had a real lamb to play with.)

'*I*: "You must tell me about the lamb. What did it do?"

'*Hans*: "You know, Fräulein Mizzi" (a school-mistress who lived in the house) "used always to put Hanna on the lamb, but it couldn't stand up then and it couldn't butt. If you went up to it it used to butt, because it had horns. Fritzl used to lead it on a string and tie it to a tree. He always tied it to a tree."

'*I*: "Did the lamb butt you?"

'*Hans*: "It jumped up at me; Fritzl took me up to it once. . . . I went up to it once and didn't know, and all at once it jumped up at me. It was such fun—I wasn't frightened."

'This was certainly untrue.

'*I*: "Are you fond of Daddy?"

'*Hans*: "Oh yes."

'*I*: "Or perhaps not."

'Hans was playing with a little toy horse. At that moment the horse fell down, and Hans shouted out: "The horse has fallen down! Look what a row it's making!"

'*I*: "You're a little vexed with Daddy because Mummy's fond of him."

'*Hans*: "No."

'*I*: "Then why do you always cry whenever Mummy gives me a kiss? It's because you're jealous."

'*Hans*: "Jealous, yes."

'*I*: "You'd like to be Daddy yourself."

'*Hans*: "Oh yes."

'*I*: "What would you like to do if you were Daddy?"

'*Hans*: "And you were Hans? I'd like to take you to Lainz every Sunday—no, every week-day too. If I were Daddy I'd be ever so nice and good."

'*I*: "But what would you like to do with Mummy?"

'*Hans*: "Take her to Lainz, too."

'*I*: "And what besides?"

'*Hans*: "Nothing."

'*I*: "Then why were you jealous?"

'*Hans*: "I don't know."

'*I*: "Were you jealous at Gmunden, too?"

'*Hans*: "Not at Gmunden." (This is not true.) "At Gmunden I had my own things. I had a garden at Gmunden and children too."

'*I*: "Can you remember how the cow got a calf?"

'*Hans*: "Oh yes. It came in a cart." (No doubt he had been told this at Gmunden; another attack on the stork theory.) "And another cow pressed it out of its behind." (This was already the fruit of his enlightenment, which he was trying to bring into harmony with the cart theory.)

'*I*: "It isn't true that it came in a cart; it came out of the cow in the cow-shed."

'Hans disputed this, saying that he had seen the cart in the morning. I pointed out to him that he had probably been told this about the calf having come in a cart. In the end he admitted this, and said: "Most likely Berta told me, or not—or perhaps it was the landlord. He was there and it was at night, so it *is* true after all, what I've been telling you—or it seems to me nobody told me; I thought it to myself in the night."

'Unless I am mistaken, the calf was taken away in a cart; hence the confusion.

'*I*: "Why didn't you think it was the stork that brought it?"

'*Hans*: "I didn't want to think that."

'*I*: "But you thought the stork brought Hanna?"

'*Hans*: "In the morning" (of the confinement) "I thought so.—I say, Daddy, was Herr Reisenbichler" (our landlord) "there when the calf came out of the cow?" [1]

'*I*: "I don't know. Do you think he was?"

'*Hans*: "I think so. . . . Daddy, have you noticed now and then that horses have something black on their mouths?"

'*I*: "I've noticed it now and then in the street at Gmunden." [2]

'*I*: "Did you often get into bed with Mummy at Gmunden?"

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "And you used to think to yourself you were Daddy?"

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "And then you felt afraid of Daddy?"

'*Hans:* "*You know everything; I didn't know anything.*"

'*I*: "When Fritzl fell down you thought: 'If only Daddy would fall down like that!' And when the lamb butted you you thought: 'If only it would butt Daddy!' Can you remember the funeral at Gmunden?" (The first funeral that Hans had seen. He often recalls it, and it is no doubt a screen memory.)

'*Hans*: "Yes. What about it?"

'*I*: "You thought then that if only Daddy were to die you'd be Daddy."

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "What carts are you still afraid of?"

[1] Hans, having good reason to mistrust information given him by grown-up people, was considering whether the landlord might not be more trustworthy than his father.

[2] The train of thought is as follows. For a long time his father had refused to believe what he said about there being something black on horses' mouths, but finally it had been verified [p. 69].

'*Hans*: "All of them."

'*I*: "You know that's not true."

'*Hans*: "I'm not afraid of carriages and pair or cabs with one horse. I'm afraid of buses and luggage-carts, but only when they're loaded up, not when they're empty. When there's one horse and the cart's loaded full up, then I'm afraid; but when there are two horses and it's loaded full up, then I'm not afraid."

'*I*: "Are you afraid of buses because there are so many people inside?"

'*Hans*: "Because there's so much luggage on the top."

'*I*: "When Mummy was having Hanna, was she loaded full up too?"

'*Hans*: "Mummy'll be loaded full up again when she has another one, when another one begins to grow, when another one's inside her."

'*I*: "And you'd like that?"

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "You said you didn't want Mummy to have another baby."

'*Hans*: "Well, then she won't be loaded up again. Mummy said if Mummy didn't want one, God didn't want one either. If Mummy doesn't want one she won't have one." (Hans naturally asked yesterday if there were any more babies inside Mummy. I told him not, and said that if God did not wish it none would grow inside her.)

'*Hans*: "But Mummy told me if *she* didn't want it no more'd grow, and you say if *God* doesn't want it."

'So I told him it was as I had said, upon which he observed: "You were there, though, weren't you? You know better, for certain." He then proceeded to cross-question his mother, and she reconciled the two statements by declaring that if she didn't want it God didn't want it either.[1]

[1] *Ce que femme veut Dieu veut.* But Hans, with his usual acumen, had once more put his finger upon a most serious problem. [It seems

'*I*: "It seems to me that, all the same, you do wish Mummy would have a baby."

'*Hans*: "But I don't want it to happen."

'*I*: "But you wish for it?"

'*Hans*: "Oh yes, *wish*."

'*I*: "Do you know why you wish for it? It's because you'd like to be Daddy."

'*Hans*: "Yes. . . . How does it work?"

'*I*: "How does what work?"

'*Hans*: "You say Daddies don't have babies; so how does it work, my wanting to be Daddy?"

'*I*: "You'd like to be Daddy and married to Mummy; you'd like to be as big as me and have a moustache; and you'd like Mummy to have a baby."

'*Hans*: "And, Daddy, when I'm married I'll only have one if I want to, when I'm married to Mummy, and if I don't want a baby, God won't want it either, when I'm married."

'*I*: "Would you like to be married to Mummy?"

'*Hans*: "Oh yes." '

It is easy to see that Hans's enjoyment of his phantasy was interfered with by his uncertainty as to the part played by fathers and by his doubts as to whether the begetting of children would be under his control.

'On the evening of the same day, as Hans was being put to bed, he said to me: "I say, d'you know what I'm going to do now? Now I'm going to talk to Grete till ten o'clock; she's in bed with me. My children are always in bed with me. Can you tell me why that is?"—As he was very sleepy already, I

likely that the whole passage from the words 'Hans naturally asked yesterday . . .' down to '. . . God didn't want it either' should be in brackets, and that it is all a report of what had happened the day before. When Freud was consulted on this point by the translators (in 1923), he agreed that this was probably so, but preferred to have the text left unaltered, since it was a transcript of Hans's father's report.]

promised him that we should write it down next day, and he went to sleep.

'I have already noticed in earlier records that since Hans's return from Gmunden he has constantly been having phantasies about "his children" [e.g. p. 13], has carried on conversations with them, and so on.[1]

'So on April 26th I asked him why he was always thinking of his children.

'*Hans*: "Why? *Because I should so like to have children; but I don't ever want it; I shouldn't like to have them.*" [2]

'*I*: "Have you always imagined that Berta and Olga and the rest were your children?"

'*Hans*: "Yes. Franzl, and Fritzl, and Paul too" (his playmates at Lainz), "and Lodi." This is an invented girl's name, that of his favourite child, whom he speaks of most often—I may here emphasize the fact that the figure of Lodi is not an invention of the last few days, but existed before the date of his receiving the latest piece of enlightenment (April 24th).

'*I*: "Who is Lodi? Is she at Gmunden?"

'*Hans*: "No."

'*I*: "Is there a Lodi?"

'*Hans*: "Yes, I know her."

'*I*: "Who is she, then?"

'*Hans*: "The one I've got here."

'*I*: "What does she look like?"

'*Hans*: "Look like? Black eyes, black hair. . . . I met her

[1] There is no necessity on this account to assume in Hans the presence of a feminine strain of desire for having children. It was with his mother that Hans had had his most blissful experience as a child, and he was now repeating them, and himself playing the active part, which was thus necessarily that of mother.

[2] This startling contradiction was one between phantasy and reality, between wishing and having. Hans knew that in reality he was a child and that the other children would only be in his way; but in phantasy he was a mother and wanted children with whom he could repeat the endearments that he had himself experienced.

once with Mariedl" (at Gmunden) "as I was going into the town."

'When I went into the matter it turned out that this was an invention.[1]

'*I*: "So you thought you were their Mummy?"

'*Hans*: "And really I *was* their Mummy."

'*I*: "What did you do with your children?"

'*Hans*: "I had them to sleep with me, the girls and the boys."

'*I*: "Every day?"

'*Hans*: "Why, of course."

'*I*: "Did you talk to them?"

'*Hans*: "When I couldn't get all the children into the bed, I put some of the children on the sofa, and some in the pram, and if there were still some left over I took them up to the attic and put them in the box, and if there were any more I put them in the other box."

'*I*: "So the stork-baby-boxes were in the attic?"

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "When did you get your children? Was Hanna alive already?"

'*Hans*: "Yes, she had been a long time."

'*I*: "But who did you think you'd got the children from?"

'*Hans: "Why, from me."* [2]

'*I*: "But at that time you hadn't any idea that children came from some one."

'*Hans*: "I thought the stork had brought them." (Clearly a lie and an evasion.)[3]

[1] It is possible, however, that Hans had exalted into his ideal some one whom he had met casually at Gmunden. The colour of this ideal's eyes and hair, by the way, was copied from his mother.

[2] Hans could not help answering from the auto-erotic point of view.

[3] They were the children of his phantasy, that is to say, of his masturbation.

'*I*: "You had Grete in bed with you yesterday, but you know quite well that boys can't have children."

'*Hans*: "Well, yes. But I believe they can, all the same."

'*I*: "How did you hit upon the name Lodi? No girl's called that. Lotti, perhaps?"

'*Hans*: "Oh no, Lodi. I don't know; but it's a beautiful name, all the same."

'*I* (jokingly): "Perhaps you mean a Schokolodi?" [1]

'*Hans* (promptly): "No, a Saffalodi,[2] . . . because I like eating sausages so much, and salami [3] too."

'*I*: "I say, doesn't a Saffalodi look like a lumf?"

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "Well, what does a lumf look like?"

'*Hans*: "Black. You know" (pointing at my eyebrows and moustache), "like this and like this."

'*I*: "And what else? Round like a Saffaladi?"

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "When you sat on the chamber and a lumf came, did you think to yourself you were having a baby?"

'*Hans* (laughing): "Yes. Even at —— Street, and here as well."

'*I*: "You know when the bus-horses fell down? [Cf. p. 49 ff.] The bus looked like a baby-box, and when the black horse fell down it was just like . . ."

'*Hans* (taking me up): " . . . like having a baby."

'*I*: "And what did you think when it made a row with its feet?"

'*Hans*: "Oh, when I don't want to sit on the chamber and would rather play, then I make a row like this with my feet." [Cf. p. 54.] (He stamped his feet.)

[1] ['*Schokolade*' is the German for 'chocolate'.]

[2] '"Saffaladi" means "*Zervelatwurst*" ["saveloy", a kind of sausage]. My wife is fond of relating how her aunt always calls it "Soffilodi". Hans may have heard this.'

[3] [Another kind of sausage.]

'This was why he was so much interested in the question whether people *liked* or *did not like* having children.

'All day long to-day Hans has been playing at loading and unloading packing-cases; he said he wished he could have a toy waggon and boxes of that kind to play with. What used most to interest him in the courtyard of the Customs House opposite was the loading and unloading of the carts. And he used to be frightened most when a cart had been loaded up and was on the point of driving off. "The horses'll fall down," [1] he used to say [p. 46]. He used to call the doors of the Head Customs House shed "holes" (e.g. the first hole, second hole, third hole, etc.). But now, instead of "hole", he says "behind-hole".

'The anxiety has almost completely disappeared, except that he likes to remain in the neighbourhood of the house, so as to have a line of retreat in case he is frightened. But he never takes flight into the house now, but stops in the street all the time. As we know, his illness began with his turning back in tears while he was out for a walk; and when he was obliged to go for a second walk he only went as far as the Hauptzollamt station on the Stadtbahn, from which our house can still be seen. At the time of my wife's confinement he was of course kept away from her; and his present anxiety, which prevents him from leaving the neighbourhood of the house, is in reality the longing for her which he felt then.

'April 30th. Seeing Hans playing with his imaginary children again, "Hullo," I said to him, "are your children still alive? You know quite well a boy can't have any children."

'*Hans*: "I know. I was their Mummy before, *now I'm their Daddy*."

[1] Do we not use the word '*niederkommen*' [literally, 'to come down'] when a woman is delivered?

'*I*: "And who's the children's Mummy?"

'*Hans*: "Why, Mummy, and you're their *Grandaddy*."

'*I*: "So then you'd like to be as big as me, and be married to Mummy, and then you'd like her to have children."

'*Hans*: "Yes, that's what I'd like, and then my Lainz Grandmummy" (my mother) "will be their Grannie." '

Things were moving towards a satisfactory conclusion. The little Oedipus had found a happier solution than that prescribed by destiny. Instead of putting his father out of the way, he had granted him the same happiness that he desired himself: he made him a grandfather and married *him* to his own mother too.

'On May 1st Hans came to me at lunch-time and said: "D'you know what? Let's write something down for the Professor."

'*I*: "Well, and what shall it be?"

'*Hans*: "This morning I was in the W.C. with all my children. First I did lumf and widdled, and they looked on. Then I put them on the seat and they widdled and did lumf, and I wiped their behinds with paper. D'you know why? Because I'd so much like to have children; then I'd do everything for them—take them to the W.C., clean their behinds, and do everything one does with children." '

After the admission afforded by this phantasy, it will scarcely be possible to dispute the fact that in Hans's mind there was pleasure attached to the excretory functions.

'In the afternoon he ventured into the Stadtpark for the first time. As it is the First of May, no doubt there was less traffic than usual, but still quite enough to have frightened him up to now. He was very proud of his achievement, and after tea I was obliged to go with him to the Stadtpark once again. On the way we met a bus; Hans pointed it out to me, saying: "Look! a stork-box cart!" If he goes with me to the

Stadtpark again to-morrow, as we have planned, we shall really be able to regard his illness as cured.

'On May 2nd Hans came to me in the morning. "I say," he said, "I thought something to-day." At first he had forgotten it; but later on he related what follows, though with signs of considerable resistance: "*The plumber came; and first he took away my behind with a pair of pincers, and then gave me another, and then the same with my widdler.* He said: 'Let me see your behind!' and I had to turn round, and he took it away; and then he said: 'Let me see your widdler!' " '

Hans's father grasped the nature of this wishful phantasy, and did not hesitate a moment as to the only interpretation it could bear.

'*I*: "He gave you a *bigger* widdler and a *bigger* behind."

'*Hans*: "Yes."

'*I*: "Like Daddy's; because you'd like to be Daddy."

'*Hans*: "Yes, and I'd like to have a moustache like yours and hairs like yours." (He pointed to the hairs on my chest.)

'In the light of this, we may review the interpretation of Hans's earlier phantasy to the effect that the plumber had come and unscrewed the bath and had stuck a borer into his stomach [p. 65]. The big bath meant a "behind", the borer or screwdriver was (as was explained at the time) a widdler.[1] The two phantasies are identical. Moreover, a new

[1] Perhaps, too, the word 'borer' ['*Bohrer*'] was not chosen without regard for its connection with 'born' ['*geboren*'] and 'birth' ['*Geburt*']. If so, the child could have made no distinction between 'bored' ['*gebohrt*'] and 'born' ['*geboren*']. I accept this suggestion, made by an experienced fellow-worker, but I am not in a position to say whether we have before us here a deep and universal connection between the two ideas or merely the employment of a verbal coincidence peculiar to German [and English]. Prometheus (Pramantha), the creator of man, is also etymologically 'the borer'. (Cf. Abraham, *Traum und Mythus*, 1909.)

light is thrown upon Hans's fear of the big bath. (This, by the way, has already diminished.) He dislikes his "behind" being too small for the big bath.'

In the course of the next few days Hans's mother wrote to me more than once to express her joy at the little boy's recovery.

A week later came a postscript from Hans's father.

'My dear Professor, I should like to make the following additions to Hans's case history:

'(1) The remission after he had been given his first piece of enlightenment was not so complete as I may have represented it [pp. 28–9]. It is true that Hans went for walks; but only under compulsion and in a state of great anxiety. Once he went with me as far as the Hauptzollamt station, from which our house can still be seen, but could not be induced to go any farther.

'(2) As regards "raspberry syrup" and "a gun for shooting with" [p. 38]. Hans is given raspberry syrup when he is constipated. He also frequently confuses the words "shooting" and "shitting".[1]

'(3) Hans was about four years old when he was moved out of our bedroom into a room of his own.

'(4) A trace of his disorder still persists, though it is no longer in the shape of fear but only in that of the normal instinct for asking questions. The questions are mostly concerned with what things are made of (trams, machines, etc.), who makes things, etc. Most of his questions are characterized by the fact that Hans asks them although he has already answered them himself. He only wants to make sure. Once when he had tired me out with his questions and I had said to him: "Do you think I can answer every question you ask?" he replied: "Well, I thought as you knew that about the horse you'd know this too."

[1] [In German '*schiessen*' and '*scheissen*'.]

'(5) Hans only refers to his illness now as a matter of past history—"at the time when I had my nonsense".

'(6) An unsolved residue remains behind; for Hans keeps cudgelling his brains to discover what a father has to do with his child, since it is the mother who brings it into the world. This can be seen from his questions, as, for instance: "I belong to *you*, too, don't I?" (meaning, not only to his mother). It is not clear to him in what way he belongs to me. On the other hand, I have no direct evidence of his having, as you suppose, overheard his parents in the act of intercourse.

'(7) In presenting the case one ought perhaps to insist upon the violence of his anxiety. Otherwise it might be said that the boy would have gone out for walks soon enough if he had been given a sound thrashing.'

In conclusion let me add these words. With Hans's last phantasy the anxiety which arose from his castration complex was also overcome, and his painful expectations were given a happier turn. Yes, the Doctor [see pp. 7–8] (the plumber) *did* come, he *did* take away his penis,—but only to give him a bigger one in exchange for it. For the rest, our young investigator has merely come somewhat early upon the discovery that all knowledge is patchwork, and that each step forward leaves an unsolved residue behind.

III

DISCUSSION

I SHALL now proceed to examine this observation of the development and resolution of a phobia in a boy under five years of age, and I shall have to do so from three points of view. In the first place I shall consider how far it supports the assertions which I put forward in my *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* (1905*d*). Secondly, I shall consider to what extent it can contribute towards our understanding of this very frequent form of disorder. And thirdly, I shall consider whether it can be made to shed any light upon the mental life of children or to afford any criticism of our educational aims.

(1)

My impression is that the picture of a child's sexual life presented in this observation of little Hans agrees very well with the account I gave of it (basing my views upon psychoanalytic examinations of adults) in my *Three Essays*. But before going into the details of this agreement I must deal with two objections which will be raised against my making use of the present analysis for this purpose. The first objection is to the effect that Hans was not a normal child, but (as events—the illness itself, in fact—showed) had a predisposition to neurosis, and was a young 'degenerate'; it would be illegitimate, therefore, to apply to other, normal children conclusions which might perhaps be true of him. I shall postpone consideration of this objection, since it only limits the value of the observation, and does not completely nullify it. According to the second and more uncompromising objection, an analysis of a child conducted by his father, who went

to work instilled with *my* theoretical views and infected with *my* prejudices, must be entirely devoid of any objective worth. A child, it will be said, is necessarily highly suggestible, and in regard to no one, perhaps, more than to his own father; he will allow anything to be forced upon him, out of gratitude to his father for taking so much notice of him; none of his assertions can have any evidential value, and everything he produces in the way of associations, phantasies, and dreams will naturally take the direction into which they are being urged by every possible means. Once more, in short, the whole thing is simply 'suggestion'—the only difference being that in the case of a child it can be unmasked much more easily than in that of an adult.

A singular thing. I can remember, when I first began to meddle in the conflict of scientific opinions twenty-two years ago, with what derision the older generation of neurologists and psychiatrists of those days received assertions about suggestion and its effects.[1] Since then the situation has fundamentally changed. The former aversion has been converted into an only too ready acceptance; and this has happened not only as a consequence of the impression which the work of Liébeault and Bernheim and their pupils could not fail to create in the course of these two decades, but also because it has since been discovered how great an economy of thought can be effected by the use of the catchword 'suggestion'. Nobody knows and nobody cares what suggestion is, where it comes from, or when it arises,—it is enough that everything awkward in the region of psychology can be labelled 'suggestion'. I do not share the view which is at present fashionable that assertions made by children are invariably arbitrary and untrustworthy. The arbitrary has no existence in mental life. The untrustworthiness of the assertions of children is due to the predominance of their imagination, just as the untrust-

[1] [Cf. Freud's preface to his translation of Bernheim's book *De la suggestion* (Freud, 1888–9).]

worthiness of the assertions of grown-up people is due to the predominance of their prejudices. For the rest, even children do not lie without a reason, and on the whole they are more inclined to a love of truth than are their elders. If we were to reject little Hans's statements root and branch we should certainly be doing him a grave injustice. On the contrary, we can quite clearly distinguish from one another the occasions on which he was falsifying the facts or keeping them back under the compelling force of a resistance, the occasions on which, being undecided himself, he agreed with his father (so that what he said must not be taken as evidence), and the occasions on which, freed from every pressure, he burst into a flood of information about what was really going on inside him and about things which until then no one but himself had known. Statements made by adults offer no greater certainty. It is a regrettable fact that no account of a psychoanalysis can reproduce the impressions received by the analyst as he conducts it, and that a final sense of conviction can never be obtained from reading about it but only from directly experiencing it. But this disability attaches in an equal degree to analyses of adults.

Little Hans is described by his parents as a cheerful, straightforward child, and so he should have been, considering the education given him by his parents, which consisted essentially in the omission of our usual educational sins. So long as he was able to carry on his researches in a state of happy *naïveté*, without a suspicion of the conflicts which were soon to arise out of them, he kept nothing back; and the observations made during the period before the phobia admit of no doubt or demur. It was with the outbreak of the illness and during the analysis that discrepancies began to make their appearance between what he said and what he thought; and this was partly because unconscious material, which he was unable to master all at once, was forcing itself upon him, and partly because the content of his thoughts provoked

reservations on account of his relation to his parents. It is my unbiassed opinion that these difficulties, too, turned out no greater than in many analyses of adults.

It is true that during the analysis Hans had to be told many things that he could not say himself, that he had to be presented with thoughts which he had so far shown no signs of possessing, and that his attention had to be turned in the direction from which his father was expecting something to come. This detracts from the evidential value of the analysis; but the procedure is the same in every case. For a psycho-analysis is not an impartial scientific investigation, but a therapeutic measure. Its essence is not to prove anything, but merely to alter something. In a psycho-analysis the physician always gives his patient (sometimes to a greater and sometimes to a less extent) the conscious anticipatory ideas by the help of which he is put in a position to recognize and to grasp the unconscious material. For there are some patients who need more of such assistance and some who need less; but there are none who get through without some of it. Slight disorders may perhaps be brought to an end by the subject's unaided efforts, but never a neurosis—a thing which has set itself up against the ego as an element alien to it. To get the better of such an element another person must be brought in, and in so far as that other person can be of assistance the neurosis will be curable. If it is in the very nature of any neurosis to turn away from the 'other person'—and this seems to be one of the characteristics of the states grouped together under the name of dementia praecox—then for that very reason such a state will be incurable by any efforts of ours. It is true that a child, on account of the small development of his intellectual systems, requires especially energetic assistance. But, after all, the information which the physician gives his patient is itself derived in its turn from analytical experience; and indeed it is sufficiently convincing if, at the cost of this intervention by the physician, we are

enabled to discover the structure of the pathogenic material and simultaneously to dissipate it.

And yet, even during the analysis, the small patient gave evidence of enough independence to acquit him upon the charge of 'suggestion'. Like all other children, he applied his childish sexual theories to the material before him without having received any encouragement to do so. These theories are extremely remote from the adult mind. Indeed, in this instance I actually omitted to warn Hans's father that the boy would be bound to approach the subject of childbirth by way of the excretory complex. This negligence on my part, though it led to an obscure phase in the analysis, was nevertheless the means of producing a good piece of evidence of the genuineness and independence of Hans's mental processes. He suddenly became occupied with 'lumf' [p. 54 ff.], without his father, who is supposed to have been practising suggestion upon him, having the least idea how he had arrived at that subject or what was going to come of it. Nor can his father be saddled with any responsibility for the production of the two plumber phantasies [pp. 65 and 98], which arose out of Hans's early acquired 'castration complex'. And I must here confess that, out of theoretical interest, I entirely concealed from Hans's father my expectation that there would turn out to be some such connection, so as not to interfere with the value of a piece of evidence such as does not often come within one's grasp.

If I went more deeply into the details of the analysis I could produce plenty more evidence of Hans's independence of 'suggestion'; but I shall break off the discussion of this preliminary objection at this point. I am aware that even with this analysis I shall not succeed in convincing any one who will not let himself be convinced, and I shall proceed with my discussion of the case for the benefit of those readers who are already convinced of the objective reality of unconscious pathogenic material. And I do this with the agreeable

assurance that the number of such readers is steadily increasing.

The first trait in little Hans which can be regarded as part of his sexual life was a quite peculiarly lively interest in his 'widdler'—an organ deriving its name from that one of its two functions which, scarcely the less important of the two, is not to be eluded in the nursery. This interest aroused in him the spirit of enquiry, and he thus discovered that the presence or absence of a widdler made it possible to differentiate between animate and inanimate objects [p. 9]. He assumed that all animate objects were like himself, and possessed this important bodily organ; he observed that it was present in the larger animals, suspected that this was so too in both his parents, and was not deterred by the evidence of his own eyes from authenticating the fact in his new-born sister [p. 11]. One might almost say that it would have been too shattering a blow to his '*Weltanschauung*' if he had had to make up his mind to forgo the presence of this organ in a being similar to him; it would have been as though it were being torn away from himself. It was probably on this account that a threat of his mother's [pp. 7–8], which was concerned precisely with the loss of his widdler, was hastily dismissed from his thoughts and only succeeded in making its effects apparent at a later period. The reason for his mother's intervention had been that he used to like giving himself feelings of pleasure by touching his member: the little boy had begun to practise the commonest—and most normal —form of auto-erotic sexual activity.

The pleasure which a person takes in his own sexual organ may become associated with scopophilia (or sexual pleasure in looking) in its active and passive forms, in a manner which has been very aptly described by Alfred Adler (1908) as 'confluence of instincts'. So little Hans began to try to get a sight of other people's widdlers; his sexual curiosity developed, and

at the same time he liked to exhibit his own widdler. One of his dreams, dating from the beginning of his period of repression, expressed a wish that one of his little girl friends should assist him in widdling, that is, that she should share the spectacle [p. 19]. The dream shows, therefore, that up till then this wish had subsisted unrepressed, and later information confirmed the fact that he had been in the habit of gratifying it. The active side of his sexual scopophilia soon became associated in him with a definite theme. He repeatedly expressed both to his father and his mother his regret that he had never yet seen their widdlers; and it was probably the need *for making a comparison* which impelled him to do this. The ego is always the standard by which one measures the external world; one learns to understand it by means of a constant comparison with oneself. Hans had observed that large animals had widdlers that were correspondingly larger than his; he consequently suspected that the same was true of his parents, and was anxious to make sure of this. His mother, he thought, must certainly have a widdler 'like a horse'. He was then prepared with the comforting reflection that his widdler would grow with him. It was as though the child's wish to be bigger had been concentrated on his genitals.

Thus in little Hans's sexual constitution the genital zone was from the outset the one among his erotogenic zones which afforded him the most intense pleasure. The only other similar pleasure of which he gave evidence was excretory pleasure, the pleasure attached to the orifices through which micturition and evacuation of the bowels are effected. In his final phantasy of bliss, with which his illness was overcome, he imagined he had children, whom he took to the W.C., whom he made to widdle, whose behinds he wiped—for whom, in short, he did 'everything one can do with children' [p. 97]; it therefore seems impossible to avoid the assumption that during the period when he himself had been looked

after as an infant these same performances had been the source of pleasurable sensations for him. He had obtained this pleasure from his erotogenic zones with the help of the person who had looked after him—his mother, in fact; and thus the pleasure already pointed the way to object-choice. But it is just possible that at a still earlier date he had been in the habit of giving himself this pleasure auto-erotically—that he had been one of those children who like retaining their excreta till they can derive a voluptuous sensation from their evacuation. I say no more than that it is possible, because the matter was not cleared up in the analysis; the 'making a row with the legs' (kicking about), of which he was so much frightened later on, points in that direction. But in any case these sources of pleasure had no particularly striking importance with Hans, as they so often have with other children. He early became clean in his habits, and neither bed-wetting nor diurnal incontinence played any part during his first years; no trace was observed in him of any inclination to play with his excrement, a propensity which is so revolting in adults, and which commonly makes its reappearance at the termination of processes of psychical involution.

At this juncture it is as well to emphasize at once the fact that during his phobia there was an unmistakable repression of these two well-developed components of his sexual activity. He was ashamed of micturating before other people, accused himself of putting his finger to his widdler, made efforts to give up masturbating, and showed disgust at 'lumf' and 'widdle' and everything that reminded him of them. In his phantasy of looking after his children he undid this latter repression.

A sexual constitution like that of little Hans does not appear to carry with it a predisposition to the development either of perversions or of their negative (we will limit ourselves to a consideration of hysteria).[1] As far as my experience goes (and

[1] [See the paragraphs on 'Neurosis and Perversion' at the end of Section 4 of the first of Freud's *Three Essays* (1905*d*; *Standard Ed.*, **7**, 165).]

there is still a real need for speaking with caution on this point) the innate constitution of hysterics—that this is also true of perverts is almost self-evident—is marked by the genital zone being relatively less prominent than the other erotogenic zones. But we must expressly except from this rule one particular 'aberration' of sexual life. In those who later become homosexuals we meet with the same predominance in infancy of the genital zone (and especially of the penis) as in normal persons.[1] Indeed it is the high esteem felt by the homosexual for the male organ which decides his fate. In his childhood he chooses women as his sexual object, so long as he assumes that they too possess what in his eyes is an indispensable part of the body; when he becomes convinced that women have deceived him in this particular, they cease to be acceptable to him as a sexual object. He cannot forgo a penis in any one who is to attract him to sexual intercourse; and if circumstances are favourable he will fix his libido upon the 'woman with a penis', a youth of feminine appearance. Homosexuals, then, are persons who, owing to the erotogenic importance of their own genitals, cannot do without a similar feature in their sexual object. In the course of their development from auto-erotism to object-love, they have remained at a point of fixation between the two.[2]

There is absolutely no justification for distinguishing a special homosexual instinct. What constitutes a homosexual is a peculiarity not in his instinctual life but in his choice of

[1] As my expectations led me to suppose, and as Sadger's observations [e.g. 1908 and 1909] have shown, all such people pass through an amphigenic phase in childhood.

[2] [The 'woman with a penis' had been previously mentioned in Freud's paper on 'The Sexual Theories of Children' (1908*c*). For a summary of his views on male homosexuality see the paragraph on the 'Sexual Object of Inverts' in Section 1 (A) of the first of the *Three Essays* (1905*d*), and especially the long footnote added in the course of the successive editions of that book (*Standard Ed.*, **7**, 144–7).]

an object. Let me recall what I have said in my *Three Essays* to the effect that we have mistakenly imagined the bond between instinct and object in sexual life as being more intimate than it really is.[1] A homosexual may have normal instincts, but he is unable to disengage them from a class of objects defined by a particular determinant. And in his childhood, since at that period this determinant is taken for granted as being of universal application, he is able to behave like little Hans, who showed his affection to little boys and girls indiscriminately, and once described his friend Fritzl as 'the girl he was fondest of' [p. 16]. Hans was a homosexual (as all children may very well be), quite consistently with the fact, which must always be kept in mind, that *he was acquainted with only one kind of genital organ*—a genital organ like his own.[2]

In his subsequent development, however, it was not to homosexuality that our young libertine proceeded, but to an energetic masculinity with traits of polygamy; he knew how to vary his behaviour, too, with his varying feminine objects —audaciously aggressive in one case, languishing and bashful in another. His affection had moved from his mother on to other objects of love, but at a time when there was a scarcity of these it returned to her, only to break down in a neurosis. It was not until this happened that it became evident to what a pitch of intensity his love for his mother had developed and through what vicissitudes it had passed. The sexual aim which he pursued with his girl playmates, of sleeping with them, had originated in relation to his mother. It was expressed in words which might be retained in maturity,

[1] [Freud, 1905*d*, *Standard Ed.*, **7**, 147–8.]

[2] (*Footnote added* 1923:) I have subsequently (1923*e*) drawn attention to the fact that the period of sexual development which our little patient was passing through is universally characterized by acquaintance with only *one* sort of genital organ, namely, the male one. In contrast to the later period of maturity, this period is marked not by a *genital* primacy but by a primacy of the *phallus*.

though they would then bear a richer connotation.[1] The boy had found his way to object-love in the usual manner from the care he had received when he was an infant; and a new pleasure had now become the most important for him—that of sleeping beside his mother. I should like to emphasize the importance of pleasure derived from cutaneous contact as a component in this new aim of Hans's, which, according to the nomenclature (artificial to my mind) of Moll, would have to be described as satisfaction of the instinct of contrectation.

In his attitude towards his father and mother Hans confirms in the most concrete and uncompromising manner what I have said in my *Interpretation of Dreams* [1900*a*, in Section D (*β*) of Chapter V; *Standard Ed.*, **4**, 248 ff.] and in my *Three Essays* [1905*d*, *Standard Ed.*, **7**, 222 ff.] with regard to the sexual relations of a child to his parents. Hans really was a little Oedipus who wanted to have his father 'out of the way', to get rid of him, so that he might be alone with his beautiful mother and sleep with her. This wish had originated during his summer holidays, when the alternating presence and absence of his father had drawn Hans's attention to the condition upon which depended the intimacy with his mother which he longed for. At that time the form taken by the wish had been merely that his father should 'go away'; and at a later stage it became possible for his fear of being bitten by a white horse to attach itself directly on to this form of the wish, owing to a chance impression which he received at the moment of some one else's departure.[2] But

[1] [The German '*bei jemandem schlafen*', literally 'to sleep with some one', is used (like the English 'to lie with') in the sense of 'to copulate with'.]

[2] [In the editions before 1924 this read 'at the moment of the departure of another father'. The original account of the episode on p. 29 (as also the reference to it on p. 45) seemed, however, to imply that it was only Lizzi who was going away. Hence the correction and the similar one on p. 119.]

subsequently (probably not until they had moved back to Vienna, where his father's absences were no longer to be reckoned on) the wish had taken the form that his father should be *permanently* away—that he should be 'dead'. The fear which sprang from this death-wish against his father, and which may thus be said to have had a normal motive, formed the chief obstacle to the analysis until it was removed during the conversation in my consulting-room [p. 42].[1]

But Hans was not by any means a bad character; he was not even one of those children who at his age still give free play to the propensity towards cruelty and violence which is a constituent of human nature. On the contrary, he had an unusually kind-hearted and affectionate disposition; his father reported that the transformation of aggressive tendencies into feelings of pity took place in him at a very early age. Long before the phobia he had become uneasy when he saw the horses in a merry-go-round being beaten; and he was never unmoved if any one wept in his presence. At one stage in the analysis a piece of suppressed sadism made its appearance in a particular context:[2] but it was *suppressed* sadism, and we shall presently have to discover from the context what it stood for and what it was meant to replace. And Hans deeply loved the father against whom he cherished these death-wishes; and while his intellect demurred to such a contradiction,[3] he could not help demonstrating the fact of its existence, by hitting his father and immediately afterwards kissing the place he had hit [p. 42 *n.*].

[1] It is quite certain that Hans's two associations, 'raspberry-syrup' and 'a gun for shooting people dead with' [p. 38], must have had more than one set of determinants. They probably had just as much to do with his hatred of his father as with his constipation complex. His father, who himself guessed the latter connection [p. 99], also suggested that 'raspberry syrup' might be related to 'blood'.

[2] His wanting to beat and tease horses [p. 79].

[3] See the critical question he addressed to his father (p. 44).

We ourselves, too, must guard against making a difficulty of such a contradiction. The emotional life of man is in general made up of pairs of contraries such as these.[1] Indeed, if it were not so, repressions and neuroses would perhaps never come about. In the adult these pairs of contrary emotions do not as a rule become simultaneously conscious except at the climaxes of passionate love; at other times they usually go on suppressing each other until one of them succeeds in keeping the other altogether out of sight. But in children they can exist peaceably side by side for quite a considerable time.

The most important influence upon the course of Hans's psychosexual development was the birth of a baby sister when he was three and a half years old. That event accentuated his relations to his parents and gave him some insoluble problems to think about; and later, as he watched the way in which the infant was looked after, the memory-traces of his own earliest experiences of pleasure were revived in him. This influence, too, is a typical one: in an unexpectedly large number of life-histories, normal as well as pathological, we find ourselves obliged to take as our starting-point an outburst of sexual pleasure and sexual curiosity connected, like this one, with the birth of the next child. Hans's behaviour towards the new arrival was just what I have described in *The Interpretation of Dreams* [1900*a*, in Section D (β) of Chapter V; *Standard Ed.*, 4, 250 f.]. In his fever a few days later he betrayed how little he liked the addition to the family [p. 11]. Affection for his sister might come later,[2] but his first attitude

[1] Das heisst, ich bin kein ausgeklügelt Buch.
Ich bin ein Mensch mit seinem Widerspruch.
C. F. MEYER, *Huttens letzte Tage*, [xxvi, 'Homo Sum'].

[In fact, I am no clever work of fiction;
I am a man, with all his contradiction.
The same lines are quoted in a letter to Fliess of February 19, 1899 (Freud, 1950*a*, Letter 105).]

[2] Cf. his plans of what he would do when his sister was old enough to speak (p. 73).

was hostility. From that time forward fear that yet another baby might arrive found a place among his conscious thoughts. In the neurosis, his hostility, already suppressed, was represented by a special fear—a fear of the bath [p. 66]. In the analysis he gave undisguised expression to his death-wish against his sister, and was not content with allusions which required supplementing by his father. His inner conscience did not consider this wish so wicked as the analogous one against his father; but it is clear that in his unconscious he treated both persons in the same way, because they both took his mummy away from him, and interfered with his being alone with her.

Moreover, this event and the feelings that were revived by it gave a new direction to his wishes. In his triumphant final phantasy [pp. 96–7] he summed up all of his erotic wishes, both those derived from his auto-erotic phase and those connected with his object-love. In that phantasy he was married to his beautiful mother and had innumerable children whom he could look after in his own way.

(II)

One day while Hans was in the street he was seized with an attack of anxiety. He could not yet say what it was he was afraid of; but at the very beginning of this anxiety-state he betrayed to his father his motive for being ill, the advantage he derived from it.[1] He wanted to stay with his mother and to coax with her; his recollection that he had also been separated from her at the time of the baby's birth may also, as his father suggests [p. 96], have contributed to his longing. It soon became evident that his anxiety was no longer reconvertible into longing; he was afraid even when his mother went with him. In the meantime indications appeared of what it was to which his libido (now changed into anxiety)

[1] [A full discussion of the advantages derived from being ill will be found in Lecture XXIV of Freud's *Introductory Lectures* (1916–17).]

had become attached. He gave expression to the quite specific fear that a white horse would bite him.

Disorders of this kind are called 'phobias', and we might classify Hans's case as an agoraphobia if it were not for the fact that it is a characteristic of that complaint that the locomotion of which the patient is otherwise incapable can always be easily performed when he is accompanied by some specially selected person—in the last resort, by the physician. Hans's phobia did not fulfil this condition; it soon ceased having any relation to the question of locomotion and became more and more clearly concentrated upon horses. In the early days of his illness, when the anxiety was at its highest pitch, he expressed a fear that 'the horse'll come into the room' [p. 24], and it was this that helped me so much towards understanding his condition.

In the classificatory system of the neuroses no definite position has hitherto been assigned to 'phobias'. It seems certain that they should only be regarded as syndromes which may form part of various neuroses and that we need not rank them as an independent pathological process. For phobias of the kind to which little Hans's belongs, and which are in fact the most common, the name of 'anxiety-hysteria' seems to me not inappropriate; I suggested the term to Dr. W. Stekel when he was undertaking a description of neurotic anxiety-states,[1] and I hope it will come into general use. It finds its justification in the similarity between the psychological structure of these phobias and that of hysteria—a similarity which is complete except upon a single point. That point, however, is a decisive one and well adapted for purposes of differentiation. For in anxiety-hysteria the libido which has been liberated from the pathogenic material by repression is not *converted* (that is, diverted from the mental sphere into a somatic innervation), but is set free in the shape of *anxiety*. In

[1] *Nervöse Angstzustände und ihre Behandlung*, 1908. [Freud wrote a preface for the first edition of this work (1908*f*).]

the clinical cases that we meet with, this 'anxiety-hysteria' may be combined with 'conversion-hysteria' in any proportion. There exist cases of pure conversion-hysteria without any trace of anxiety, just as there are cases of simple anxiety-hysteria, which exhibit feelings of anxiety and phobias, but have no admixture of conversion. The case of little Hans is one of the latter sort.

Anxiety-hysterias are the most common of all psychoneurotic disorders. But, above all, they are those which make their appearance earliest in life; they are *par excellence* the neuroses of childhood. When a mother uses such phrases as that her child's 'nerves' are in a bad state, we can be certain that in nine cases out of ten the child is suffering from some kind of anxiety or from many kinds at once. Unfortunately the finer mechanism of these highly significant disorders has not yet been sufficiently studied. It has not yet been established whether anxiety-hysteria is determined, in contradistinction to conversion-hysteria and other neuroses, solely [1] by constitutional factors or solely by accidental experiences, or by what combination of the two.[2] It seems to me that of all neurotic disorders it is the least dependent upon a special constitutional predisposition and that it is consequently the most easily acquired at any time of life.

One essential characteristic of anxiety-hysterias is very easily pointed out. An anxiety-hysteria tends to develop more and more into a 'phobia'. In the end the patient may have

[1] [This word was added in 1924, no doubt in order to clarify the sentence.]

[2] (*Footnote added* 1923:) The question which is raised here has not been pursued further. But there is no reason to suppose that anxiety-hysteria is an exception to the rule that both predisposition and experience must co-operate in the aetiology of a neurosis. Rank's view of the effects of the trauma of birth seems to throw special light upon the predisposition to anxiety-hysteria which is so strong in childhood. [See, however, Freud's later criticism of this view of Rank's in the eighth chapter of *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety* (1926*d*).]

got rid of all his anxiety, but only at the price of subjecting himself to all kinds of inhibitions and restrictions. From the outset in anxiety-hysteria the mind is constantly at work in the direction of once more psychically binding the anxiety which has become liberated; but this work can neither bring about a retransformation of the anxiety into libido, nor can it establish any contact with the complexes which were the source of the libido. Nothing is left for it but to cut off access to every possible occasion that might lead to the development of anxiety, by erecting mental barriers in the nature of precautions, inhibitions, or prohibitions; and it is these defensive structures that appear to us in the form of phobias and that constitute to our eyes the essence of the disease.

The treatment of anxiety-hysteria may be said hitherto to have been a purely negative one. Experience has shown that it is impossible to effect the cure of a phobia (and even in certain circumstances dangerous to attempt to do so) by violent means, that is, by first depriving the patient of his defences and then putting him in a situation in which he cannot escape the liberation of his anxiety. Consequently, nothing can be done but to leave the patient to look for protection wherever he thinks he may find it; and he is merely regarded with a not very helpful contempt for his 'incomprehensible cowardice'.

Little Hans's parents were determined from the very beginning of his illness that he was neither to be laughed at nor bullied, but that access must be obtained to his repressed wishes by means of psycho-analysis. The extraordinary pains taken by Hans's father were rewarded by success, and his reports will give us an opportunity of penetrating into the fabric of this type of phobia and of following the course of its analysis.

I think it is not unlikely that the extensive and detailed character of the analysis may have made it somewhat obscure

to the reader. I shall therefore begin by giving a brief résumé of it, in which I shall omit all distracting side-issues and shall draw attention to the results as they came to light one after the other.

The first thing we learn is that the outbreak of the anxiety-state was by no means so sudden as appeared at first sight. A few days earlier the child had woken from an anxiety-dream to the effect that his mother had gone away, and that now he had no mother to coax with [p. 23]. This dream alone points to the presence of a repressive process of ominous intensity. We cannot explain it, as we can so many other anxiety-dreams, by supposing that the child had in his dream felt anxiety arising from some somatic cause and had made use of the anxiety for the purpose of fulfilling an unconscious wish which would otherwise have been deeply repressed.[1] We must regard it rather as a genuine punishment and repression dream, and, moreover, as a dream which failed in its function, since the child woke from his sleep in a state of anxiety. We can easily reconstruct what actually occurred in the unconscious. The child dreamt of exchanging endearments with his mother and of sleeping with her; but all the pleasure was transformed into anxiety, and all the ideational content into its opposite. Repression had defeated the purpose of the mechanism of dreaming.

But the beginnings of this psychological situation go back further still. During the preceding summer Hans had had similar moods of mingled longing and apprehension, in which he had said similar things; and at that time they had secured him the advantage of being taken by his mother into her bed. We may assume that since then Hans had been in a state of intensified sexual excitement, the object of which was his mother. The intensity of this excitement was shown by his two attempts [pp. 19 and 23] at seducing his mother (the second of which occurred just before the outbreak of his

[1] See my *Interpretation of Dreams* [1900*a*; *Standard Ed.*, **4**, 236].

anxiety); and he found an incidental channel of discharge for it by masturbating every evening and in that way obtaining gratification. Whether the sudden change-over of this excitement into anxiety took place spontaneously, or as a result of his mother's rejection of his advances, or owing to the accidental revival of earlier impressions by the ' precipitating cause' of his illness (about which we shall hear presently)—this we cannot decide; and, indeed, it is a matter of indifference, for these three alternative possibilities cannot be regarded as mutually incompatible. The fact remains that his sexual excitement suddenly changed into anxiety.

We have already described the child's behaviour at the beginning of his anxiety, as well as the first content which he assigned to it, namely, that a horse would bite him. It was at this point that the first piece of therapy was interposed. His parents represented to him that his anxiety was the result of masturbation, and encouraged him to break himself of the habit [p. 24]. I took care that when they spoke to him great stress was laid upon his affection for his mother, for that was what he was trying to replace by his fear of horses [p. 28]. This first intervention brought a slight improvement, but the ground was soon lost again during a period of physical illness. Hans's condition remained unchanged. Soon afterwards he traced back his fear of being bitten by a horse to an impression he had received at Gmunden [p. 29]. A father had addressed his child on her departure[1] with these words of warning: 'Don't put your finger to the horse; if you do, it'll bite you.' The words, 'don't put your finger to', which Hans used in reporting this warning, resembled the form of words in which the warning against masturbation had been framed. It seemed at first, therefore, as though Hans's parents were right in supposing that what he was frightened of was his own masturbatory indulgence. But the whole nexus remained

[1] [Before 1924 this read: 'A father, on his departure, had addressed his child . . .' See footnote, p. 111.]

loose, and it seemed to be merely by chance that horses had become his bugbear.

I had expressed a suspicion that Hans's repressed wish might now be that he wanted at all costs to see his mother's widdler. As his behaviour to a new maid fitted in with this hypothesis, his father gave him his first piece of enlightenment, namely, that women have no widdlers [p. 31]. He reacted to this first effort at helping him by producing a phantasy that he had seen his mother showing her widdler.[1] This phantasy and a remark made by him in conversation, to the effect that his widdler was 'fixed in, of course', allow us our first glimpse into the patient's unconscious mental processes. The fact was that the threat of castration made to him by his mother some fifteen months earlier [pp. 7–8] was now having a deferred effect upon him. For his phantasy that his mother was doing the same as he had done (the familiar *tu quoque* repartee of inculpated children) was intended to serve as a piece of self-justification; it was a protective or defensive phantasy. At the same time we must remark that it was Hans's parents who had extracted from the pathogenic material operating in him the particular theme of his interest in widdlers. Hans followed their lead in this matter, but he had not yet taken any line of his own in the analysis. And no therapeutic success was to be observed. The analysis had passed far away from the subject of horses; and the information that women have no widdlers was calculated, if anything, to increase his concern for the preservation of his own.

Therapeutic success, however, is not our primary aim; we endeavour rather to enable the patient to obtain a conscious grasp of his unconscious wishes. And this we can achieve by working upon the basis of the hints he throws out, and so,

[1] The context enables us to add: 'and touching it' (p. 32). After all, he himself could not show his widdler without touching it. [This footnote was added in 1924. Previously the word 'touching' appeared in the text instead of 'showing'.]

with the help of our interpretative technique, presenting the unconscious complex to his consciousness *in our own words*. There will be a certain degree of similarity between that which he hears from us and that which he is looking for, and which, in spite of all resistances, is trying to force its way through to consciousness; and it is this similarity that will enable him to discover the unconscious material. The physician is a step in front of him in knowledge; and the patient follows along his own road, until the two meet at the appointed goal. Beginners in psycho-analysis are apt to assimilate these two events, and to suppose that the moment at which one of the patient's unconscious complexes has become known to *them* is also the moment at which the patient himself recognizes it. They are expecting too much when they think that they will cure the patient by informing him of this piece of knowledge; for he can do no more with the information than make use of it to help himself in discovering the unconscious complex *where it is anchored* in his unconscious.[1] A first success of this sort had now been achieved with Hans. Having partly mastered his castration complex, he was now able to communicate his wishes in regard to his mother. He did so, in what was still a distorted form, by means of the *phantasy of the two giraffes*, one of which was calling out in vain because Hans had taken possession of the other [p. 37]. He represented the 'taking possession of' pictorially as 'sitting down on'. His father recognized the phantasy as a reproduction of a bedroom scene which used to take place in the morning between the boy and his parents; and he quickly stripped the underlying wish of the disguise which it still wore. The boy's father and mother were the two giraffes. The reason for the choice of a giraffe-phantasy for the purposes

[1] [The point made here was discussed by Freud at greater length in the last pages of his technical paper 'On Beginning the Treatment' (1913*c*) and more briefly in his paper on 'wild' analysis (1910*k*). See also the closing paragraphs of Section II of 'The Unconscious' (1915*e*).]

of disguise was fully explained by a visit that the boy had paid to those same large beasts at Schönbrunn a few days earlier, by the giraffe-drawing, belonging to an earlier period, which had been preserved by his father, and also, perhaps, by an unconscious comparison based upon the giraffe's long, stiff neck.[1] It may be remarked that the giraffe, as being a large animal and interesting on account of its widdler, was a possible competitor with the horse for the role of bugbear; moreover, the fact that both his father and his mother appeared as giraffes offered a hint which had not yet been followed up, as regards the interpretation of the anxiety-horses.

Immediately after the giraffe story Hans produced two minor phantasies: one of his forcing his way into a forbidden space at Schönbrunn, and the other of his smashing a railway-carriage window on the Stadtbahn [pp. 40–41]. In each case the punishable nature of the action was emphasized, and in each his father appeared as an accomplice. Unluckily his father failed to interpret either of these phantasies, so that Hans himself gained nothing from telling them. In an analysis, however, a thing which has not been understood inevitably reappears; like an unlaid ghost, it cannot rest until the mystery has been solved and the spell broken.

There are no difficulties in the way of our understanding these two criminal phantasies. They belonged to Hans's complex of taking possession of his mother. Some kind of vague notion was struggling in the child's mind of something that he might do with his mother by means of which his taking possession of her would be consummated; for this elusive thought he found certain pictorial representations, which had in common the qualities of being violent and forbidden, and the content of which strikes us as fitting in most remarkably

[1] Hans's admiration of his father's neck later on would fit in with this. [This is probably a condensation of the episodes on pp. 40 and 53.]

well with the hidden truth. We can only say that they were symbolic phantasies of intercourse, and it was no irrelevant detail that his father was represented as sharing in his actions: 'I should like', he seems to have been saying, 'to be doing something with my mother, something forbidden; I do not know what it is, but I do know that you are doing it too.'

The giraffe phantasy strengthened a conviction which had already begun to form in my mind when Hans expressed his fear that 'the horse'll come into the room' [p. 24]; and I thought the right moment had now arrived for informing him that he was afraid of his father because he himself nourished jealous and hostile wishes against him—for it was essential to postulate this much with regard to his unconscious impulses. In telling him this, I had partly interpreted his fear of horses for him: the horse must be his father—whom he had good internal reasons for fearing. Certain details of which Hans had shown he was afraid, the black on horses' mouths and the things in front of their eyes (the moustaches and eyeglasses which are the privilege of a grown-up man), seemed to me to have been directly transposed from his father on to the horses [p. 42].

By enlightening Hans on this subject I had cleared away his most powerful resistance against allowing his unconscious thoughts to be made conscious; for his father was himself acting as his physician. The worst of the attack was now over; there was a plentiful flow of material; the little patient summoned up courage to describe the details of his phobia, and soon began to take an active share in the conduct of the analysis.[1]

[1] Even in analyses in which the physician and the patient are strangers, fear of the father plays one of the most important parts as a resistance against the reproduction of the unconscious pathogenic material. Resistances are sometimes in the nature of [stereotyped] 'motifs'. But sometimes, as in the present instance, one piece of the unconscious material is capable from its actual *content* of operating as an inhibition against the reproduction of another piece. [These

It was only then that we learnt what the objects and impressions were of which Hans was afraid. He was not only afraid of horses biting him—he was soon silent upon that point—but also of carts, of furniture-vans, and of buses (their common quality being, as presently became clear, that they were all heavily loaded), of horses that started moving, of horses that looked big and heavy, and of horses that drove quickly. The meaning of these specifications was explained by Hans himself: he was afraid of horses *falling down*, and consequently incorporated in his phobia everything that seemed likely to facilitate their falling down [pp. 46–7].

It not at all infrequently happens that it is only after doing a certain amount of psycho-analytic work with a patient that an analyst can succeed in learning the actual content of a phobia, the precise form of words of an obsessional impulse, and so on. Repression has not only descended upon the unconscious complexes, but it is continually attacking their derivatives as well, and even prevents the patient from becoming aware of the products of the disease itself. The analyst thus finds himself in the position, curious for a doctor, of coming to the help of a disease, and of procuring it its due of attention.[1] But only those who entirely misunderstand the nature of psycho-analysis will lay stress upon this phase of the work and suppose that on its account harm is likely to be done by analysis. The fact is that you must catch your thief before you can hang him, and that it requires some expenditure of labour to get securely hold of the pathological structures at the destruction of which the treatment is aimed.

I have already remarked in the course of my running com-

last two sentences struck the translators as obscure, and, on Freud's instructions, they were omitted from the English translation in 1925. The issue involved in this footnote seems to be analogous to the question of the innateness of 'primal phantasies'. See footnotes pp. 8 and 206 ff.]

[1] [Similarly with obsessional neuroses. See the case of the 'Rat Man', below, p. 223.]

mentary on the case history [p. 51] that it is most instructive to plunge in this way into the details of a phobia, and thus arrive at a conviction of the secondary nature of the relation between the anxiety and its objects. It is this that accounts for phobias being at once so curiously diffuse and so strictly conditioned.[1] It is evident that the material for the particular disguises which Hans's fear adopted was collected from the impressions to which he was all day long exposed owing to the Head Customs House being situated on the opposite side of the street. In this connection, too, he showed signs of an impulse—though it was now inhibited by his anxiety—to play with the loads on the carts, with the packages, casks and boxes, like the street-boys.

It was at this stage of the analysis that he recalled the event, insignificant in itself, which immediately preceded the outbreak of the illness and may no doubt be regarded as the precipitating cause of its outbreak. He went for a walk with his mother, and saw a bus-horse fall down and kick about with its feet [p. 49]. This made a great impression on him. He was terrified, and thought the horse was dead; and from that time on he thought that all horses would fall down. His father pointed out to him that when he saw the horse fall down he must have thought of him, his father, and have wished that he might fall down in the same way and be dead. Hans did not dispute this interpretation; and a little while later he played a game consisting of biting his father, and so showed that he accepted the theory of his having identified his father with the horse he was afraid of [p. 52]. From that time forward his behaviour to his father was unconstrained and fearless, and in fact a trifle overbearing. Nevertheless his fear of horses persisted; nor was it yet clear through what chain of associations the horse's falling down had stirred up his unconscious wishes.

[1] [This point is elaborated by Freud in a discussion of 'systems' in his *Totem and Taboo* (1912–13), *Standard Ed.*, **13**, 96–7.]

Let me summarize the results that had so far been reached. Behind the fear to which Hans first gave expression, the fear of a horse biting him, we had discovered a more deeply seated fear, the fear of horses falling down; and both kinds of horses, the biting horse and the falling horse, had been shown to represent his father, who was going to punish him for the evil wishes he was nourishing against him. Meanwhile the analysis had moved away from the subject of his mother.

Quite unexpectedly, and certainly without any prompting from his father, Hans now began to be occupied with the 'lumf' complex, and to show disgust at things that reminded him of evacuating his bowels [p. 55]. His father, who was reluctant to go with him along that line, pushed on with the analysis through thick and thin in the direction in which he wanted to go. He elicited from Hans the recollection of an event at Gmunden, the impression of which lay concealed behind that of the falling bus-horse. While they were playing at horses, Fritzl, the playmate of whom he was so fond, but at the same time, perhaps, his rival with his many girl friends, had hit his foot against a stone and had fallen down, and his foot had bled [p. 58]. Seeing the bus-horse fall had reminded him of this accident. It deserves to be noticed that Hans, who was at the moment concerned with other things, began by denying that Fritzl had fallen down (though this was the event which formed the connection between the two scenes) and only admitted it at a later stage of the analysis [p. 82]. It is especially interesting, however, to observe the way in which the transformation of Hans's libido into anxiety was projected on to the principal object of his phobia, on to horses. Horses interested him the most of all the large animals; playing at horses was his favourite game with the other children. I had a suspicion—and this was confirmed by Hans's father when I asked him—that the first person who had served Hans as a horse must have been his father; and it

was this that had enabled him to regard Fritzl as a substitute for his father when the accident happened at Gmunden. When repression had set in and brought a revulsion of feeling along with it, horses, which had till then been associated with so much pleasure, were necessarily turned into objects of fear.

But, as we have already said, it was owing to the intervention of Hans's father that this last important discovery was made of the way in which the precipitating cause of the illness had operated. Hans himself was occupied with his lumf interests, and thither at last we must follow him. We learn that formerly Hans had been in the habit of insisting upon accompanying his mother to the W.C. [p. 63], and that he had revived this custom with his friend Berta at a time when she was filling his mother's place, until the fact became known and he was forbidden to do so [p. 61]. Pleasure taken in looking on while some one one loves performs the natural functions is once more a 'confluence of instincts', of which we have already noticed an instance in Hans [p. 106]. In the end his father went into the lumf symbolism, and recognized that there was an analogy between a heavily loaded cart and a body loaded with faeces, between the way in which a cart drives out through a gateway and the way in which faeces leave the body, and so on [pp. 66–8].

By this time, however, the position occupied by Hans in the analysis had become very different from what it had been at an earlier stage. Previously, his father had been able to tell him in advance what was coming, while Hans had merely followed his lead and come trotting after; but now it was Hans who was forging ahead, so rapidly and steadily that his father found it difficult to keep up with him. Without any warning, as it were, Hans produced a new phantasy: the plumber unscrewed the bath in which Hans was, and then stuck him in the stomach with his big borer [p. 65]. Henceforward the material brought up in the analysis far outstripped our

powers of understanding it. It was not until later that it was possible to guess that this was a remoulding of a *phantasy of procreation*, distorted by anxiety. The big bath of water, in which Hans imagined himself, was his mother's womb; the 'borer', which his father had from the first recognized as a penis, owed its mention to its connection with 'being born'. The interpretation that we are obliged to give to the phantasy will of course sound very curious: 'With your big penis you "bored" me' (i.e. 'gave birth to me') 'and put me in my mother's womb.' For the moment, however, the phantasy eluded interpretation, and merely served Hans as a starting-point from which to continue giving information.

Hans showed fear of being given a bath in the big bath [p. 66]; and this fear was once more a composite one. One part of it escaped us as yet, but the other part could at once be elucidated in connection with his baby sister having her bath. Hans confessed to having wished that his mother might drop the child while she was being given her bath, so that she should die [p. 72]. His own anxiety while he was having his bath was a fear of retribution for this evil wish and of being punished by the same thing happening to him. Hans now left the subject of lumf and passed on directly to that of his baby sister. We may well imagine what this juxtaposition signified: nothing less, in fact, than that little Hanna was a lumf herself —that all babies were lumfs and were born like lumfs. We can now recognize that all furniture-vans and drays and buses were only stork-box carts, and were only of interest to Hans as being symbolic representations of pregnancy; and that when a heavy or heavily loaded horse fell down he can have seen in it only one thing—a childbirth, a delivery ['*ein Niederkommen*'].[1] Thus the falling horse was not only his dying father but also his mother in childbirth.

[1] [See footnote, p. 96.—Further discussion of this particular symbolism will be found near the end of Freud's paper on a childhood memory of Goethe's (1917*b*).]

And at this point Hans gave us a surprise, for which we were not in the very least prepared. He had noticed his mother's pregnancy, which had ended with the birth of his little sister when he was three and a half years old, and had, at any rate after the confinement, pieced the facts of the case together—without telling any one, it is true, and perhaps without being able to tell any one. All that could be seen at the time was that immediately after the delivery he had taken up an extremely sceptical attitude towards everything that might be supposed to point to the presence of the stork [p. 10]. *But that—in complete contradiction to his official speeches —he knew in his unconscious where the baby came from and where it had been before,* is proved beyond a shadow of doubt by the present analysis; indeed, this is perhaps its most unassailable feature.

The most cogent evidence of this is furnished by the phantasy (which he persisted in with so much obstinacy, and embellished with such a wealth of detail) of how Hanna had been with them at Gmunden the summer before her birth, of how she had travelled there with them, and of how she had been able to do far more then than she had a year later, after she had been born [p. 69 ff.]. The effrontery with which Hans related this phantasy and the countless extravagant lies with which he interwove it were anything but meaningless. All of this was intended as a revenge upon his father, against whom he harboured a grudge for having misled him with the stork fable. It was just as though he had meant to say: 'If you really thought I was as stupid as all that, and expected me to believe that the stork brought Hanna, then in return I expect *you* to accept *my* inventions as the truth.' This act of revenge on the part of our young enquirer upon his father was succeeded by the clearly correlated phantasy of teasing and beating horses [p. 79]. This phantasy, again, had two constituents. On the one hand, it was based upon the teasing to which he had submitted his father just before; and, on the other hand, it

reproduced the obscure sadistic desires directed towards his mother, which had already found expression (though they had not at first been understood) in his phantasies of doing something forbidden. Hans even confessed consciously to a desire to beat his mother [p. 81].

There are not many more mysteries ahead of us now. An obscure phantasy of missing a train [p. 81] seems to have been a forerunner of the later notion of handing over Hans's father to his grandmother at Lainz, for the phantasy dealt with a visit to Lainz, and his grandmother appeared in it. Another phantasy, in which a boy gave the guard 50,000 florins to let him ride on the truck [p. 83], almost sounds like a plan of buying his mother from his father, part of whose power, of course, lay in his wealth. At about this time, too, he confessed, with a degree of openness which he had never before reached, that he wished to get rid of his father, and that the reason he wished it was that his father interfered with his own intimacy with his mother [p. 82]. We must not be surprised to find the same wishes constantly reappearing in the course of an analysis. The monotony only attaches to the analyst's interpretations of these wishes. For Hans they were not mere repetitions, but steps in a progressive development from timid hinting to fully conscious, undistorted perspicuity.

What remains are just such confirmations on Hans's part of analytical conclusions which our interpretations had already established. In an entirely unequivocal symptomatic act, which he disguised slightly from the maid but not at all from his father, he showed how he imagined a birth took place [p. 84]; but if we look into it more closely we can see that he showed something else, that he was hinting at something which was not alluded to again in the analysis. He pushed a small penknife which belonged to his mother in through a round hole in the body of an india-rubber doll, and then let it drop out again by tearing apart the doll's legs. The

enlightenment which he received from his parents soon afterwards [p. 87], to the effect that children do in fact grow inside their mother's body and are pushed out of it like a lumf, came too late; it could tell him nothing new. Another symptomatic act, happening as though by accident, involved a confession that he had wished his father dead; for, just at the moment his father was talking of this death-wish, Hans let a horse that he was playing with fall down—knocked it over in fact. Further, he confirmed in so many words the hypothesis that heavily loaded carts represented his mother's pregnancy to him, and the horse's falling down was like having a baby. The most delightful piece of confirmation in this connection—a proof that, in his view, children were 'lumfs'—was his inventing the name of 'Lodi' for his favourite child. There was some delay in reporting this fact, for it then appeared that he had been playing with this sausage child of his for a long time past [p. 93].[1]

We have already considered Hans's two concluding phantasies, with which his recovery was rounded off. One of them [p. 98], that of the plumber giving him a new and, as his father guessed, a bigger widdler, was not merely a repetition of the earlier phantasy concerning the plumber and the bath. The new one was a triumphant, wishful phantasy, and with it he overcame his fear of castration. His other phantasy [pp. 96–7], which confessed to the wish to be married to his mother and to have many children by her, did not merely exhaust the content of the unconscious complexes which had been stirred up by the sight of the falling horse and which had generated his anxiety. It also corrected that portion of those

[1] I remember a set of drawings by T. T. Heine in a copy of *Simplicissimus*, in which that brilliant illustrator depicted the fate of the pork-butcher's child, who fell into the sausage machine, and then, in the shape of a small sausage, was mourned over by his parents, received the Church's blessing, and flew up to Heaven. The artist's idea seems a puzzling one at first, but the Lodi episode in this analysis enables us to trace it back to its infantile root.

thoughts which was entirely unacceptable; for, instead of killing his father, it made him innocuous by promoting him to a marriage with Hans's grandmother. With this phantasy both the illness and the analysis came to an appropriate end.

While the analysis of a case is in progress it is impossible to obtain any clear impression of the structure and development of the neurosis. That is the business of a synthetic process which must be performed subsequently. In attempting to carry out such a synthesis of little Hans's phobia we shall take as our basis the account of his mental constitution, of his governing sexual wishes, and of his experiences up to the time of his sister's birth, which we have given in an earlier part of this paper.

The arrival of his sister brought into Hans's life many new elements, which from that time on gave him no rest. In the first place he was obliged to submit to a certain degree of privation: to begin with, a temporary separation from his mother, and later a permanent diminution in the amount of care and attention which he had received from her and which thenceforward he had to grow accustomed to sharing with his sister. In the second place, he experienced a revival of the pleasures he had enjoyed when he was looked after as an infant; for they were called up by all that he saw his mother doing for the baby. As a result of these two influences his erotic needs became intensified, while at the same time they began to obtain insufficient satisfaction. He made up for the loss which his sister's arrival had entailed on him by imagining that he had children of his own; and so long as he was at Gmunden—on his second visit there [1]—and could really play with these children, he found a sufficient outlet for his affections. But after his return to Vienna he was once more alone, and set all his hopes upon his mother. He had meanwhile suffered another privation, having been exiled

[1] [This parenthesis was added in 1924.]

from his parents' bedroom at the age of four and a half.[1] His intensified erotic excitability now found expression in phantasies, by which in his loneliness he conjured up his playmates of the past summer, and in regular auto-erotic satisfaction obtained by a masturbatory stimulation of his genitals.

But in the third place his sister's birth stimulated him to an effort of thought which, on the one hand, it was impossible to bring to a conclusion, and which, on the other hand, involved him in emotional conflicts. He was faced with the great riddle of where babies come from, which is perhaps the first problem to engage a child's mental powers,[2] and of which the riddle of the Theban Sphinx is probably no more than a distorted version. He rejected the proffered solution of the stork having brought Hanna. For he had noticed that months before the baby's birth his mother's body had grown big, that then she had gone to bed, and had groaned while the birth was taking place, and that when she got up she was thin again. He therefore inferred that Hanna had been inside his mother's body, and had then come out like a 'lumf'. He was able to imagine the act of giving birth as a pleasurable one by relating it to his own first feelings of pleasure in passing stool; and he was thus able to find a double motive for wishing to have children of his own: the pleasure of giving birth to them and the pleasure (the compensatory pleasure, as it were) of looking after them. There was nothing in all of this that could have led him into doubts or conflicts.

But there was something else, which could not fail to make him uneasy. His father must have had something to

[1] [In the earlier editions 'four', which was altered to 'four and a half' in 1924. See, however, Hans's father's remark (3) on p. 99. The sleeping-arrangements may have been changed at the time of the move into the new flat (p. 15).]

[2] [Freud emended this view, as regards girls, in a footnote to his paper on the distinction between the sexes (1925*j*).]

do with little Hanna's birth, for he had declared that Hanna and Hans himself were his children. Yet it was certainly not his father who had brought them into the world, but his mother. This father of his came between him and his mother. When he was there Hans could not sleep with his mother, and when his mother wanted to take Hans into bed with her, his father used to call out. Hans had learnt from experience how well-off he could be in his father's absence, and it was only justifiable that he should wish to get rid of him. And then Hans's hostility had received a fresh reinforcement. His father had told him the lie about the stork and so made it impossible for him to ask for enlightenment upon these things. He not only prevented his being in bed with his mother, but also kept from him the knowledge he was thirsting for. He was putting Hans at a disadvantage in both directions, and was obviously doing so for his own benefit.

But this father, whom he could not help hating as a rival, was the same father whom he had always loved and was bound to go on loving, who had been his model, had been his first playmate, and had looked after him from his earliest infancy: and this it was that gave rise to the first conflict. Nor could this conflict find an immediate solution. For Hans's nature had so developed that for the moment his love could not but keep the upper hand and suppress his hate—though it could not kill it, for his hate was perpetually kept alive by his love for his mother.

But his father not only knew where children came from, he actually performed it—the thing that Hans could only obscurely divine. The widdler must have something to do with it, for his own grew excited whenever he thought of these things—and it must be a big widdler too, bigger than Hans's own. If he listened to these premonitory sensations he could only suppose that it was a question of some act of violence performed upon his mother, of smashing something, of making an opening into something, of forcing a way into

an enclosed space—such were the impulses that he felt stirring within him. But although the sensations of his penis had put him on the road to postulating a vagina, yet he could not solve the problem, for within his experience no such thing existed as his widdler required. On the contrary, his conviction that his mother possessed a penis just as he did stood in the way of any solution. His attempt at discovering what it was that had to be done with his mother in order that she might have children sank down into his unconscious; and his two active impulses—the hostile one towards his father and the sadistic-tender one towards his mother—could be put to no use, the first because of the love that existed side by side with the hatred, and the second because of the perplexity in which his infantile sexual theories left him.

This is how, basing my conclusions upon the findings of the analysis, I am obliged to reconstruct the unconscious complexes and wishes, the repression and reawakening of which produced little Hans's phobia. I am aware that in so doing I am attributing a great deal to the mental capacity of a child between four and five years of age; but I have let myself be guided by what we have recently learned, and I do not consider myself bound by the prejudices of our ignorance. It might perhaps have been possible to make use of Hans's fear of the 'making a row with the legs' for filling up a few more gaps in our adjudication upon the evidence. Hans, it is true, declared that it reminded him of his kicking about with his legs when he was compelled to leave off playing so as to do lumf; so that this element of the neurosis becomes connected with the problem whether his mother liked having children or was compelled to have them. But I have an impression that this is not the whole explanation of the 'making a row with the legs'. Hans's father was unable to confirm my suspicion that there was some recollection stirring in the child's mind of having observed a scene of

sexual intercourse between his parents in their bedroom. So let us be content with what we have discovered.

It is hard to say what the influence was which, in the situation we have just sketched, led to the sudden change in Hans and to the transformation of his libidinal longing into anxiety—to say from what direction it was that repression set in. The question could probably only be decided by making a comparison between this analysis and a number of similar ones. Whether the scales were turned by the child's *intellectual* inability to solve the difficult problem of the begetting of children and to cope with the aggressive impulses that were liberated by his approaching its solution, or whether the effect was produced by a *somatic* incapacity, a constitutional intolerance of the masturbatory gratification in which he regularly indulged (whether, that is, the mere persistence of sexual excitement at such a high pitch of intensity was bound to bring about a revulsion)—this question must be left open until fresh experience can come to our assistance.

Chronological considerations make it impossible for us to attach any great importance to the actual precipitating cause of the outbreak of Hans's illness, for he had shown signs of apprehensiveness long before he saw the bus-horse fall down in the street.

Nevertheless, the neurosis took its start directly from this chance event and preserved a trace of it in the circumstance of the horse being exalted into the object of his anxiety. In itself the impression of the accident which he happened to witness carried no 'traumatic force'; it acquired its great effectiveness only from the fact that horses had formerly been of importance to him as objects of his predilection and interest, from the fact that he associated the event in his mind with an earlier event at Gmunden which had more claim to be regarded as traumatic, namely, with Fritzl's falling down while he was playing at horses, and lastly from the fact that there was an easy path of association from

Fritzl to his father. Indeed, even these connections would probably not have been sufficient if it had not been that, thanks to the pliability and ambiguity of associative chains, the same event showed itself capable of stirring the second of the complexes that lurked in Hans's unconscious, the complex of his pregnant mother's confinement. From that moment the way was clear for the return of the repressed; and it returned in such a manner that *the pathogenic material was remodelled and transposed on to the horse-complex, while the accompanying affects were uniformly turned into anxiety.*

It deserves to be noticed that the ideational content of Hans's phobia as it then stood had to be submitted to one further process of distortion and substitution before his consciousness took cognizance of it. Hans's first formulation of his anxiety was: 'the horse will bite me'; and this was derived from another episode at Gmunden, which was on the one hand related to his hostile wishes towards his father and on the other hand was reminiscent of the warning he had been given against masturbation. Some interfering influence, emanating from his parents perhaps, had made itself felt. I am not certain whether the reports upon Hans were at that time drawn up with sufficient care to enable us to decide whether he expressed his anxiety in this form *before* or not until *after* his mother had taken him to task on the subject of masturbating. I should be inclined to suspect that it was not until afterwards, though this would contradict the account given in the case history. [See p. 24.] At any rate, it is evident that at every point Hans's hostile complex against his father screened his lustful one about his mother, just as it was the first to be disclosed and dealt with in the analysis.

In other cases of this kind there would be a great deal more to be said upon the structure, the development, and the diffusion of the neurosis. But the history of little Hans's attack was very short; almost as soon as it had begun, its place was taken by the history of its treatment. And although

during the treatment the phobia appeared to develop further and to extend over new objects and to lay down new conditions, his father, since he was himself treating the case, naturally had sufficient penetration to see that it was merely a question of the emergence of material that was already in existence, and not of fresh productions for which the treatment might be held responsible. In the treatment of other cases it would not always be possible to count upon so much penetration.

Before I can regard this synthesis as completed I must turn to yet another aspect of the case, which will take us into the very heart of the difficulties that lie in the way of our understanding of neurotic states. We have seen how our little patient was overtaken by a great wave of repression and that it caught precisely those of his sexual components that were dominant.[1] He gave up masturbation, and turned away in disgust from everything that reminded him of excrement and of looking on at other people performing their natural functions. But these were not the components which were stirred up by the precipitating cause of the illness (his seeing the horse fall down) or which provided the material for the symptoms, that is, the content of the phobia.

This allows us, therefore, to make a radical distinction. We shall probably come to understand the case more deeply if we turn to those other components which *do* fulfil the two conditions that have just been mentioned. These other components were tendencies in Hans which had already been suppressed and which, so far as we can tell, had never been able to find uninhibited expression: hostile and jealous feelings towards his father, and sadistic impulses (premonitions, as it were, of copulation) towards his mother. These

[1] Hans's father even observed that simultaneously with this repression a certain amount of sublimation set in. From the time of the beginning of his anxiety Hans began to show an increased interest in music and to develop his inherited musical gift.

early suppressions may perhaps have gone to form the predisposition for his subsequent illness. These aggressive propensities of Hans's found no outlet, and as soon as there came a time of privation and of intensified sexual excitement, they tried to break their way out with reinforced strength. It was then that the battle which we call his 'phobia' burst out. During the course of it a part of the repressed ideas, in a distorted form and transposed on to another complex, forced their way into consciousness as the content of the phobia. But it was a decidedly paltry success. Victory lay with the forces of repression; *and they made use of the opportunity to extend their dominion over components other than those that had rebelled.* This last circumstance, however, does not in the least alter the fact that the essence of Hans's illness was entirely dependent upon the nature of the instinctual components that had to be repulsed. The content of his phobia was such as to impose a very great measure of restriction upon his freedom of movement, and that was its purpose. It was therefore a powerful reaction against the obscure impulses to movement which were especially directed against his mother. For Hans horses had always typified pleasure in movement ('I'm a young horse', he had said as he jumped about [p. 58]); but since this pleasure in movement included the impulse to copulate, the neurosis imposed a restriction on it and exalted the horse into an emblem of terror. Thus it would seem as though all that the repressed instincts got from the neurosis was the honour of providing pretexts for the appearance of the anxiety in consciousness. But however clear may have been the victory in Hans's phobia of the forces that were opposed to sexuality, nevertheless, since such an illness is in its very nature a compromise, this cannot have been all that the repressed instincts obtained. After all, Hans's phobia of horses was an obstacle to his going into the street, and could serve as a means of allowing him to stay at home with his beloved mother. In this way, therefore, his

affection for his mother triumphantly achieved its aim. In consequence of his phobia, the lover clung to the object of his love—though, to be sure, steps had been taken to make him innocuous. The true character of a neurotic disorder is exhibited in this twofold result.

Alfred Adler, in a suggestive paper,[1] has recently developed the view that anxiety arises from the suppression of what he calls the 'aggressive instinct', and by a very sweeping synthetic process he ascribes to that instinct the chief part in human events, 'in real life and in the neuroses'. As we have come to the conclusion that in our present case of phobia the anxiety is to be explained as being due to the repression of Hans's aggressive propensities (the hostile ones against his father and the sadistic ones against his mother), we seem to have produced a most striking piece of confirmation of Adler's view. I am nevertheless unable to assent to it, and indeed I regard it as a misleading generalization. I cannot bring myself to assume the existence of a special aggressive instinct alongside of the familiar instincts of self-preservation and of sex, and on an equal footing with them.[2] It appears to me that Adler has mistakenly promoted into a special and self-

[1] 'Der Aggressionsbetrieb im Leben und in der Neurose' (1908). This is the same paper from which I have borrowed the term 'confluence of instincts'. (See above, p. 106 [and 127].)

[2] (*Footnote added* 1923:) The above passage was written at a time when Adler seemed still to be taking his stand upon the ground of psycho-analysis, and before he had put forward the masculine protest and disavowed repression. Since then I have myself been obliged to assert the existence of an 'aggressive instinct', but it is different from Adler's. I prefer to call it the 'destructive' or 'death instinct'. See *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (1920*g*) and *The Ego and the Id* (1923*b*). Its opposition to the libidinal instincts finds an expression in the familiar polarity of love and hate. My disagreement with Adler's view, which [as explained later in the paragraph] results in a universal characteristic of instincts in general being reduced to be the property of a single one of them, remains unaltered.—[A detailed account of Freud's differences with Adler will be found in the latter part of his 'History of the Psycho-Analytic Movement' (1914*d*).]

subsisting instinct what is in reality a universal and indispensable attribute of *all* instincts—their instinctual [*triebhaft*] and 'pressing' character, what might be described as their capacity for initiating movement. Nothing would then remain of the other instincts but their relation to an aim, for their relation to the means of reaching that aim would have been taken over from them by the 'aggressive instinct'. In spite of all the uncertainty and obscurity of our theory of instincts I should prefer for the present to adhere to the usual view, which leaves each instinct its own power of becoming aggressive;[1] and I should be inclined to recognize the two instincts which became repressed in Hans as familiar components of the sexual libido.[2]

(III)

I shall now proceed to what I hope will be a brief discussion of how far little Hans's phobia offers any contribution of general importance to our views upon the life and upbringing of children. But before doing so I must return to the objection which has so long been held over, and according to which Hans was a neurotic, a 'degenerate' with a bad heredity, and not a normal child, knowledge about whom could be applied to other children. I have for some time been thinking with pain of the way in which the adherents of 'the normal person' will fall upon poor little Hans as soon as they are told that he can in fact be shown to have had a hereditary taint. His beautiful mother fell ill with a neurosis as a result of a conflict during her girlhood. I was able to be

[1] [In the earlier editions the words 'without being directed towards an object' occurred at this point. They were omitted in 1924.]

[2] [This case history is used by Freud as a basis for discussing the nature of anxiety in Chapters IV and VII of *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety* (1926*d*).—It is also quoted in connection with totemism and animal phobias in *Totem and Taboo* (1912–13), *Standard Ed.*, **13**, 128 ff.]

of assistance to her at the time, and this had in fact been the beginning of my connection with Hans's parents. It is only with the greatest diffidence that I venture to bring forward one or two considerations in his favour.

In the first place Hans was not what one would understand, strictly speaking, by a degenerate child, condemned by his heredity to be a neurotic. On the contrary, he was well formed physically, and was a cheerful, amiable, active-minded young fellow who might give pleasure to more people than his own father. There can be no question, of course, as to his sexual precocity; but on that point there is very little material upon which a fair comparison can be based. I gather, for instance, from a piece of collective research conducted in America, that it is by no means such a rare thing to find object-choice and feelings of love in boys at a similarly early age; and the same may be learnt from studying the records of the childhood of men who have later come to be recognized as 'great'. I should therefore be inclined to believe that sexual precocity is a correlate, which is seldom absent, of intellectual precocity, and that it is therefore to be met with in gifted children more often than might be expected.[1]

Furthermore, let me say in Hans's favour (and I frankly admit my partisan attitude) that he is not the only child who has been overtaken by a phobia at some time or other in his childhood. Troubles of that kind are well known to be quite extraordinarily frequent, even in children the strictness of whose upbringing has left nothing to be desired. In later life these children either become neurotic or remain healthy. Their phobias are shouted down in the nursery because they are inaccessible to treatment and are decidedly inconvenient. In the course of months or years they diminish, and the child seems to recover; but no one can tell what psychological

[1] [This question is touched on in a paragraph on 'Precocity' near the end of Freud's *Three Essays* (1905*d*; *Standard Ed.*, 7, 241).]

changes are necessitated by such a recovery, or what alterations in character are involved in it. When, however, an adult neurotic patient comes to us for psycho-analytic treatment (and let us assume that his illness has only become manifest after he has reached maturity), we find regularly that his neurosis has as its point of departure an infantile anxiety such as we have been discussing, and is in fact a continuation of it; so that, as it were, a continuous and undisturbed thread of psychical activity, taking its start from the conflicts of his childhood, has been spun through his life—irrespective of whether the first symptom of those conflicts has persisted or has retreated under the pressure of circumstances. I think, therefore, that Hans's illness may perhaps have been no more serious than that of many other children who are not branded as 'degenerates'; but since he was brought up without being intimidated, and with as much consideration and as little coercion as possible, his anxiety dared to show itself more boldly. With him there was no place for such motives as a bad conscience or a fear of punishment, which with other children must no doubt contribute to making the anxiety less. It seems to me that we concentrate too much upon symptoms and concern ourselves too little with their causes. In bringing up children we aim only at being left in peace and having no difficulties, in short, at training up a model child, and we pay very little attention to whether such a course of development is for the child's good as well. I can therefore quite imagine that it may have been to Hans's advantage to have produced this phobia. For it directed his parents' attention to the unavoidable difficulties by which a child is confronted when in the course of his cultural training he is called upon to overcome the innate instinctual components of his mind; and his trouble brought his father to his assistance. It may be that Hans now enjoys an advantage over other children, in that he no longer carries within him that seed in the shape of repressed

complexes which must always be of some significance for a child's later life, and which undoubtedly brings with it a certain degree of deformity of character if not a predisposition to a subsequent neurosis. I am inclined to think that this is so, but I do not know if many others will share my opinion; nor do I know whether experience will prove me right.

But I must now enquire what harm was done to Hans by dragging to light in him complexes such as are not only repressed by children but dreaded by their parents. Did the little boy proceed to take some serious action as regards what he wanted from his mother? or did his evil intentions against his father give place to evil deeds? Such misgivings will no doubt have occurred to many doctors, who misunderstand the nature of psycho-analysis and think that wicked instincts are strengthened by being made conscious. Wise men like these are being no more than consistent when they implore us for heaven's sake not to meddle with the evil things that lurk behind a neurosis. In so doing they forget, it is true, that they are physicians, and their words bear a fatal resemblance to Dogberry's, when he advised the Watch to avoid all contact with any thieves they might happen to meet: 'for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.' [1]

On the contrary, the only results of the analysis were that Hans recovered, that he ceased to be afraid of horses, and that he got on to rather familiar terms with his father, as the latter reported with some amusement. But whatever his father may have lost in the boy's respect he won back in his

[1] [*Much Ado about Nothing*, III, 3.] At this point I cannot keep back an astonished question. Where do my opponents obtain their knowledge, which they produce with so much confidence, on the question whether the repressed sexual instincts play a part, and if so what part, in the aetiology of the neuroses, if they shut their patients' mouths as soon as they begin to talk about their complexes or their derivatives? For the only alternative source of knowledge remaining open to them are my own writings and those of my adherents.

confidence: 'I thought', said Hans, 'you knew everything, as you knew that about the horse.' For analysis does not undo the *effects* of repression. The instincts which were formerly suppressed remain suppressed; but the same effect is produced in a different way. Analysis replaces the process of repression, which is an automatic and excessive one, by a temperate and purposeful control on the part of the highest agencies of the mind. In a word, *analysis replaces repression by condemnation.* This seems to bring us the long-looked-for evidence that consciousness has a biological function, and that with its entrance upon the scene an important advantage is secured.[1]

If matters had lain entirely in my hands, I should have ventured to give the child the one remaining piece of enlightenment which his parents withheld from him. I should have confirmed his instinctive premonitions, by telling him of the existence of the vagina and of copulation; thus I should have still further diminished his unsolved residue, and put an end to his stream of questions. I am convinced that this new piece of enlightenment would have made him lose neither his love for his mother nor his own childish nature, and that he would have understood that his preoccupation with these important, these momentous things must rest for the present—until his wish to be big had been fulfilled. But the educational experiment was not carried so far.

That no sharp line can be drawn between 'neurotic' and

[1] (*Footnote added* 1923:) I am here using the word 'consciousness' in a sense which I later avoided, namely, to describe our normal processes of thought—such, that is, as are capable of consciousness. We know that thought processes of this kind may also take place *preconsciously*; and it is wiser to regard their actual 'consciousness' from a purely phenomenological standpoint. By this I do not, of course, mean to contradict the expectation that consciousness in this more limited sense of the word must also fulfil some biological function. [See *The Ego and the Id* (1923*b*), Chapter I. Cf. also the early discussion of the biological function of 'consciousness' in the closing pages of *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900*a*; *Standard Ed.*, **5**, 615 ff.).]

'normal' people—whether children or adults— that our conception of 'disease' is a purely practical one and a question of summation, that predisposition and the eventualities of life must combine before the threshold of this summation is overstepped, and that consequently a number of individuals are constantly passing from the class of healthy people into that of neurotic patients, while a far smaller number also make the journey in the opposite direction,—all of these are things which have been said so often and have met with so much agreement that I am certainly not alone in maintaining their truth. It is, to say the least of it, extremely probable that a child's upbringing can exercise a powerful influence for good or for evil upon the predisposition which we have just mentioned as one of the factors in the occurrence of 'disease'; but what that upbringing is to aim at and at what point it is to be brought to bear seem at present to be very doubtful questions. Hitherto education has only set itself the task of controlling, or, it would often be more proper to say, of suppressing, the instincts. The results have been by no means gratifying, and where the process has succeeded it has only been to the advantage of a small number of favoured individuals who have not been required to suppress their instincts. Nor has any one enquired by what means and at what cost the suppression of the inconvenient instincts has been achieved. Supposing now that we substitute another task for this one, and aim instead at making the individual capable of becoming a civilized and useful member of society with the least possible sacrifice of his own activity; in that case the information gained by psycho-analysis, upon the origin of pathogenic complexes and upon the nucleus of every nervous affection, can claim with justice that it deserves to be regarded by educators as an invaluable guide in their conduct towards children. What practical conclusions may follow from this, and how far experience may justify the application of those conclusions within our present social

system, are matters which I leave to the examination and decision of others.[1]

I cannot take leave of our small patient's phobia without giving expression to a notion which has made its analysis, leading as it did to a recovery, seem of especial value to me. Strictly speaking, I learnt nothing new from this analysis, nothing that I had not already been able to discover (though often less distinctly and more indirectly) from other patients analysed at a more advanced age. But the neuroses of these other patients could in every instance be traced back to the same infantile complexes that were revealed behind Hans's phobia. I am therefore tempted to claim for this neurosis of childhood the significance of being a type and a model, and to suppose that the multiplicity of the phenomena of repression exhibited by neuroses and the abundance of their pathogenic material do not prevent their being derived from a very limited number of processes concerned with identical ideational complexes.

[1] [Freud returned to the question of psycho-analysis and the upbringing of children in his prefaces to books by Pfister (1913*b*) and Aichhorn (1926*f*) and in Part II (H) of his contribution to *Scientia* (1913*j*). He also devoted some pages to the same subject in Lecture XXXIV of his *New Introductory Lectures* (1933*a*).]

POSTSCRIPT (1922)

A FEW months ago—in the spring of 1922—a young man introduced himself to me and informed me that he was the 'little Hans' whose infantile neurosis had been the subject of the paper which I published in 1909. I was very glad to see him again, for about two years after the end of his analysis I had lost sight of him and had heard nothing of him for more than ten years. The publication of this first analysis of a child had caused a great stir and even greater indignation, and a most evil future had been foretold for the poor little boy, because he had been 'robbed of his innocence' at such a tender age and had been made the victim of a psycho-analysis.

But none of these apprehensions had come true. Little Hans was now a strapping youth of nineteen. He declared that he was perfectly well, and suffered from no troubles or inhibitions. Not only had he come through his puberty without any damage, but his emotional life had successfully undergone one of the severest of ordeals. His parents had been divorced and each of them had married again. In consequence of this he lived by himself; but he was on good terms with both of his parents, and only regretted that as a result of the breaking-up of the family he had been separated from the younger sister he was so fond of.

One piece of information given me by little Hans struck me as particularly remarkable; nor do I venture to give any explanation of it. When he read his case history, he told me, the whole of it came to him as something unknown; he did not recognize himself; he could remember nothing; and it was only when he came upon the journey to Gmunden that there dawned on him a kind of glimmering recollection that it might have been he himself that it happened to. So the

analysis had not preserved the events from amnesia, but had been overtaken by amnesia itself. Any one who is familiar with psycho-analysis may occasionally experience something similar in sleep. He will be woken up by a dream, and will decide to analyse it then and there; he will then go to sleep again feeling quite satisfied with the result of his efforts; and next morning dream and analysis will alike be forgotten.[1]

[1] [This phenomenon was discussed by Freud in a passage added in 1911 to his *Interpretation of Dreams*, 1900*a* (Chapter VII, Section A; *Standard Ed.*, **5**, 520–1).]

NOTES UPON A CASE OF OBSESSIONAL NEUROSIS (1909)

EDITOR'S NOTE

BEMERKUNGEN ÜBER EINEN FALL VON ZWANGSNEUROSE

(*a*) GERMAN EDITIONS:

1909 *Jb. psychoanal. psychopath. Forsch.*, **1** (2), 357–421.
1913 *S.K.S.N.*, III, 123–197. (1921, 2nd. ed.)
1924 *G.S.*, **8**, 269–351.
1932 *Vier Krankengeschichten*, 284–376.
1941 *G.W.*, **7**, 381–463.

(*b*) ENGLISH TRANSLATION:

'Notes upon a Case of Obsessional Neurosis'

1925 *C.P.*, **3**, 293–383. (Tr. Alix and James Strachey.)

The present translation of the case history is a reprint (with considerable alterations and a number of additional footnotes) of the original English version of 1925.

Freud's treatment of this case began on October 1st, 1907. An account of its beginnings, given by Freud and followed by a discussion, occupied two evenings at the Vienna Psycho-Analytical Society, on October 30th and November 6th. Some account of the Minutes of these two Meetings has been given by Federn (1948) in a paper with the title 'Professor Freud: The Beginning of a Case-History'. He gives the date of the second of them incorrectly, however, as November 16th. Further short reports on details of the case were given by Freud to the Vienna Society on November 20th, 1907, and January 22nd and April 8th, 1908. A longer report was

delivered by him at the First International Psycho-Analytical Congress, which was held at Salzburg on April 27th, 1908. According to Dr. Ernest Jones, who was present, Freud's address took over four hours. A very brief summary of it, by Otto Rank, will be found in the *Zentralbl. Psychoanal.*, **1** (1910), 125–6, published a year after the case history in its final form. At the time of the Congress, however, the treatment was by no means finished, for it lasted, as Freud tells us below (p. 186), for nearly a year. In the summer of 1909 he prepared the history for publication. We learn from a letter to Jung that he took a month over it and finally sent it to the printers on July 7th, 1909.

Freud's original record of the earlier part of this treatment, which was made from day to day as the treatment proceeded and which served as the basis of the published case history, has survived. It is published for the first time in the English translation which will be found at the end of this volume, together with some explanatory remarks which may assist the reader in following the complicated story. (See p. 253 ff.)

(In all previous editions the patient is referred to once as 'Lieutenant H.' (p. 172), and the 'cruel captain' as 'Captain M.' (p. 169). In order to harmonize these letters with the names chosen for the 'Original Record', they have here been changed to 'L' and 'N' respectively.)

NOTES UPON A CASE OF OBSESSIONAL NEUROSIS

[INTRODUCTION]

THE matter contained in the following pages will be of two kinds. In the first place I shall give some fragmentary extracts from the history of a case of obsessional neurosis. This case judged by its length, the injuriousness of its effects, and the patient's own view of it, deserves to be classed as a moderately severe one; the treatment, which lasted for about a year, led to the complete restoration of the patient's personality, and to the removal of his inhibitions. In the second place, starting out from this case, and also taking other cases into account which I have previously analysed, I shall make some disconnected statements of an aphoristic character upon the genesis and finer psychological mechanism of obsessional processes, and I shall thus hope to develop my first observations on the subject, published in 1896.[1]

A programme of this kind seems to me to require some justification. For it might otherwise be thought that I regard this method of making a communication as perfectly correct and as one to be imitated; whereas in reality I am only accommodating myself to obstacles, some external and others inherent in the subject, and I should gladly have communicated more if it had been right or possible for me to do so. I cannot give a complete history of the treatment, because that would involve my entering in detail into the circumstances of my patient's life. The importunate interest of a capital city, focussed with particular attention upon my medical activities, forbids my giving a faithful picture of the case. On

[1] 'Further Remarks on the Neuro-Psychoses of Defence', 1896*b* (Section II. 'The Nature and Mechanism of Obsessional Neurosis').

the other hand I have come more and more to regard the distortions usually resorted to in such circumstances as useless and objectionable. If the distortions are slight, they fail in their object of protecting the patient from indiscreet curiosity; while if they go beyond this they require too great a sacrifice, for they destroy the intelligibility of the material, which depends for its coherence precisely upon the small details of real life. And from this latter circumstance follows the paradoxical truth that it is far easier to divulge the patient's most intimate secrets than the most innocent and trivial facts about him; for, whereas the former would not throw any light on his identity, the latter, by which he is generally recognized, would make it obvious to every one.[1]

Such is my excuse for having curtailed so drastically the history of this case and its treatment. And I can offer still more cogent reasons for having confined myself to the statement only of some disconnected results of the psycho-analytic investigation of obsessional neuroses. I must confess that I have not yet succeeded in completely penetrating the complicated texture of a *severe* case of obsessional neurosis, and that, if I were to reproduce the analysis, it would be impossible for me to make the structure, such as by the help of analysis we know or suspect it to be, visible to others through the mass of therapeutic work superimposed upon it. What add so greatly to the difficulty of doing this are the resistances of the patients and the forms in which they are expressed. But even apart from this it must be admitted that an obsessional neurosis is in itself not an easy thing to understand—much less so than a case of hysteria. Actually, indeed, we should have expected to find the contrary. The language of an obsessional neurosis—the means by which it expresses its

[1] [In the footnote to the case history of 'Dora' added to Vol. VIII of the *Gesammelte Schriften* (1924) and referred to above on p. 4, Freud expressly states that the present case was published with the patient's assent. See *Standard Ed.*, **7**, 14.]

secret thoughts—is, as it were, only a dialect of the language of hysteria; but it is a dialect in which we ought to be able to find our way about more easily, since it is more nearly related to the forms of expression adopted by our conscious thought than is the language of hysteria. Above all, it does not involve the leap from a mental process to a somatic innervation—hysterical conversion—which can never be fully comprehensible to us.

Perhaps it is only because we are less familiar with obsessional neuroses that we do not find these expectations confirmed by the facts. Persons suffering from a severe degree of obsessional neurosis present themselves far less frequently for analytic treatment than hysterical patients. They dissimulate their condition in daily life, too, as long as they possibly can, and often call in a physician only when their complaint has reached such an advanced stage as, had they been suffering, for instance, from tuberculosis of the lungs, would have led to their being refused admission to a sanatorium. I make this comparison, moreover, because, as with the chronic infectious disease which I have just mentioned, we can point to a number of brilliant therapeutic successes in severe no less than in light cases of obsessional neurosis, where these have been taken in hand at an early stage.

In these circumstances there is no alternative but to report the facts in the imperfect and incomplete fashion in which they are known and in which it is legitimate to communicate them. The crumbs of knowledge offered in these pages, though they have been laboriously enough collected, may not in themselves prove very satisfying; but they may serve as a starting-point for the work of other investigators, and common endeavour may bring the success which is perhaps beyond the reach of individual effort.

I

EXTRACTS FROM THE CASE HISTORY

A YOUNGISH man of university education introduced himself to me with the statement that he had suffered from obsessions ever since his childhood, but with particular intensity for the last four years. The chief features of his disorder were *fears* that something might happen to two people of whom he was very fond—his father and a lady whom he admired. Besides this he was aware of *compulsive impulses*—such as an impulse, for instance, to cut his throat with a razor; and further he produced *prohibitions*, sometimes in connection with quite unimportant things. He had wasted years, he told me, in fighting against these ideas of his, and in this way had lost much ground in the course of his life. He had tried various treatments, but none had been of any use to him except a course of hydrotherapy at a sanatorium near ——; and this, he thought, had probably only been because he had made an acquaintance there which had led to regular sexual intercourse. Here he had no opportunities of the sort, and he seldom had intercourse and only at irregular intervals. He felt disgust at prostitutes. Altogether, he said, his sexual life had been stunted; masturbation had played only a small part in it, in his sixteenth or seventeenth year. His potency was normal; he had first had intercourse at the age of twenty-six.

He gave me the impression of being a clear-headed and shrewd person. When I asked him what it was that made him lay such stress upon telling me about his sexual life, he replied that that was what he knew about my theories. Actually, however, he had read none of my writings, except that a short time before he had been turning over the pages

of one of my books [1] and had come across the explanation of some curious verbal associations which had so much reminded him of some of his own 'efforts of thought' in connection with his ideas that he had decided to put himself in my hands.

(A) The Beginning of the Treatment

The next day I made him pledge himself to submit to the one and only condition of the treatment—namely, to say everything that came into his head, even if it was *unpleasant* to him, or seemed *unimportant* or *irrelevant* or *senseless*. I then gave him leave to start his communications with any subject he pleased, and he began thus:[2]

He had a friend, he told me, of whom he had an extraordinarily high opinion. He used always to go to him when he was tormented by some criminal impulse, and ask him whether he despised him as a criminal. His friend used then to give him moral support by assuring him that he was a man of irreproachable conduct, and had probably been in the habit, from his youth onwards, of taking a dark view of his own life. At an earlier date, he went on, another person had exercised a similar influence over him. This was a nineteen-year-old student (he himself had been fourteen or fifteen at the time) who had taken a liking to him, and had raised his self-esteem to an extraordinary degree, so that he appeared to himself to be a genius. This student had subsequently become his tutor, and had suddenly altered his

[1] *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* [1901*b*].

[2] What follows is based upon notes made on the evening of the day of treatment, and adheres as closely as possible to my recollection of the patient's words.—I feel obliged to offer a warning against the practice of noting down what the patient says during the actual time of treatment. The consequent withdrawal of the physician's attention does the patient more harm than can be made up for by any increase in accuracy that may be achieved in the reproduction of his case history. [This point is enlarged upon in Freud's first paper of technical 'Recommendations' (1912*e*), Sections *b* and *c*.]

behaviour and begun treating him as though he were an idiot. At length he had noticed that the student was interested in one of his sisters, and had realized that he had only taken him up in order to gain admission into the house. This had been the first great blow of his life.

He then proceeded without any apparent transition:—

(B) Infantile Sexuality

'My sexual life began very early. I can remember a scene during my fourth or fifth year. (From my sixth year onwards I can remember everything.) This scene came into my head quite distinctly, years later. We had a very pretty young governess called Fräulein Peter.[1] One evening she was lying on the sofa lightly dressed, and reading. I was lying beside her, and begged her to let me creep under her skirt. She told me I might, so long as I said nothing to any one about it. She had very little on, and I fingered her genitals and the lower part of her body, which struck me as very queer. After this I was left with a burning and tormenting curiosity to see the female body. I can still remember the intense excitement with which I waited at the Baths (which I was still allowed to go to with the governess and my sisters) for the governess

[1] Dr. Alfred Adler, who was formerly an analyst, once drew attention in a privately delivered paper to the peculiar importance which attaches to the *very first* communications made by patients. Here is an instance of this. The patient's opening words laid stress upon the influence exercised over him by men, that is to say, upon the part played in his life by homosexual object-choice; but immediately afterwards they touched upon a second *motif*, which was to become of great importance later on, namely, the conflict between man and woman and the opposition of their interests. Even the fact that he remembered his first pretty governess by her surname, which happened to be a man's first name, must be taken into account in this connection. In middle-class circles in Vienna it is more usual to call a governess by her first name, and it is by that name that she is more commonly remembered.—[In the original (1909) version, the first words of this footnote ran: 'My colleague Dr. Alfred Adler . . .' They were changed to their present form in 1913.]

to undress and get into the water. I can remember more things from my sixth year onwards. At that time we had another governess, who was also young and good-looking. She had abscesses on her buttocks which she was in the habit of pressing out at night. I used to wait eagerly for that moment, to appease my curiosity. It was just the same at the Baths—though Fräulein Lina was more reserved than her predecessor.' (In reply to a question which I threw in, 'As a rule,' the patient told me, 'I did not sleep in her room, but mostly with my parents.') 'I remember a scene which must have taken place when I was seven years old.[1] We were sitting together one evening—the governess, the cook, another servant-girl, myself and my brother, who was eighteen months younger than me. The young women were talking, and I suddenly became aware of Fräulein Lina saying: "It could be done with the little one; but Paul" (that was I) "is too clumsy, he would be sure to miss it." I did not understand clearly what was meant, but I felt the slight and began to cry. Lina comforted me, and told me how a girl, who had done something of the kind with a little boy she was in charge of, had been put in prison for several months. I do not believe she actually did anything wrong with me, but I took a great many liberties with her. When I got into her bed I used to uncover her and touch her, and she made no objections. She was not very intelligent, and clearly had very strong sexual cravings. At twenty-three she had already had a child. She afterwards married its father, so that to-day she is a Frau Hofrat.[2] Even now I often see her in the street.

'When I was six years old I already suffered from erections, and I know that once I went to my mother to complain about

[1] The patient subsequently admitted that this scene probably occurred one or two years later.

[2] [The Austrian title of '*Hofrat*' was awarded to prominent physicians, lawyers, university professors, civil servants, etc. It was perhaps equivalent to a knighthood in modern England.]

them. I know too that in doing so I had some misgivings to get over, for I had a feeling that there was some connection between this subject and my ideas and inquisitiveness, and at that time I used to have a morbid idea *that my parents knew my thoughts; I explained this to myself by supposing that I had spoken them out loud, without having heard myself do it.* I look on this as the beginning of my illness. There were certain people, girls, who pleased me very much, and I had a very strong wish *to see them naked.* But in wishing this I had *an uncanny feeling, as though something must happen if I thought such things, and as though I must do all sorts of things to prevent it.*'

(In reply to a question he gave an example of these fears: 'For instance, *that my father might die.*') 'Thoughts about my father's death occupied my mind from a very early age and for a long period of time, and greatly depressed me.'

At this point I learnt with astonishment that the patient's father, with whom his obsessional fears were, after all, occupied *now* [p. 158], had died several years previously.

The events in his sixth or seventh year which the patient described in the first hour of his treatment were not merely, as he supposed, the beginning of his illness, but were already the illness itself. It was a complete obsessional neurosis, wanting in no essential element, at once the nucleus and the prototype of the later disorder,—an elementary organism, as it were, the study of which could alone enable us to obtain a grasp of the complicated organization of his subsequent illness. The child, as we have seen, was under the domination of a component of the sexual instinct, the desire to look [scopophilia], as a result of which there was a constant recurrence in him of a very intense wish connected with persons of the female sex who pleased him—the wish, that is, to see them naked. This wish corresponds to the later obsessional or compulsive idea; and if the quality of compulsion was not yet present in the wish, this was because the

ego had not yet placed itself in complete opposition to it and did not yet regard it as something foreign to itself. Nevertheless, opposition to this wish from some source or other was already in activity, for its occurrence was regularly accompanied by a distressing affect.[1] A conflict was evidently in progress in the mind of this young libertine. Side by side with the obsessive wish, and intimately associated with it, was an obsessive fear: every time he had a wish of this kind he could not help fearing that something dreadful would happen. This something dreadful was already clothed in a characteristic indeterminateness which was thenceforward to be an invariable feature of every manifestation of the neurosis. But in a child it is not hard to discover what it is that is veiled behind an indeterminateness of this kind. If the patient can once be induced to give a particular instance in place of the vague generalities which characterize an obsessional neurosis, it may be confidently assumed that the instance is the original and actual thing which has tried to hide itself behind the generalization. Our present patient's obsessive fear, therefore, when restored to its original meaning, would run as follows: 'If I have this wish to see a woman naked, my father will be bound to die.' The distressing affect was distinctly coloured with a tinge of uncanniness and superstition, and was already beginning to give rise to impulses to do something to ward off the impending evil. These impulses were subsequently to develop into the *protective measures* which the patient adopted.

We find, accordingly: an erotic instinct and a revolt against it; a wish which has not yet become compulsive and, struggling against it, a fear which is already compulsive; a distressing affect and an impulsion towards the performance of defensive acts. The inventory of the neurosis has reached its full muster. Indeed, something more is present, namely, a

[1] Yet attempts have been made to explain obsessions without taking the affects into account!

kind of *delusion* or *delirium* [1] with the strange content that his parents knew his thoughts because he spoke them out loud without his hearing himself do it. We shall not go far astray if we suppose that in making this attempt at an explanation the child had some inkling of those remarkable mental processes which we describe as unconscious and which we cannot dispense with if we are to throw any scientific light upon this obscure subject. 'I speak my thoughts out loud, without hearing them' sounds like a projection into the external world of our own hypothesis that he had thoughts without knowing anything about them; it sounds like an endopsychic perception of what has been repressed.

For the situation is clear. This elementary neurosis of childhood already involved a problem and an apparent absurdity, like any complicated neurosis of maturity. What can have been the meaning of the child's idea that if he had this lascivious wish his father would be bound to die? Was it sheer nonsense? Or are there means of understanding the words and of perceiving them as a necessary consequence of earlier events and premises?

If we apply knowledge gained elsewhere to this case of childhood neurosis, we shall not be able to avoid a suspicion that in this instance as in others (that is to say, before the child had reached his sixth year) there had been conflicts and repressions, which had themselves been overtaken by amnesia, but had left behind them as a residuum the particular content of this obsessive fear. Later on we shall learn how far it is possible for us to rediscover those forgotten experiences or to reconstruct them with some degree of certainty. In the meantime stress may be laid on the fact, which is probably more than a mere coincidence, that the

[1] ['Delirium' is here and elsewhere in this paper used in a special sense which is explained below on p. 222. In French and German psychiatry, the term often corresponds to the English 'delusion'.]

patient's infantile amnesia ended precisely with his sixth year [see p. 160].

To find a chronic obsessional neurosis beginning like this in early childhood, with lascivious wishes of this sort connected with uncanny apprehensions and an inclination to the performance of defensive acts, is no new thing to me. I have come across it in a number of other cases. It is absolutely typical, although probably not the only possible type. Before proceeding to the events of the second session, I should like to add one more word on the subject of the patient's early sexual experiences. It will hardly be disputed that they may be described as having been considerable both in themselves and in their consequences. But it has been the same with the other cases of obsessional neurosis that I have had the opportunity of analysing. Such cases, unlike those of hysteria, invariably possess the characteristic of premature sexual activity. Obsessional neuroses make it much more obvious than hysterias that the factors which go to form a psychoneurosis are to be found in the patient's *infantile* sexual life and not in his present one. The current sexual life of an obsessional neurotic may often appear perfectly normal to a superficial observer; indeed, it frequently offers to the eye far fewer pathogenic elements and abnormalities than in the instance we are now considering.

(c) The Great Obsessive Fear

'I think I will begin to-day with the experience which was the immediate occasion of my coming to you. It was in August, during the manœuvres in ——. I had been suffering before, and tormenting myself with all kinds of obsessional thoughts, but they had quickly passed off during the manœuvres. I was keen to show the regular officers that people like me had not only learnt a good deal but could stand a good deal too. One day we started from —— on a short march. During a halt I lost my pince-nez, and, although I

could easily have found them, I did not want to delay our start, so I gave them up. But I wired to my opticians in Vienna to send me another pair by the next post. During that same halt I sat between two officers, one of whom, a captain with a Czech name, was to be of no small importance to me. I had a kind of dread of him, *for he was obviously fond of cruelty*. I do not say he was a bad man, but at the officers' mess he had repeatedly defended the introduction of corporal punishment, so that I had been obliged to disagree with him very sharply. Well, during this halt we got into conversation, and the captain told me he had read of a specially horrible punishment used in the East . . . '

Here the patient broke off, got up from the sofa, and begged me to spare him the recital of the details. I assured him that I myself had no taste whatever for cruelty, and certainly had no desire to torment him, but that naturally I could not grant him something which was beyond my power. He might just as well ask me to give him the moon. The overcoming of resistances was a law of the treatment, and on no consideration could it be dispensed with. (I had explained the idea of 'resistance' to him at the beginning of the hour, when he told me there was much in himself which he would have to overcome if he was to relate this experience of his.) I went on to say that I would do all I could, nevertheless, to guess the full meaning of any hints he gave me. Was he perhaps thinking of impalement?—'No, not that; . . . the criminal was tied up . . .'—he expressed himself so indistinctly that I could not immediately guess in what position—'. . . a pot was turned upside down on his buttocks . . . some *rats* were put into it . . . and they . . .'—he had again got up, and was showing every sign of horror and resistance—'. . . *bored their way in* . . .'—Into his anus, I helped him out.

At all the more important moments while he was telling his story his face took on a very strange, composite expression.

I could only interpret it as one of *horror at pleasure of his own of which he himself was unaware*. He proceeded with the greatest difficulty: 'At that moment the idea flashed through my mind *that this was happening to a person who was very dear to me*.' [1] In answer to a direct question he said that it was not he himself who was carrying out the punishment, but that it was being carried out as it were impersonally. After a little prompting I learnt that the person to whom this 'idea' of his related was the lady whom he admired.

He broke off his story in order to assure me that these thoughts were entirely foreign and repugnant to him, and to tell me that everything which had followed in their train had passed through his mind with the most extraordinary rapidity. Simultaneously with the idea there always appeared a 'sanction', that is to say, the defensive measure which he was obliged to adopt in order to prevent the phantasy from being fulfilled. When the captain had spoken of this ghastly punishment, he went on, and these ideas had come into his head, by employing his usual formulas (a 'but' accompanied by a gesture of repudiation, and the phrase 'whatever are you thinking of?') he had just succeeded in warding off *both* of them. [Cf. p. 224.]

This 'both' took me aback, and it has no doubt also mystified the reader. For so far we have heard only of one idea—of the rat punishment being carried out upon the lady. He was now obliged to admit that a second idea had occurred to him simultaneously, namely, the idea of the punishment also being applied to his father. As his father had died many years previously, this obsessive fear was much more nonsensical even than the first, and accordingly it had attempted to escape being confessed to for a little while longer.

[1] He said 'idea'—the stronger and more significant term 'wish', or rather 'fear', having evidently been censored. Unfortunately I am not able to reproduce the peculiar indeterminateness of all his remarks.

That evening, he continued, the same captain had handed him a packet that had arrived by the post and had said: 'Lieutenant A.[1] has paid the charges [2] for you. You must pay him back.' The packet had contained the pince-nez that he had wired for. At that instant, however, a 'sanction' had taken shape in his mind, namely, *that he was not to pay back the money* or it would happen—(that is, the phantasy about the rats would come true as regards his father and the lady). And immediately, in accordance with a type of procedure with which he was familiar, to combat this sanction there had arisen a command in the shape of a vow: '*You must pay back the* 3.80 *kronen* [3] *to Lieutenant A.*' He had said these words to himself almost half aloud.

Two days later the manœuvres had come to an end. He had spent the whole of the intervening time in efforts at repaying Lieutenant A. the small amount in question; but a succession of difficulties of an apparently *external* nature had arisen to prevent it. First he had tried to effect the payment through another officer who had been going to the post office. But he had been much relieved when this officer brought him back the money, saying that he had not met Lieutenant A. there, for this method of fulfilling his vow had not satisfied him, as it did not correspond with the wording, which ran: '*You* must pay back the money to Lieutenant A.' Finally, he had met Lieutenant A., the person he was looking for; but that officer had refused to accept the money, declaring that he had not paid anything for him, and had nothing whatever to do with the post, which was the business of Lieutenant B. This had thrown my patient into great perplexity, for it meant that he was unable to keep his vow, since it had been based upon false premises. He had excogitated a very curious

[1] The names are of little consequence here. [But see p. 291 *n.*]

[2] [The charges in question were for the cost of the new pince-nez. In Austria a system of 'cash on delivery' operated through the post office.]

[3] [A sum at that time equal to about 3*s.* 2*d.* or 75 cents.]

means of getting out of his difficulty, namely, that he should go to the post office with both the men, A. and B., that A. should give the young lady there the 3.80 *kronen*, that the young lady should give them to B., and that then he himself should pay back the 3.80 *kronen* to A. according to the wording of his vow.

It would not surprise me to hear that at this point the reader had ceased to be able to follow. For even the detailed account which the patient gave me of the external events of these days and of his reactions to them was full of self-contradictions and sounded hopelessly confused. It was only when he told the story for the third time that I could get him to realize its obscurities and could lay bare the errors of memory and the displacements in which he had become involved. I shall spare myself the trouble of reproducing these details, the essentials of which we shall easily be able to pick up later on, and I will only add that at the end of this second session the patient behaved as though he were dazed and bewildered. He repeatedly addressed me as 'Captain', probably because at the beginning of the hour I had told him that I myself was not fond of cruelty like Captain N., and that I had no intention of tormenting him unnecessarily.

The only other piece of information that I obtained from him during this hour was that from the very first, on all the previous occasions on which he had had a fear that something would happen to people he loved no less than on the present one, he had referred the punishments not only to our present life but also to eternity—to the next world. Up to his fourteenth or fifteenth year he had been devoutly religious, but from that time on he had gradually developed into the free-thinker that he was to-day. He reconciled the contradiction between his beliefs and his obsessions by saying to himself: 'What do you know about the next world? Nothing *can* be known about it. You're not risking anything—so do it.' This form of argument seemed unobjectionable to a man who was

in other respects particularly clear-headed, and in this way he exploited the uncertainty of reason in the face of these questions to the benefit of the religious attitude which he had outgrown.

At the third session he completed his very characteristic story of his efforts at fulfilling his obsessional vow. That evening the last gathering of officers had taken place before the end of the manœuvres. It had fallen to him to reply to the toast of 'The Gentlemen of the Reserve'. He had spoken well, but as if he were in a dream, for at the back of his mind he was being incessantly tormented by his vow. He had spent a terrible night. Arguments and counter-arguments had struggled with one another. The chief argument, of course, had been that the premise upon which his vow had been based—that Lieutenant A. had paid the money for him—had proved to be false. However, he had consoled himself with the thought that the business was not yet finished, as A. would be riding with him next morning part of the way to the railway station at P——,[1] so that he would still have time to ask him the necessary favour.[2] As a matter of fact he had not done this, and had allowed A. to go off without him; but he had given instructions to his orderly to let A. know that he intended to pay him a visit that afternoon. He himself had reached the station at half-past nine in the morning. He had deposited his luggage there and had seen to various things he had to do in the small town, with the intention of afterwards paying his visit to A. The village in which A. was stationed was about an hour's drive from the town of P——. The railway journey to the place where the post office was [Z——] would take three hours. He had calculated, therefore, that the execution of his complicated plan would just leave him

[1] [Freud's Original Record shows that this place was Przemysl.]

[2] [Reference to the sketch-map on p. 212 may make this paragraph easier to follow.]

time to catch the evening train from P—— to Vienna. The ideas that were struggling within him had been, on the one hand, that he was simply being cowardly and was obviously only trying to save himself the unpleasantness of asking A. to make the sacrifice in question and of cutting a foolish figure before him, and that that was why he was disregarding his vow; and, on the other hand, that it would, on the contrary, be cowardly of him to *fulfil* his vow, since he only wanted to do so in order to be left in peace by his obsessions. When in the course of his deliberations, the patient added, he found the arguments so evenly balanced as these, it was his custom to allow his actions to be decided by chance events as though by the hand of God. When, therefore, a porter at the station had addressed him with the words, 'Ten o'clock train, sir?' he had answered 'Yes', and in fact had gone off by the ten o'clock train. In this way he had produced a *fait accompli* and felt greatly relieved. He had proceeded to book a seat for luncheon in the restaurant car. At the first station they had stopped at it had suddenly struck him that he still had time to get out, wait for the next down train, travel back in it to P——, drive to the place where Lieutenant A. was quartered, from there make the three hours' train journey with him to the post office, and so forth. It had only been the consideration that he had booked his seat for luncheon with the steward of the restaurant car that had prevented his carrying out this design. He had not abandoned it, however; he had only put off getting out until a later stop. In this way he had struggled through from station to station, till he had reached one at which it had seemed to him impossible to get out because he had relatives living there. He had then determined to travel through to Vienna, to look up his friend there and lay the whole matter before him, and then, after his friend had made his decision, to catch the night train back to P——. When I expressed a doubt whether this would have been feasible, he assured me that he would have had half an hour to spare

between the arrival of the one train and the departure of the other. When he had arrived in Vienna, however, he had failed to find his friend at the restaurant at which he had counted on meeting him, and had not reached his friend's house till eleven o'clock at night. He told him the whole story that very night. His friend had held up his hands in amazement to think that he could still be in doubt whether he was suffering from an obsession, and had calmed him down for the night, so that he had slept excellently. Next morning they had gone together to the post office, to dispatch the 3.80 *kronen* to the post office [Z——] at which the packet containing the pince-nez had arrived.

It was this last statement which provided me with a starting-point from which I could begin straightening out the various distortions involved in his story. After his friend had brought him to his senses he had dispatched the small sum of money in question neither to Lieutenant A. nor to Lieutenant B., but direct to the post office. He must therefore have known that he owed the amount of the charges due upon the packet *to no one but the official at the post office*, and he must have known this before he started on his journey. It turned out that in fact he had known it before the captain made his request and before he himself made his vow; for he now remembered that a few hours *before* meeting the cruel captain he had had occasion to introduce himself to another captain, who had told him how matters actually stood. This officer, on hearing his name, had told him that he had been at the post office a short time before, and that the young lady there had asked him whether he knew a Lieutenant L. (the patient, that is), for whom a packet had arrived, to be paid for on delivery. The officer had replied that he did not, but the young lady had been of opinion that she could trust the unknown lieutenant and had said that in the meantime she would pay the charges herself. It had been in this way that the patient had come into possession of the pince-nez he had ordered.

The cruel captain had made a mistake when, as he handed him over the packet, he had asked him to pay back the 3.80 *kronen* to A., and the patient must have known it was a mistake. In spite of this he had made a vow founded upon this mistake, a vow that was bound to be a torment to him. In so doing he had suppressed to himself, just as in telling the story he had suppressed to me, the episode of the other captain and the existence of the trusting young lady at the post office. I must admit that when this correction has been made his behaviour becomes even more senseless and unintelligible than before.

After he had left his friend and returned to his family his doubts had overtaken him afresh. His friend's arguments, he saw, had been no different from his own, and he was under no delusion that his temporary relief was attributable to anything more than his friend's personal influence. His determination to consult a doctor was woven into his delirium in the following ingenious manner. He thought he would get a doctor to give him a certificate to the effect that it was necessary for him, in order to recover his health, to perform some such action as he had planned in connection with Lieutenant A.; and the lieutenant would no doubt let himself be persuaded by the certificate into accepting the 3.80 crowns from him. The chance that one of my books happened to fall into his hands just at that moment directed his choice to me. There was no question of getting a certificate from me, however; all that he asked of me was, very reasonably, to be freed of his obsessions. Many months later, when his resistance was at its height, he once more felt a temptation to travel to P—— after all, to look up Lieutenant A. and to go through the farce of returning him the money.

(D) Initiation into the Nature of the Treatment

The reader must not expect to hear at once what light I have to throw upon the patient's strange and senseless

obsessions about the rats. The true technique of psychoanalysis requires the physician to suppress his curiosity and leaves the patient complete freedom in choosing the order in which topics shall succeed each other during the treatment. At the fourth session, accordingly, I received the patient with the question: 'And how do you intend to proceed to-day?'

'I have decided to tell you something which I consider most important and which has tormented me from the very first.' He then told me at great length the story of the last illness of his father, who had died of emphysema nine years previously. One evening, thinking that the condition was one which would come to a crisis, he had asked the doctor when the danger could be regarded as over. 'The evening of the day after to-morrow', had been the reply. It had never entered his head that his father might not survive that limit. At half-past eleven at night he had lain down for an hour's rest. He had woken up at one o'clock, and had been told by a medical friend that his father had died. He had reproached himself with not having been present at his death; and the reproach had been intensified when the nurse told him that his father had spoken his name once during the last days, and had said to her as she came up to the bed: 'Is that Paul?' He had thought he noticed that his mother and sisters had been inclined to reproach themselves in a similar way; but they had never spoken about it. At first, however, the reproach had not tormented him. For a long time he had not realized the fact of his father's death. It had constantly happened that, when he heard a good joke, he would say to himself: 'I must tell Father that.' His imagination, too, had been occupied with his father, so that often, when there was a knock at the door, he would think: 'Here comes Father', and when he walked into a room he would expect to find his father in it. And although he had never forgotten that his father was dead, the prospect of seeing a ghostly apparition of this kind

had had no terrors for him; on the contrary, he had greatly desired it. It had not been until eighteen months later that the recollection of his neglect had recurred to him and begun to torment him terribly, so that he had come to treat himself as a criminal. The occasion of this happening had been the death of an aunt by marriage and of a visit of condolence that he had paid at her house. From that time forward he had extended the structure of his obsessional thoughts so as to include the next world. The immediate consequence of this development had been that he became seriously incapacitated from working.[1] He told me that the only thing that had kept him going at that time had been the consolation given him by his friend, who had always brushed his self-reproaches aside on the ground that they were grossly exaggerated. Hearing this, I took the opportunity of giving him a first glance at the underlying principles of psycho-analytic therapy. When there is a *mésalliance*,[2] I began, between an affect and its ideational content (in this instance, between the intensity of the self-reproach and the occasion for it), a layman will say that the affect is too great for the occasion—that it is exaggerated—and that consequently the inference following from the self-reproach (the inference that the patient is a criminal) is false. On the contrary, the [analytic] physician says: 'No. The affect is justified. The sense of guilt is not in itself open to

[1] A more detailed description of the episode, which the patient gave me later on, made it possible to understand the effect that it produced on him. His uncle, lamenting the loss of his wife, had exclaimed: 'Other men allow themselves every possible indulgence, but I lived for this woman alone!' The patient had assumed that his uncle was alluding to his father and was casting doubts upon his conjugal fidelity; and although his uncle had denied this construction of his words most positively, it was no longer possible to counteract their effect.

[2] [The following account of displacement of affect is closely modelled on the one given in Freud's first paper on 'The Neuro-Psychoses of Defence' (1894*a*), Section II, where the term 'false connection' is used in the same special sense as in the passage below.]

further criticism. But it belongs to some other content, which is unknown (*unconscious*), and which requires to be looked for. The known ideational content has only got into its actual position owing to a false connection. We are not used to feeling strong affects without their having any ideational content, and therefore, if the content is missing, we seize as a substitute upon some other content which is in some way or other suitable, much as our police, when they cannot catch the right murderer, arrest a wrong one instead. Moreover, this fact of there being a false connection is the only way of accounting for the powerlessness of logical processes to combat the tormenting idea.' I concluded by admitting that this new way of looking at the matter gave immediate rise to some hard problems; for how could he admit that his self-reproach of being a criminal towards his father was justified, when he must know that as a matter of fact he had never committed any crime against him?

At the next session the patient showed great interest in what I had said, but ventured, so he told me, to bring forward a few doubts.—How, he asked, could the information that the self-reproach, the sense of guilt, was justified have a therapeutic effect?—I explained that it was not the information that had this effect, but the discovery of the unknown content to which the self-reproach was really attached.—Yes, he said, that was the precise point to which his question had been directed.—I then made some short observations upon *the psychological differences between the conscious and the unconscious*, and upon the fact that everything conscious was subject to a process of wearing-away, while what was unconscious was relatively unchangeable; and I illustrated my remarks by pointing to the antiques standing about in my room. They were, in fact, I said, only objects found in a tomb, and their burial had been their preservation: the destruction of Pompeii was only beginning now that it had been dug up.—

Was there any guarantee, he next enquired, of what one's attitude would be towards what was discovered? One man, he thought, would no doubt behave in such a way as to get the better of his self-reproach, but another would not.—No, I said, it followed from the nature of the circumstances that in every case the affect would be overcome—for the most part during the progress of the work itself. Every effort was made to preserve Pompeii, whereas people were anxious to be rid of tormenting ideas like his.—He had said to himself, he went on, that a self-reproach could only arise from a breach of a person's own inner moral principles and not from that of any external ones.—I agreed, and said that the man who merely breaks an external law often regards himself as a hero.—Such an occurrence, he continued, was thus only possible where a *disintegration of the personality* was already present. Was there a possibility of his effecting a re-integration of his personality? If this could be done, he thought he would be able to make a success of his life, perhaps more of one than most people.—I replied that I was in complete agreement with this notion of a splitting of his personality. He had only to assimilate this new contrast, between a moral self and an evil one, with the contrast I had already mentioned, between the conscious and the unconscious. The moral self was the conscious, the evil self was the unconscious.[1]—He then said that, though he considered himself a moral person, he could quite definitely remember having done things in his *childhood* which came from his other self.—I remarked that here he had incidentally hit upon one of the chief characteristics of the unconscious, namely, its relation to the *infantile*. The unconscious, I explained, *was* the infantile; it was that part of the self which had become separated off from it in infancy, which had not shared the later stages of its development, and which had in consequence become *repressed*. It was the derivatives of this

[1] All of this is of course only true in the roughest way, but it serves as a first introduction to the subject.

repressed unconscious that were responsible for the involuntary thoughts which constituted his illness. He might now, I added, discover yet another characteristic of the unconscious; it was a discovery which I should be glad to let him make for himself.—He found nothing more to say in this immediate connection, but instead he expressed a doubt whether it was possible to undo modifications of such long standing. What, in particular, could be done against his idea about the next world, for it could not be refuted by logic?—I told him I did not dispute the gravity of his case nor the significance of his pathological constructions; but at the same time his youth was very much in his favour as well as the intactness of his personality. In this connection I said a word or two upon the good opinion I had formed of him, and this gave him visible pleasure.

At the next session he began by saying that he must tell me an event in his childhood. From the age of seven, as he had already told me [p. 162], he had had a fear that his parents guessed his thoughts, and this fear had in fact persisted all through his life. When he was twelve years old he had been in love with a little girl, the sister of a friend of his. (In answer to a question he said that his love had not been sensual; he had not wanted to see her naked for she was too small.) But she had not shown him as much affection as he had desired. And thereupon the idea had come to him that she would be kind to him if some misfortune were to befall him; and as an instance of such a misfortune his father's death had forced itself upon his mind. He had at once rejected the idea with energy. And even now he could not admit the possibility that what had arisen in this way could have been a 'wish'; it had clearly been no more than a 'train of thought'.[1]—By way of objection I asked him why, if it had not been a wish, he had

[1] Obsessional neurotics are not the only people who are satisfied with euphemisms of this kind.

repudiated it.—Merely, he replied, on account of the content of the idea, the notion that his father might die.—I remarked that he was treating the phrase as though it were one that involved *lèse-majesté*; it was well known, of course, that it was equally punishable to say 'The Emperor is an ass' or to disguise the forbidden words by saying 'If any one says, etc., . . . then he will have me to reckon with.' I added that I could easily insert the idea which he had so energetically repudiated into a context which would exclude the possibility of any such repudiation: for instance, 'If my father dies, I shall kill myself upon his grave.'—He was shaken, but did not abandon his objection. I therefore broke off the argument with the remark that I felt sure this had not been the first occurrence of his idea of his father's dying; it had evidently originated at an earlier date, and some day we should have to trace back its history.—He then proceeded to tell me that a precisely similar thought had flashed through his mind a second time, six months before his father's death. At that time [1] he had already been in love with his lady, but financial obstacles made it impossible to think of an alliance with her. The idea had then occurred to him that *his father's death might make him rich enough to marry her.* In defending himself against this idea he had gone to the length of wishing that his father might leave him nothing at all, so that he might have no compensation for his terrible loss. The same idea, though in a much milder form, had come to him for a third time, on the day before his father's death. He had then thought: 'Now I may be going to lose what I love most'; and then had come the contradiction: 'No, there is some one else whose loss would be even more painful to you.' [2] These thoughts surprised him very much, for he was quite certain that his father's death could never have been an object of his desire

[1] That is, ten years ago.

[2] There is here an unmistakable indication of an opposition between the two objects of his love, his father and the 'lady'.

but only of his fear.—After his forcible enunciation of these words I thought it advisable to bring a fresh piece of theory to his notice. According to psycho-analytic theory, I told him, every fear corresponded to a former wish which was now repressed; we were therefore obliged to believe the exact contrary of what he had asserted. This would also fit in with another theoretical requirement, namely, that the unconscious must be the precise contrary of the conscious.—He was much agitated at this and very incredulous. He wondered how he could possibly have had such a wish, considering that he loved his father more than any one else in the world; there could be no doubt that he would have renounced all his own prospects of happiness if by so doing he could have saved his father's life.—I answered that it was precisely such intense love as his that was the necessary precondition of the repressed hatred. In the case of people to whom he felt indifferent he would certainly have no difficulty in maintaining side by side inclinations to a moderate liking and to an equally moderate dislike: supposing, for instance, that he were an official, he might think that his chief was agreeable as a superior, but at the same time pettifogging as a lawyer and inhuman as a judge. (Shakespeare makes Brutus speak in a similar way of Julius Caesar: 'As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him.' [1] But these words already strike us as rather strange, and for the very reason that we had imagined Brutus's feeling for Caesar as something deeper.) In the case of some one who was closer to him, of his wife for instance, he would wish his feelings to be unmixed, and consequently, as was only human, he would overlook her faults, since they might make him dislike her—

[1] [These same words from *Julius Caesar* (III, 2) played an important part in the associations to one of Freud's own dreams. Cf. *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900*a*), Chapter VI, end of Section F; *Standard Ed.*, **5**, 424.]

he would ignore them as though he were blind to them. So it was precisely the intensity of his love that would not allow his hatred—though to give it such a name was to caricature the feeling—to remain conscious. To be sure, the hatred must have a source, and to discover that source was certainly a problem; his own statements pointed to the time when he was afraid that his parents guessed his thoughts. On the other hand, too, it might be asked why this intense love of his had not succeeded in extinguishing his hatred, as usually happened where there were two opposing impulses. We could only presume that the hatred must flow from some source, must be connected with some particular cause, which made it indestructible. On the one hand, then, some connection of this sort must be keeping his hatred for his father alive, while on the other hand, his intense love prevented it from becoming conscious. Therefore nothing remained for it but to exist in the unconscious, though it was able from time to time to flash out for a moment into consciousness.

He admitted that all of this sounded quite plausible, but he was naturally not in the very least convinced by it.[1] He would venture to ask, he said, how it was that an idea of this kind could have remissions, how it could appear for a moment when he was twelve years old, and again when he was twenty, and then once more two years later, this time for good. He could not believe that his hostility had been extinguished in the intervals, and yet during them there had been no sign of self-reproaches.—To this I replied that whenever any one asked a question like that, he was already prepared with an answer; he needed only to be encouraged to go on

[1] It is never the aim of discussions like this to create conviction. They are only intended to bring the repressed complexes into consciousness, to set the conflict going in the field of conscious mental activity, and to facilitate the emergence of fresh material from the unconscious. A sense of conviction is only attained after the patient has himself worked over the reclaimed material, and so long as he is not fully convinced the material must be considered as unexhausted.

talking.—He then proceeded, somewhat disconnectedly as it seemed, to say that he had been his father's best friend, and that his father had been his. Except on a few subjects, upon which fathers and sons usually hold aloof from one another —(What could he mean by that?)—, there had been a greater intimacy between them than there now was between him and his best friend. As regards the lady for whose sake he had sacrificed his father in that idea of his, it was true that he had loved her very much, but he had never felt really sensual wishes towards her, such as he had constantly had in his childhood. Altogether, in his childhood his sensual impulses had been much stronger than during his puberty.—At this I told him I thought he had now produced the answer we were waiting for, and had at the same time discovered the third great characteristic of the unconscious [p. 178]. The source from which his hostility to his father derived its indestructibility was evidently something in the nature of *sensual desires*, and in that connection he must have felt his father as in some way or other an *interference*. A conflict of this kind, I added, between sensuality and childish love was entirely typical. The remissions he had spoken of had occurred because the premature explosion of his sensual feelings had had as its immediate consequence a considerable diminution of their violence. It was not until he was once more seized with intense erotic desires that his hostility reappeared again owing to the revival of the old situation. I then got him to agree that I had not led him on to the subject either of childhood or of sex, but that he had raised them both of his own free will.—He then went on to ask why he had not simply come to a decision, at the time he was in love with the lady, that his father's interference with that love could not for a moment weigh against his love of his father.—I replied that it was scarcely possible to destroy a person *in absentia*. Such a decision would only have been possible if the wish that he took objection to had made its first appearance on that

occasion; whereas, as a matter of fact, it was *a long-repressed wish*, towards which he could not behave otherwise than he had formerly done, and which was consequently immune from destruction. This wish (to get rid of his father as being an interference) must have originated at a time when circumstances had been very different—at a time, perhaps, when he had not loved his father more than the person whom he desired sensually, or when he was incapable of making a clear decision. It must have been in his very early childhood, therefore, before he had reached the age of six, and before the date at which his memory became continuous; and things must have remained in the same state ever since.—With this piece of construction our discussion was broken off for the time being. [Cf. p. 205.]

At the next session, which was the seventh, he took up the same subject once more. He could not believe, he said, that he had ever entertained such a wish against his father. He remembered a story of Sudermann's, he went on, that had made a deep impression upon him. In this story[1] there was a woman who, as she sat by her sister's sick-bed, felt a wish that her sister should die so that she herself might marry her husband. The woman thereupon committed suicide, thinking she was not fit to live after being guilty of such baseness. He could understand this, he said, and it would be only right if his thoughts were the death of him, for he deserved nothing less.[2]—I remarked that it was well known to us that patients derived a certain satisfaction from their sufferings, so that in

[1] [Sudermann's novel *Geschwister*.]

[2] This sense of guilt involves the most glaring contradiction of his opening denial that he had ever entertained such an evil wish against his father. This is a common type of reaction to repressed material which has become conscious: the 'No' with which the fact is first denied is immediately followed by a confirmation of it, though, to begin with, only an indirect one. [Cf. Freud's much later paper on 'Negation' (1925*h*) and the first two sections of his 'Constructions in Analysis' (1937*d*).]

reality they all resisted their own recovery to some extent. He must never lose sight of the fact that a treatment like ours proceeded to the accompaniment of a *constant resistance*; I should be repeatedly reminding him of this fact.

He then went on to say that he would like to speak of a criminal act, whose author he did not recognize as himself, though he quite clearly recollected committing it. He quoted a saying of Nietzsche's:[1] ' "I did this," says my Memory. "I cannot have done this," says my Pride and remains inexorable. In the end—Memory yields.' 'Well,' he continued, 'my memory has *not* yielded on this point.'—'That is because you derive pleasure from your self-reproaches as a means of self-punishment.'—'My younger brother—I am really very fond of him now, and he is causing me a great deal of worry just at present, for he wants to make what I consider a preposterous match; I have thought before now of going and killing the person concerned so as to prevent his marrying her —well, my younger brother and I used to fight a lot when we were children. We were very fond of each other at the same time, and were inseparable; but I was plainly filled with jealousy, as he was the stronger and better-looking of the two and consequently the favourite.'—'Yes. You have already given me a description of a scene of jealousy in connection with Fräulein Lina [p. 161].'—'Very well then, on some such occasion (it was certainly before I was eight years old, for I was not going to school yet, which I began to do when I was eight)—on some such occasion, this is what I did. We both had toy guns of the usual make. I loaded mine with the ramrod and told him that if he looked up the barrel he would see something. Then, while he was looking in, I pulled the trigger. He was hit on the forehead and not hurt; but I had meant to hurt him very much indeed. Afterwards I was quite beside myself, and threw myself on the ground and asked myself how ever I could have done such a thing. But I *did* do

[1] *Jenseits von Gut und Böse*, iv. 68.

it.'—I took the opportunity of urging my case. If he had preserved the recollection of an action so foreign to him as this, he could not, I maintained, deny the possibility of something similar, which he had now forgotten entirely, having happened at a still earlier age in relation to his father.—He then told me he was aware of having felt other vindictive impulses, this time towards the lady he admired so much, of whose character he painted a glowing picture. It might be true, he said, that she could not love easily; but she was reserving her whole self for the one man to whom she would some day belong. She did not love him. When he had become certain of that, a conscious phantasy had taken shape in his mind of how he should grow very rich and marry some one else, and should then take her to call on the lady in order to hurt her feelings. But at that point the phantasy had broken down, for he had been obliged to own to himself that the other woman, his wife, was completely indifferent to him; then his thoughts had become confused, till finally it had been clearly borne in upon him that this other woman would have to die. In this phantasy, just as in his attempt upon his brother, he recognized the quality of *cowardice* which was so particularly horrible to him.[1]—In the further course of our conversation I pointed out to him that he ought logically to consider himself as in no way responsible for any of these traits in his character; for all of these reprehensible impulses originated from his infancy, and were only derivatives of his infantile character surviving in his unconscious; and he must know that moral responsibility could not be applied to children. It was only by a process of development, I added, that a man, with his moral responsibility, grew up out of the sum of his infantile predispositions.[2] He expressed a doubt,

[1] This quality of his will find an explanation later on. [See p. 206.]

[2] I only produced these arguments so as once more to demonstrate to myself their inefficacy. I cannot understand how other psychotherapists can assert that they successfully combat neuroses with such weapons as these.

however, whether all his evil impulses had originated from that source. But I promised to prove it to him in the course of the treatment.

He went on to adduce the fact of his illness having become so enormously intensified since his father's death; and I said I agreed with him in so far as I regarded his sorrow at his father's death as the chief source of the *intensity* of his illness. His sorrow had found, as it were, a pathological expression in his illness. Whereas, I told him, a normal period of mourning would last from one to two years, a pathological one like this would last indefinitely.

This is as much of the present case history as I am able to report in a detailed and consecutive manner. It coincides roughly with the expository portion of the treatment; this lasted in all for more than eleven months.

(E) Some Obsessional Ideas and their Explanation

Obsessional ideas, as is well known, have an appearance of being either without motive or without meaning, just as dreams have. The first problem is how to give them a sense and a status in the subject's mental life, so as to make them comprehensible and even obvious. The problem of translating them may seem insoluble; but we must never let ourselves be misled by that illusion. The wildest and most eccentric obsessional ideas can be cleared up if they are investigated deeply enough. The solution is effected by bringing the obsessional ideas into temporal relationship with the patient's experiences, that is to say, by enquiring when a particular obsessional idea made its first appearance and in what external circumstances it is apt to recur. When, as so often happens, an obsessional idea has not succeeded in establishing itself permanently, the task of clearing it up is correspondingly simplified. We can easily convince ourselves that, when once the interconnections between an obsessional idea and

the patient's experiences have been discovered, there will be no difficulty in obtaining access to whatever else may be puzzling or worth knowing in the pathological structure we are dealing with—its meaning, the mechanism of its origin, and its derivation from the preponderant motive forces of the patient's mind.

As a particularly clear example I will begin with one of the *suicidal impulses* which appeared so frequently in our patient. This instance almost analysed itself in the telling. He had once, he told me, lost some weeks of study owing to his lady's absence: she had gone away to nurse her grandmother, who was seriously ill. Just as he was in the middle of a very hard piece of work the idea had occurred to him: 'If you received a command to take your examination this term at the first possible opportunity, you might manage to obey it. But if you were commanded to cut your throat with a razor, what then?' He had at once become aware that this command had already been given, and was hurrying to the cupboard to fetch his razor when he thought: 'No, it's not so simple as that. You must [1] go and kill the old woman.' Upon that, he had fallen to the ground, beside himself with horror.

In this instance the connection between the compulsive idea and the patient's life is contained in the opening words of his story. His lady was absent, while he was working very hard for an examination so as to bring the possibility of an alliance with her nearer. While he was working he was overcome by a longing for his absent lady, and he thought of the cause of her absence. And now there came over him something which, if he had been a normal man, would probably have been some kind of feeling of annoyance with her grandmother: 'Why must the old woman get ill just at the very moment when I'm longing for *her* so frightfully?' We must suppose that something similar but far more intense passed

[1] The sense requires that the word 'first' should be interpolated here.

through our patient's mind—an unconscious fit of rage which could combine with his longing and find expression in the exclamation: 'Oh, I should like to go and kill that old woman for robbing me of my love!' Thereupon followed the command: 'Kill yourself, as a punishment for these savage and murderous passions!' The whole process then passed into the obsessional patient's consciousness accompanied by the most violent affect and *in a reverse order*—the punitive command coming first, and the mention of the guilty outburst afterwards. I cannot think that this attempt at an explanation will seem forced or that it involves many hypothetical elements.

Another impulse, which might be described as *indirectly* suicidal and which was of longer duration, was not so easily explicable. For its relation to the patient's experiences succeeded in concealing itself behind one of those purely external associations which are so obnoxious to our consciousness. One day while he was away on his summer holidays the idea suddenly occurred to him that he was too fat [German '*dick*'] and that he must *make himself slimmer*. So he began getting up from table before the pudding came round and tearing along the road without a hat in the blazing heat of an August sun. Then he would dash up a mountain at the double, till, dripping with perspiration, he was forced to come to a stop. On one occasion his suicidal intentions actually emerged without any disguise from behind this mania for slimming: as he was standing on the edge of a steep precipice he suddenly received a command to jump over, which would have been certain death. Our patient could think of no explanation of this senseless obsessional behaviour until it suddenly occurred to him that at that time his lady had also been stopping at the same resort; but she had been in the company of an English cousin, who was very attentive to her and of whom the patient had been very jealous. This cousin's name was Richard, and, according to the usual practice in England, he was known as *Dick*. Our patient, then, had wanted to kill

this Dick; he had been far more jealous of him and enraged with him than he could admit to himself, and that was why he had imposed on himself this course of slimming by way of a punishment. This obsessional impulse may seem very different from the directly suicidal command which was discussed above, but they have nevertheless one important feature in common. For they both arose as reactions to a tremendous feeling of rage, which was inaccessible to the patient's consciousness and was directed against some one who had cropped up as an interference with the course of his love.[1]

Some other of the patient's obsessions, however, though they too were centred upon his lady, exhibited a different mechanism and owed their origin to a different instinct. Besides his slimming mania he produced a whole series of other obsessional activities at the period during which the lady was stopping at his summer resort; and, in part at least, these directly related to her. One day, when he was out with her in a boat and there was a stiff breeze blowing, he was obliged to make her put on his cap, because a command had been formulated in his mind that *nothing must happen to her.*[2] This was a kind of *obsession for protecting*, and it bore other fruit besides this. Another time, as they were sitting together during a thunderstorm, he was obsessed, he could not tell why, with the *necessity for counting* up to forty or fifty between

[1] Names and words are not nearly so frequently or so recklessly employed in obsessional neuroses as in hysteria for the purpose of establishing a connection between unconscious thoughts (whether they are impulses or phantasies) and symptoms. I happen, however, to recollect another instance in which the very same name, Richard, was similarly used by a patient whom I analysed a long time since. After a quarrel with his brother he began brooding over the best means of getting rid of his fortune, and declaring that he did not want to have anything more to do with money, and so on. His brother was called Richard, and '*richard*' is the French for 'a rich man'.

[2] The words 'for which he might be to blame' must be added to complete the sense.

each flash of lightning and its accompanying thunder-clap. On the day of her departure he knocked his foot against a stone lying in the road, and was *obliged* to put it out of the way by the side of the road, because the idea struck him that her carriage would be driving along the same road in a few hours' time and might come to grief against this stone. But a few minutes later it occurred to him that this was absurd, and he was *obliged* to go back and replace the stone in its original position in the middle of the road. After her departure he became a prey to an *obsession for understanding*, which made him a curse to all his companions. He forced himself to understand the precise meaning of every syllable that was addressed to him, as though he might otherwise be missing some priceless treasure. Accordingly he kept asking: 'What was it you said just then?' And after it had been repeated to him he could not help thinking it had sounded different the first time, so he remained dissatisfied.

All of these products of his illness depended upon a certain circumstance which at that time dominated his relations to his lady. When he had been taking leave of her in Vienna before the summer holidays, she had said something which he had construed into a desire on her part to disown him before the rest of the company; and this had made him very unhappy. During her stay at the holiday resort there had been an opportunity for discussing the question, and the lady had been able to prove to him that these words of hers which he had misunderstood had on the contrary been intended to save him from looking ridiculous. This made him very happy again. The clearest allusion to this incident was contained in the obsession for understanding. It was constructed as though he were saying to himself: 'After such an experience you must never misunderstand any one again, if you want to spare yourself unnecessary distress.' This resolution was not merely a generalization from a single occasion, but it was also displaced—perhaps on account of the lady's absence—

from a single highly valued individual on to all the remaining inferior ones. And the obsession cannot have arisen solely from his satisfaction at the explanation she had given him; it must have expressed something else besides, for it ended in an unsatisfying doubt as to whether what he had heard had been correctly repeated.

The other compulsive commands that have been mentioned put us upon the track of this other element. His obsession for protecting can only have been a reaction—as an expression of remorse and penitence—to a contrary, that is a hostile, impulse which he must have felt towards his lady before they had their *éclaircissement*. His obsession for counting during the thunderstorm can be interpreted, with the help of some material which he produced, as having been a defensive measure against fears that some one was in danger of death. The analysis of the obsessions which we first considered has already warned us to regard our patient's hostile impulses as particularly violent and as being in the nature of senseless rage; and now we find that even after their reconciliation his rage against the lady continued to play a part in the formation of his obsessions. His doubting mania as to whether he had heard correctly was an expression of the doubt still lurking in his mind, whether he had really understood his lady correctly this time and whether he had been justified in taking her words as a proof of her affection for him. The doubt implied in his obsession for understanding was a doubt of her love. A battle between love and hate was raging in the lover's breast, and the object of both these feelings was one and the same person. The battle was represented in a plastic form by his compulsive and symbolic act of removing the stone from the road along which she was to drive, and then of undoing this deed of love by replacing the stone where it had lain, so that her carriage might come to grief against it and she herself be hurt. We shall not be forming a correct judgement of this second part of the compulsive act if we take

it at its face value as having merely been a critical repudiation of a pathological action. The fact that it was accompanied by a sense of compulsion betrays it as having itself been a part of the pathological action, though a part which was determined by a motive contrary to that which produced the first part.

Compulsive acts like this, in two successive stages, of which the second neutralizes the first, are a typical occurrence in obsessional neuroses. The patient's consciousness naturally misunderstands them and puts forward a set of secondary motives to account for them—*rationalizes* them, in short. (Cf. Jones, 1908.) But their true significance lies in their being a representation of a conflict between two opposing impulses of approximately equal strength: and hitherto I have invariably found that this opposition has been one between love and hate. Compulsive acts of this sort are theoretically of special interest, for they show us a new type of method of constructing symptoms. What regularly occurs in hysteria is that a compromise is arrived at which enables both the opposing tendencies to find expression simultaneously—which kills two birds with one stone;[1] whereas here each of the two opposing tendencies finds satisfaction singly, first one and then the other, though naturally an attempt is made to establish some sort of logical connection (often in defiance of all logic) between the antagonists.[2]

[1] Cf. 'Hysterical Phantasies and their Relation to Bisexuality' (Freud, 1908*a*).

[2] Another obsessional patient once told me the following story. He was walking one day in the park at Schönbrunn [see footnote, p. 9] when he kicked his foot against a branch that was lying on the ground. He picked it up and flung it into the hedge that bordered the path. On his way home he was suddenly seized with uneasiness that the branch in its new position might perhaps be projecting a little from the hedge and might cause an injury to some one passing by the same place after him. He was obliged to jump off his tram, hurry back to the park, find the place again, and put the branch back in its former position—although any one else but the patient would

The conflict between love and hatred showed itself in our patient by other signs as well. At the time of the revival of his piety [pp. 169 and 301] he made up prayers for himself, which took up more and more time and eventually lasted for an hour and a half. The reason for this was that he found, like an inverted Balaam, that something always inserted itself into his pious phrases and turned them into their opposite. [Cf. p. 260*n.*] E.g., if he said, 'May God protect him', an evil spirit would hurriedly insinuate a 'not'.[1] On one such occasion the idea occurred to him of cursing instead, for in that case, he thought, the contrary words would be sure to creep in. His original intention, which had been repressed by his praying, was forcing its way through in this last idea of his. In the end he found his way out of his embarrassment by giving up the prayers and replacing them by a short formula concocted out of the initial letters or syllables of various prayers. He then recited this formula so quickly that nothing could slip into it. [See p. 225.]

He once brought me a dream which represented the same conflict in relation to his transference on to the physician. He dreamt that my mother was dead; he was anxious to offer me his condolences, but was afraid that in doing so he might break into *an impertinent laugh*, as he had repeatedly done on similar occasions in the past. He preferred, therefore, to leave a card on me with 'p. c.' written on it; but as he was writing them the letters turned into 'p. f.' [2]

have seen that, on the contrary, it was bound to be more dangerous to passers-by in its original position than where he had put it in the hedge. The second and hostile act, which he carried out under compulsion, had clothed itself to his conscious view with the motives that really belonged to the first and philanthropic one.

[1] Compare the similar mechanism in the familiar case of sacrilegious thoughts entering the minds of devout persons.

[2] [The customary abbreviations for '*pour condoler*' and '*pour féliciter*' respectively.] This dream provides the explanation of the compulsive laughter which so often occurs on mournful occassions and which is regarded as such an unaccountable phenomenon.

The mutual antagonism between his feelings for his lady was too marked to have escaped his conscious perception entirely, although we may conclude from the obsessions in which it was manifested that he did not rightly appreciate the depth of his negative impulses. The lady had refused his first proposal, ten years earlier. Since then he had to his own knowledge passed through alternating periods, in which he either believed that he loved her intensely, or felt indifferent to her. Whenever in the course of the treatment he was faced by the necessity of taking some step which would bring him nearer the successful end of his courtship, his resistance usually began by taking the form of a conviction that after all he did not very much care for her—though this resistance, it is true, used soon to break down. Once when she was lying seriously ill in bed and he was most deeply concerned about her, there crossed his mind as he looked at her a wish that she might lie like that for ever. He explained this idea by an ingenious piece of sophistry: maintaining that he had only wished her to be permanently ill so that he might be relieved of his intolerable fear that she would have a repeated succession of attacks![1] Now and then he used to occupy his imagination with day-dreams, which he himself recognized as 'phantasies of revenge' and felt ashamed of. Believing, for instance, that the lady set great store by the social standing of a suitor, he made up a phantasy in which she was married to a man of that kind, who was in some government office. He himself then entered the same department, and rose much more rapidly than her husband, who eventually became his subordinate. One day, his phantasy proceeded, this man committed some act of dishonesty. The lady threw herself at his feet and implored him to save her husband. He promised to do so, and informed her that it had only been for love of her

[1] It cannot be doubted that another contributory motive to this compulsive idea was a wish to know that she was powerless against his designs.

that he had entered the service, because he had foreseen that such a moment would occur; and now that her husband was saved, his own mission was fulfilled and he would resign his post.

He produced other phantasies in which he did the lady some great service without her knowing that it was he who was doing it. In these he only recognized his affection, without sufficiently appreciating the origin and aim of his magnanimity, which was designed to repress his thirst for revenge, after the manner of Dumas' Count of Monte-Cristo. Moreover he admitted that occasionally he was overcome by quite distinct impulses to do some mischief to the lady he admired. These impulses were mostly in abeyance when she was there, and only appeared in her absence.

(f) The Precipitating Cause of the Illness

One day the patient mentioned quite casually an event which I could not fail to recognize as the precipitating cause of his illness, or at least as the immediate occasion of the attack which had begun some six years previously and had persisted to that day. He himself had no notion that he had brought forward anything of importance; he could not remember that he had ever attached any importance to the event; and moreover he had never forgotten it. Such an attitude on his part calls for some theoretical consideration.

In hysteria it is the rule that the precipitating causes of the illness are overtaken by amnesia no less than the infantile experiences by whose help the precipitating causes are able to transform their affective energy into symptoms. And where the amnesia cannot be complete, it nevertheless subjects the recent traumatic precipitating cause to a process of erosion and robs it at least of its most important components. In this amnesia we see the evidence of the repression which has taken place. The case is different in obsessional neuroses. The infantile preconditions of the neurosis may be overtaken by

amnesia, though this is often an incomplete one; but the immediate occasions of the illness are, on the contrary, retained in the memory. Repression makes use of another, and in reality a simpler, mechanism. The trauma, instead of being forgotten, is deprived of its affective cathexis; so that what remains in consciousness is nothing but its ideational content, which is perfectly colourless and is judged to be unimportant. The distinction between what occurs in hysteria and in an obsessional neurosis lies in the psychological processes which we can reconstruct behind the phenomena; the *result* is almost always the same, for the colourless mnemic content is rarely reproduced and plays no part in the patient's mental activity. In order to differentiate between the two kinds of repression we have on the surface nothing to rely upon but the patient's assurance that he has a feeling in the one case of having always known the thing and in the other of having long ago forgotten it.[1]

For this reason it not uncommonly happens that obsessional neurotics, who are troubled with self-reproaches but have connected their affects with the wrong causes, will also tell the physician the true causes, without any suspicion that their self-reproaches have simply become detached from

[1] It must therefore be admitted that in an obsessional neurosis there are two kinds of knowledge, and it is just as reasonable to hold that the patient 'knows' his traumas as that he does *not* 'know' them. For he knows them in that he has not forgotten them, and he does not know them in that he is unaware of their significance. It is often the same in ordinary life. The waiters who used to serve Schopenhauer at his regular restaurant 'knew' him in a certain sense, at a time when, apart from that, he was not known either in Frankfurt or outside it; but they did not 'know' him in the sense in which we speak to-day of 'knowing' Schopenhauer.—[In *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety* (1926*d*; Chapter XI, A (*c*)), Freud proposed that the term 'repression' should be restricted in its use to the mechanism found at work in hysteria, and he re-introduced the term 'defence' to cover *all* the various techniques employed in dealing with psychical conflicts. He would accordingly have written later 'two kinds of *defence*' in the sentence in the text above instead of 'two kinds of repression'.]

them. In relating such an incident they will sometimes add with astonishment or even with an air of pride: 'But I think nothing of that.' This happened in the first case of obsessional neurosis which gave me an insight many years ago into the nature of the malady. The patient, who was a government official, was troubled by innumerable scruples. He was the man whose compulsive act in connection with the branch in the park at Schönbrunn I have already described [p. 192*n.*]. I was struck by the fact that the florin notes with which he paid his consultation fees were invariably clean and smooth. (This was before we had a silver coinage in Austria.) I once remarked to him that one could always tell a government official by the brand-new florins that he drew from the State treasury, and he then informed me that his florins were by no means new, but that he had them ironed out at home. It was a matter of conscience with him, he explained, not to hand any one dirty paper florins; for they harboured all sorts of dangerous bacteria and might do some harm to the recipient. At that time I already had a vague suspicion of the connection between neuroses and sexual life, so on another occasion I ventured to ask the patient how he stood in regard to that matter. 'Oh, that's quite all right,' he answered airily, 'I'm not at all badly off in that respect. I play the part of a dear old uncle in a number of respectable families, and now and then I make use of my position to invite some young girl to go out with me for a day's excursion in the country. Then I arrange that we shall miss the train home and be obliged to spend the night out of town. I always engage two rooms—I do things most handsomely; but when the girl has gone to bed I go in to her and masturbate her with my fingers.'—'But aren't you afraid of doing her some harm, fiddling about in her genitals with your dirty hand?'—At this he flared up: 'Harm? Why, what harm should it do her? It hasn't done a single one of them any harm yet, and they've all of them enjoyed it. Some of them are married now, and it hasn't done

them any harm at all.'—He took my remonstrance in very bad part, and never appeared again. But I could only account for the contrast between his fastidiousness with the paper florins and his unscrupulousness in abusing the girls entrusted to him by supposing that the self-reproachful affect had become *displaced*. The aim of this displacement was obvious enough: if his self-reproaches had been allowed to remain where they belonged he would have had to abandon a form of sexual gratification to which he was probably impelled by some powerful infantile determinants. The displacement therefore ensured his deriving a considerable advantage from his illness.[1]

But I must now return to a more detailed examination of the precipitating cause of our present patient's illness. His mother was brought up in a wealthy family with which she was distantly connected. This family carried on a large industrial concern. His father, at the time of his marriage, had been taken into the business, and had thus by his marriage made himself a fairly comfortable position. The patient had learnt from some chaff exchanged between his parents (whose marriage was an extremely happy one) that his father, some time before making his mother's acquaintance, had made advances to a pretty but penniless girl of humble birth. So much by way of introduction. After his father's death the patient's mother told him one day that she had been discussing his future with her rich relations, and that one of her cousins had declared himself ready to let him marry one of his daughters when his education was completed; a business connection with the firm would offer him a brilliant opening in his profession. This family plan stirred up in him a conflict as to whether he should remain faithful to the lady he loved in spite of her poverty, or whether he should follow in his father's footsteps and marry the lovely, rich, and well-connected girl who had been assigned to him. And he resolved this conflict,

[1] [See footnote, p. 114.]

which was in fact one between his love and the persisting influence of his father's wishes, by falling ill; or, to put it more correctly, by falling ill he avoided the task of resolving it in real life.[1]

The proof that this view was correct lies in the fact that the chief result of his illness was an obstinate incapacity for work, which allowed him to postpone the completion of his education for years. But the results of such an illness are never unintentional; what appears to be the *consequence* of the illness is in reality the *cause* or *motive* of falling ill.

As was to be expected, the patient did not, to begin with, accept my elucidation of the matter. He could not imagine, he said, that the plan of marriage could have had any such effects: it had not made the slightest impression on him at the time. But in the further course of treatment he was forcibly brought to believe in the truth of my suspicion, and in a most singular manner. With the help of a transference phantasy, he experienced, as though it were new and belonged to the present, the very episode from the past which he had forgotten, or which had only passed through his mind unconsciously. There came an obscure and difficult period in the treatment; eventually it turned out that he had once met a young girl on the stairs in my house and had on the spot promoted her into being my daughter. She had pleased him, and he pictured to himself that the only reason I was so kind and incredibly patient with him was that I wanted to have him for a son-in-law. At the same time he raised the wealth and position of my family to a level which agreed with the model he had in mind. But his undying love for his lady fought against the temptation. After we had gone through a

[1] It is worth emphasizing that his flight into illness was made possible by his identifying himself with his father. The identification enabled his affects to regress on to the residues of his childhood. [See Section G.—The phrase 'flight into illness' had already been used by Freud in 'Some General Remarks on Hysterical Attacks' (1909*a*), Section B.]

series of the severest resistances and bitterest vituperations on his part, he could no longer remain blind to the overwhelming effect of the perfect analogy between the transference phantasy and the actual state of affairs in the past. I will repeat one of the dreams which he had at this period, so as to give an example of his manner of treating the subject. He dreamt that *he saw my daughter in front of him; she had two patches of dung instead of eyes.* No one who understands the language of dreams will find much difficulty in translating this one: it declared that *he was marrying my daughter not for her 'beaux yeux' but for her money.*

(G) The Father Complex and the Solution of the Rat Idea

From the precipitating cause of the patient's illness in his adult years there was a thread leading back to his childhood. He had found himself in a situation similar to that in which, as he knew or suspected, his father had been before *his* marriage; and he had thus been able to identify himself with his father. But his dead father was involved in his recent attack in yet another way. The conflict at the root of his illness was in essentials a struggle between the persisting influence of his father's wishes and his own amatory predilections. If we take into consideration what the patient reported in the course of the first hours of his treatment, we shall not be able to avoid a suspicion that this struggle was a very ancient one and had arisen as far back as in his childhood.

By all accounts our patient's father was a most excellent man. Before his marriage he had been a non-commissioned officer, and, as relics of that period of his life, he had retained a straightforward soldierly manner and a *penchant* for using downright language. Apart from those virtues which are celebrated upon every tombstone, he was distinguished by a hearty sense of humour and a kindly tolerance towards his

fellow-men. That he could be hasty and violent was certainly not inconsistent with his other qualities, but was rather a necessary complement to them; but it occasionally brought down the most severe castigations upon the children, while they were young and naughty. When they grew up, however, he differed from other fathers in not attempting to exalt himself into a sacrosanct authority, but in sharing with them a knowledge of the little failures and misfortunes of his life with good-natured candour. His son was certainly not exaggerating when he declared that they had lived together like the best of friends, except upon a single point (p. 182). And it must no doubt have been in connection with that very point that thoughts about his father's death had occupied his mind when he was a small boy with unusual and undue intensity (p. 162), and that those thoughts made their appearance in the wording of the obsessional ideas of his childhood; and it can only have been in that same connection that he was able to wish for his father's death, in order that a certain little girl's sympathy might be aroused and that she might behave more kindly towards him (p. 178).

There can be no question that there was something in the sphere of sexuality that stood between the father and son, and that the father had come into some sort of opposition to the son's prematurely developed erotic life. Several years after his father's death, the first time he experienced the pleasurable sensations of copulation, an idea sprang into his mind: 'This is glorious! One might murder one's father for this!' This was at once an echo and an elucidation of the obsessional ideas of his childhood. Moreover, his father, shortly before his death, had directly opposed what later became our patient's dominating passion. He had noticed that his son was always in the lady's company, and had advised him to keep away from her, saying that it was imprudent of him and that he would only make a fool of himself.

To this unimpeachable body of evidence we shall be able to add fresh material, if we turn to the history of the masturbatory side of our patient's sexual activities. There is a conflict between the opinions of doctors and patients on this subject which has not hitherto been properly appreciated. The patients are unanimous in their belief that masturbation, by which they mean masturbation *during puberty*, is the root and origin of all their troubles. The doctors are, upon the whole, unable to decide what line to take; but, influenced by the knowledge that not only neurotics but most normal people pass through a period of masturbation during their puberty, the majority of them are inclined to dismiss the patients' assertions as gross exaggerations. In my opinion the patients are once again nearer to a correct view than the doctors; for the patients have some glimmering notion of the truth, while the doctors are in danger of overlooking an essential point. The thesis propounded by the patients certainly does not correspond to the facts in the sense in which they themselves construe it, namely, that masturbation during puberty (which may almost be described as a typical occurrence) is responsible for all neurotic disturbances. Their thesis requires interpretation. The masturbation of puberty is in fact no more than a revival of the masturbation of infancy, a subject which has hitherto invariably been neglected. Infantile masturbation reaches a kind of climax, as a rule, between the ages of three and four or five; and it is the clearest expression of a child's sexual constitution, in which the aetiology of subsequent neuroses must be sought. In this disguised way, therefore, the patients are putting the blame for their illnesses upon their infantile sexuality; and they are perfectly right in doing so. On the other hand, the problem of masturbation becomes insoluble if we attempt to treat it as a clinical unit, and forget that it can represent the discharge of every variety of sexual component and of every sort of phantasy to which such components can give rise. The injurious effects of mas-

turbation are only in a very small degree autonomous—that is to say, determined by its own nature. They are in substance merely part and parcel of the pathogenic significance of the subject's sexual life as a whole. The fact that so many people can tolerate masturbation—that is, a certain amount of it—without injury merely shows that their sexual constitution and the course of development of their sexual life have been such as to allow them to exercise the sexual function within the limits of what is culturally permissible; whereas other people, because their sexual constitution has been less favourable or their development has been disturbed, fall ill as a result of their sexuality—they cannot, that is, achieve the necessary suppression or sublimation of their sexual components without having recourse to inhibitions or substitutes.[1]

Our present patient's behaviour in the matter of masturbation was most remarkable. He did not practise it during puberty [to any extent worth mentioning (p. 158)] and therefore, according to one set of views, he might have expected to be exempt from neurosis. On the other hand, an impulsion towards masturbatory activities came over him in his twenty-first year, *shortly after his father's death.* He felt very much ashamed of himself each time he gave way to this kind of gratification, and soon foreswore the habit. From that time onwards it reappeared only upon rare and extraordinary occasions. It was provoked, he told me, when he experienced especially fine moments, or when he read especially fine passages. It occurred once, for instance, on a lovely summer's afternoon when, in the middle of Vienna, he heard a postilion blowing his horn in the most wonderful way—until a policeman stopped him, because blowing horns is not allowed in the centre of the town. And another time it

[1] See *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*, 1905*d* [especially the 'Summary' at the end of the work. Further remarks on the subject of masturbation and of its possible injurious effects will be found in Freud's contributions to a discussion on that topic held by the Vienna Psycho-Analytical Society (Freud, 1912*f*).]

happened when he read in *Dichtung und Wahrheit* [III, 11] how the young Goethe had freed himself in a burst of tenderness from the effects of a curse which a jealous mistress had pronounced upon the next woman who should kiss his lips after her; he had long, almost superstitiously, suffered the curse to hold him back, but now he broke his bonds and kissed his love joyfully again and again.

It seemed to the patient not a little strange that he should be impelled to masturbate precisely upon such beautiful and uplifting occasions as these. But I could not help pointing out that these two occasions had something in common—a prohibition, and the defiance of a command.

We must also consider in the same connection his curious behaviour at a time when he was working for an examination and toying with his favourite phantasy that his father was still alive and might at any moment reappear [p. 174]. He used to arrange that his working hours should be as late as possible in the night. Between twelve and one o'clock at night he would interrupt his work, and open the front door of the flat as though his father were standing outside it; then, coming back into the hall, he would take out his penis and look at it in the looking-glass. This crazy conduct becomes intelligible if we suppose that he was acting as though he expected a visit from his father at the hour when ghosts are abroad. He had on the whole been idle at his work during his father's lifetime, and this had often been a cause of annoyance to his father. And now that he was returning as a ghost, he was to be delighted at finding his son hard at work. But it was impossible that his father should be delighted at the other part of his behaviour; in this therefore he must be defying him. Thus, in a single unintelligible obsessional act, he gave expression to the two sides of his relation with his father, just as he did subsequently with regard to his lady by means of his obsessional act with the stone [p. 190].

Starting from these indications and from other data of a similar kind, I ventured to put forward a construction to the effect that when he was a child of under six he had been guilty of some sexual misdemeanour connected with masturbation and had been soundly castigated for it by his father. This punishment, according to my hypothesis, had, it was true, put an end to his masturbating, but on the other hand it had left behind it an ineradicable grudge against his father and had established him for all time in his role of an interferer with the patient's sexual enjoyment.[1] To my great astonishment the patient then informed me that his mother had repeatedly described to him an occurrence of this kind which dated from his earliest childhood and had evidently escaped being forgotten by her on account of its remarkable consequences. He himself, however, had no recollection of it whatever. The tale was as follows. When he was very small—it became possible to establish the date more exactly owing to its having coincided with the fatal illness of an elder sister [p. 235]—he had done something naughty, for which his father had given him a beating. The little boy had flown into a terrible rage and had hurled abuse at his father even while he was under his blows. But as he knew no bad language, he had called him all the names of common objects that he could think of, and had screamed: 'You lamp! You towel! You plate!' and so on. His father, shaken by such an outburst of elemental fury, had stopped beating him, and had declared: 'The child will be either a great man or a great criminal!'[2] The patient believed that the scene made a permanent impression upon himself as well as upon his

[1] Compare my suspicions to a similar effect in one of the first sessions (p. 182).—[The importance of 'constructions' such as this in the technique of psycho-analysis was discussed by Freud in one of his last papers (1937*d*).]

[2] These alternatives did not exhaust the possibilities. His father had overlooked the commonest outcome of such premature passions —a neurosis.

father. His father, he said, never beat him again; and he also attributed to this experience a part of the change which came over his own character. From that time forward he was a coward [p. 185]—out of fear of the violence of his own rage. His whole life long, moreover, he was terribly afraid of blows, and used to creep away and hide, filled with terror and indignation, when one of his brothers or sisters was beaten.

The patient subsequently questioned his mother again. She confirmed the story, adding that at the time he had been between three and four years old and that he had been given the punishment because he had *bitten* some one. She could remember no further details, except for a very uncertain idea that the person the little boy had hurt might have been his nurse. In her account there was no suggestion of his misdeed having been of a sexual nature.[1]

[1] In psycho-analyses we frequently come across occurrences of this kind, dating back to the earliest years of the patient's childhood, in which his infantile sexual activity appears to reach its climax and often comes to a catastrophic end owing to some misfortune or punishment. Such occurrences are apt to appear in a shadowy way in dreams. Often they will become so clear that the analyst thinks he has a firm hold of them, and will nevertheless evade any final elucidation; and unless he proceeds with the greatest skill and caution he may be compelled to leave it undecided whether the scene in question actually took place or not. It will help to put us upon the right track in interpreting it, if we recognize that more than one version of the scene (each often differing greatly from the other) may be detected in the patient's unconscious phantasies. If we do not wish to go astray in our judgement of their historical reality, we must above all bear in mind that people's 'childhood memories' are only consolidated at a later period, usually at the age of puberty; and that this involves a complicated process of remodelling, analogous in every way to the process by which a nation constructs legends about its early history. It at once becomes evident that in his phantasies about his infancy the individual as he grows up *endeavours to efface the recollection of his auto-erotic activities*; and this he does by exalting their memory-traces to the level of object-love, just as a real historian will view the past in the light of the present. This explains why these phantasies abound in seductions and assaults, where the facts will have been confined to

A discussion of this childhood scene will be found in the footnote, and here I will only remark that its emergence shook the patient for the first time in his refusal to believe that at some prehistoric period in his childhood he had been seized with fury (which had subsequently become latent)

auto-erotic activities and the caresses or punishments that stimulated them. Furthermore, it becomes clear that in constructing phantasies about his childhood the individual *sexualizes his memories*; that is, he brings commonplace experiences into relation with his sexual activity, and extends his sexual interest to them—though in doing this he is probably following upon the traces of a really existing connection. No one who remembers my 'Analysis of a Phobia in a Five-Year-Old Boy' [1909*b*, p. 101 ff. above] will need to be told that it is not my intention in these remarks to detract from the importance which I have hitherto attached to infantile sexuality by reducing it to nothing more than sexual interest at the age of puberty. I merely wish to give some technical advice that may help to clear up a class of phantasy which is calculated to falsify the picture of infantile sexual activity.

It is seldom that we are in the fortunate position of being able, as in the present instance, to establish the facts upon which these tales of the individual's prehistoric past are based, by recourse to the unimpeachable testimony of a grown-up person. Even so, the statement made by our patient's mother leaves the way open to various possibilities. That she did not proclaim the sexual character of the offence for which the child was punished may have been due to the activity of her own censorship; for with all parents it is precisely this sexual element in their children's past that their own censorship is most anxious to eliminate. But it is just as possible that the child was reproved by his nurse or by his mother herself for some commonplace piece of naughtiness of a non-sexual nature, and that his reaction was so violent that he was castigated by his father. In phantasies of this kind nurses and servants are regularly replaced by the superior figure of the mother. A deeper interpretation of the patient's dreams in relation to this episode revealed the clearest traces of the presence in his mind of an imaginative production of a positively epic character. In this his sexual desires for his mother and sister and his sister's premature death were linked up with the young hero's chastisement at his father's hand. It was impossible to unravel this tissue of phantasy thread by thread; the therapeutic success of the treatment was precisely what stood in the way of this. The patient recovered, and his ordinary life began to assert its claims: there were many tasks before him, which he had already neglected far too long, and which

against the father whom he loved so much. I must confess that I had expected it to have a greater effect, for the incident had been described to him so often—even by his father himself—that there could be no doubt of its objective reality. But, with that capacity for being illogical which never

were incompatible with a continuation of the treatment. I am not to be blamed, therefore, for this gap in the analysis. The scientific results of psycho-analysis are at present only a by-product of its therapeutic aims, and for that reason it is often just in those cases where treatment fails that most discoveries are made.

The content of the sexual life of infancy consists in auto-erotic activity on the part of the dominant sexual components, in traces of object-love, and in the formation of that complex which deserves to be called *the nuclear complex of the neuroses*. It is the complex which comprises the child's earliest impulses, alike tender and hostile, towards its parents and brothers and sisters, after its curiosity has been awakened—usually by the arrival of a new baby brother or sister. The uniformity of the content of the sexual life of children, together with the unvarying character of the modifying tendencies which are later brought to bear upon it, will easily account for the constant sameness which as a rule characterizes the phantasies that are constructed around the period of childhood, irrespective of how greatly or how little real experiences have contributed towards them. It is entirely characteristic of the nuclear complex of infancy that the child's father should be assigned the part of a sexual opponent and of an interferer with auto-erotic sexual activities; and real events are usually to a large extent responsible for bringing this about.

[The distinction between childhood memories and childhood phantasies preoccupied Freud throughout his career. See, for instance, his paper on 'Screen Memories' (1899*a*) and the discussions on 'primal phantasies' referred to in the additional footnote on p. 8 above. His doubts as to the validity of childhood memories go back to 1897 (see his letter to Fliess of September 21, Letter 69 in Freud, 1950*a*), though his conclusions on this point were not published till many years later (Freud, 1906*a*). On the other hand, in some of his very last writings he insists that there is always a grain of historical truth behind apparently mythological phantasies. See, e.g., *Moses and Monotheism* (1939*a*), III, 2, *g*.—The term 'nuclear complex' had already been used by Freud, but in another sense, in his paper on 'The Sexual Theories of Children' (1908*c*). The term 'Oedipus Complex' seems to have been first used by him in his published writings a little later, in the first of his 'Contributions to the Psychology of Love' (1910*h*).]

fails to bewilder one in such highly intelligent people as obsessional neurotics, he kept urging against the evidential value of the story the fact that he himself could not remember the scene. And so it was only along the painful road of transference that he was able to reach a conviction that his relation to his father really necessitated the postulation of this unconscious complement. Things soon reached a point at which, in his dreams, his waking phantasies, and his associations, he began heaping the grossest and filthiest abuse upon me and my family, though in his deliberate actions he never treated me with anything but the greatest respect. His demeanour as he repeated these insults to me was that of a man in despair. 'How can a gentleman like you, sir,' he used to ask, 'let yourself be abused in this way by a low, good-for-nothing fellow like me? You ought to turn me out: that's all I deserve.' While he talked like this, he would get up from the sofa and roam about the room,—a habit which he explained at first as being due to delicacy of feeling: he could not bring himself, he said, to utter such horrible things while he was lying there so comfortably. But soon he himself found a more cogent explanation, namely, that he was avoiding my proximity for fear of my giving him a beating. If he stayed on the sofa he behaved like some one in desperate terror trying to save himself from castigations of terrific violence; he would bury his head in his hands, cover his face with his arm, jump up suddenly and rush away, his features distorted with pain, and so on. He recalled that his father had had a passionate temper, and sometimes in his violence had not known where to stop. Thus, little by little, in this school of suffering, the patient won the sense of conviction which he had lacked—though to any disinterested mind the truth would have been almost self-evident.

And now the path was clear to the solution of his rat idea. The treatment had reached its turning-point, and a quantity of material information which had hitherto been withheld

became available, and so made possible a reconstruction of the whole concatenation of events.

In my description I shall, as I have already said, content myself with the briefest possible summary of the circumstances. Obviously the first problem to be solved was why the two speeches of the Czech captain—his rat story [p. 166], and his request to the patient that he should pay back the money to Lieutenant A. [p. 168]—should have had such an agitating effect on him and should have provoked such violently pathological reactions. The presumption was that it was a question of 'complexive sensitiveness',[1] and that the speeches had jarred upon certain hyperaesthetic spots in his unconscious. And so it proved to be. As always happened with the patient in connection with military matters, he had been in a state of unconscious identification with his father, who had seen many years' service [p. 200] and had been full of stories of his soldiering days. Now it happened by chance—for chance may play a part in the formation of a symptom, just as the wording may help in the making of a joke—that one of his father's little adventures had an important element in common with the captain's request. His father, in his capacity as non-commissioned officer, had control over a small sum of money and had on one occasion lost it at cards. (Thus he had been a '*Spielratte*'.[2]) He would have found himself in a serious position if one of his comrades had not advanced him the amount. After he had left the army and become well-off, he had tried to find this friend in need so as to pay him back the money, but had not managed to trace him. The patient was uncertain whether he had ever succeeded in returning the money. The recollection of this sin of his father's youth was painful to him, for, in spite of appearances, his unconscious was filled with hostile strictures

[1] [A term borrowed from the word-association experiments of Jung and his school (Jung, 1906). So, too, below, p. 216.]

[2] [Literally, 'play-rat'. Colloquial German for 'gambler'.]

upon his father's character. The captain's words, 'You must pay back the 3.80 *kronen* to Lieutenant A.', had sounded to his ears like an allusion to this unpaid debt of his father's.

But the information that the young lady at the post office at Z—— had herself paid the charges due upon the packet, with a complimentary remark about himself [p. 172],[1] had intensified his identification with his father in quite another direction. At this stage in the analysis he brought out some new information, to the effect that the landlord of the inn at the little place where the post office was had had a pretty daughter. She had been decidedly encouraging to the smart young officer, so that he had thought of returning there after the manœuvres were over and of trying his luck with her. Now, however, she had a rival in the shape of the young lady at the post office. Like his father in the tale of his marriage [p. 198], he could afford now to hesitate upon which of the two he should bestow his favours when he had finished his military service. We can see at once that his singular indecision whether he should travel to Vienna or go back to the place where the post office was, and the constant temptation he felt to turn back while he was on the journey (p. 171), were not so senseless as they seemed to us at first. To his conscious mind, the attraction exercised upon him by Z——, the place where the post office was, was explained by the necessity of seeing Lieutenant A. and fulfilling the vow with his assistance. But in reality what was attracting him was the young lady at the post office, and the lieutenant was merely a good substitute for her, since he had [2] lived at the same place and had himself been in charge of

[1] It must not be forgotten that he had learnt this *before* the captain, owing to a misapprehension, requested him to pay back the money to Lieutenant A. This circumstance was the vital point of the story, and by suppressing it the patient reduced himself to a state of the most hopeless muddle and for some time prevented me from getting any idea of the meaning of it all.

[2] [The 'had' was added in 1924. See next footnote.]

the military postal service. And when subsequently he heard that it was not Lieutenant A. but another officer B., who had been on duty at the post office that day [p. 168], he drew *him* into his combination as well; and he was then able to reproduce in his deliria in connection with the two officers the hesitation he felt between the two girls who were so kindly disposed towards him.[1]

[1] (*Footnote added* 1923:) My patient did his very best to throw confusion over the little episode of the repayment of the charges for his pince-nez, so that perhaps my own account of it may also have failed to clear it up entirely. I therefore reproduce here a little map (Fig. 5), by means of which Mr. and Mrs. Strachey have endeavoured to make the situation at the end of the manœuvres plainer. [Unfortunately the original map, printed in the German editions of 1924 and later, as well as in the English translation in Volume III of Freud's *Collected Papers* (p. 349), was itself totally inconsistent with some of the peculiar data presented in the case history. An entirely new one has therefore been constructed for the present edition; it takes account of fresh material contained in Freud's Original Record of the Case.] My translators have justly observed that the patient's behaviour remains unintelligible so long as a further circumstance is not expressly stated, namely, that Lieutenant A. had formerly lived at the place Z—— where the post office was situated and had been

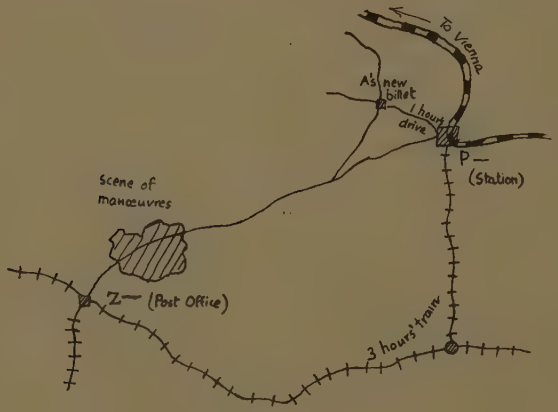


FIG. 5.

In elucidating the effects produced by the captain's rat story we must follow the course of the analysis more closely. The patient began by producing an enormous mass of associative material, which at first, however, threw no light upon the circumstances in which the formation of his obsession had taken place. The idea of the punishment carried out by means of rats had acted as a stimulus to a number of his instincts and had called up a whole quantity of recollections; so that, in the short interval between the captain's story and his request to him to pay back the money, rats had acquired a series of symbolic meanings, to which, during the period which followed, fresh ones were continually being added. I must confess that I can only give a very incomplete account of the whole business. What the rat punishment stirred up more than anything else was his *anal erotism*, which had played an important part in his childhood and had been kept in activity for many years by a constant irritation due to worms. In this way rats came to have the meaning of '*money*'.[1] The patient gave an indication of this connection by reacting to the word '*Ratten*' ['rats'] with the association '*Raten*' ['instalments']. In his obsessional deliria he had coined himself a regular rat currency. When, for instance, in reply to a question, I told him the amount of my fee for an hour's treatment, he said to himself (as I learned six months later): 'So many florins, so many rats'. Little by little he translated into this language the whole complex of money interests which centred round his father's legacy to him; that is to say, all his ideas connected with that subject were, by way of the verbal bridge '*Raten—Ratten*', carried

in charge of the military post office there, but that during the last few days he had handed over this billet to Lieutenant B. and had been transferred to another village. The 'cruel' captain had been in ignorance of this transfer, and this was the explanation of his mistake in supposing that the charges had to be paid back to Lieutenant A.

[1] See my paper on 'Character and Anal Erotism' (1908*b*).

over into his obsessional life and brought under the dominion of his unconscious. Moreover, the captain's request to him to pay back the charges due upon the packet served to strengthen the money significance of rats, by way of another verbal bridge '*Spielratte*', which led back to his father's gambling debt [p. 210].

But the patient was also familiar with the fact that rats are carriers of dangerous infectious diseases; he could therefore employ them as symbols of his dread (justifiable enough in the army) of *syphilitic infection*. This dread concealed all sorts of doubts as to the kind of life his father had led during his term of military service. Again, in another sense, the *penis* itself is a carrier of syphilitic infection; and in this way he could consider the rat as a male organ of sex. It had a further title to be so regarded; for a penis (especially a child's penis) can easily be compared to a *worm*, and the captain's story had been about rats burrowing in some one's anus, just as the large round-worms had in his when he was a child. Thus the penis significance of rats was based, once more, upon anal erotism. And apart from this, the rat is a dirty animal, feeding upon excrement and living in sewers.[1] It is perhaps unnecessary to point out how great an extension of the rat delirium became possible owing to this new meaning. For instance, 'So many rats, so many florins' could serve as an excellent characterization of a certain female profession which he particularly detested. On the other hand, it is certainly not a matter of indifference that the substitution of a penis for a rat in the captain's story resulted in a situation of intercourse *per anum*, which could not fail to be especially revolting to him when brought into connection with his father and the woman he loved. And when we consider that

[1] If the reader feels tempted to shake his head at the possibility of such leaps of imagination in the neurotic mind, I may remind him that artists have sometimes indulged in similar freaks of fancy. Such, for instance, are Le Poitevin's *Diableries érotiques*.

the same situation was reproduced in the compulsive threat which had formed in his mind after the captain had made his request [p. 168], we shall be forcibly reminded of certain curses in use among the Southern Slavs.[1] Moreover, all of this material, and more besides, was woven into the fabric of the rat discussions behind the screen-association '*heiraten*' ['to marry'].

The story of the rat punishment, as was shown by the patient's own account of the matter and by his facial expression as he repeated the story to me, had fanned into a flame all his prematurely suppressed impulses of cruelty, egoistic and sexual alike. Yet, in spite of all this wealth of material, no light was thrown upon the meaning of his obsessional idea until one day the Rat-Wife in Ibsen's *Little Eyolf* came up in the analysis, and it became impossible to escape the inference that in many of the shapes assumed by his obsessional deliria rats had another meaning still—namely, that of *children*.[2] Enquiry into the origin of this new meaning at once brought me up against some of the earliest and most important roots. Once when the patient was visiting his father's grave he had seen a big beast, which he had taken to be a rat, gliding along over the grave.[3] He assumed that it had actually come out of his father's grave, and had just been having a meal off his corpse. The notion of a rat is inseparably bound up with the fact that it has sharp teeth

[1] The exact terms of these curses will be found in the periodical *Anthropophyteia* [2, (1905), 421 ff.], edited by F. S. Krauss. [See p. 311.]

[2] Ibsen's Rat-Wife must certainly be derived from the legendary Pied Piper of Hamelin, who first enticed away the rats into the water, and then, by the same means, lured the children out of the town, never to return. So too, Little Eyolf threw himself into the water under the spell of the Rat-Wife. In legends generally the rat appears not so much as a disgusting creature but as something uncanny—as a chthonic animal, one might almost say; and it is used to represent the souls of the dead.

[3] It was no doubt a weasel, of which there are great numbers in the Zentralfriedhof [the principal cemetery] in Vienna.

with which it gnaws and bites.[1] But rats cannot be sharp-toothed, greedy and dirty with impunity: they are cruelly persecuted and mercilessly put to death by man, as the patient had often observed with horror. He had often pitied the poor creatures. But he himself had been just such a nasty, dirty little wretch, who was apt to bite people when he was in a rage, and had been fearfully punished for doing so (p. 206). He could truly be said to find 'a living likeness of himself' in the rat.[2] It was almost as though Fate, when the captain told him his story, had been putting him through an association test: she had called out a 'complex stimulus-word' [see p. 210 *n.*], and he had reacted to it with his obsessional idea.

According, then, to his earliest and most momentous experiences, rats were children. And at this point he brought out a piece of information which he had kept away from its context long enough, but which now fully explained the interest he was bound to feel in children. The lady, whose admirer he had been for so many years, but whom he had nevertheless not been able to make up his mind to marry, was condemned to childlessness by reason of a gynaecological

[1] Compare the words of Mephistopheles [when he wishes to make his way through a door that is guarded by a magic pentagram]:

> Doch dieser Schwelle Zauber zu zerspalten
> Bedarf ich eines Rattenzahns.
> . . . . . .
> Noch einen Biss, so ist's geschehn!
>
> [But to break through the magic of this threshold
> I need a rat's tooth. (*He conjures up a rat.*)
> . . . . . .
> Another bite, and it is done!
>
> GOETHE, *Faust*, Part I (Scene 3).]

[2] [Er sieht in der geschwollnen Ratte
Sein ganz natürlich Ebenbild.

(For in the bloated rat he sees
A living likeness of himself.)

Faust, Part I, Scene in Auerbach's Cellar.]

operation which had involved the removal of both ovaries. This indeed—for he was extraordinarily fond of children—had been the chief reason for his hesitation.

It was only then that it became possible to understand the inexplicable process by which his obsessional idea had been formed. With the assistance of our knowledge of infantile sexual theories and of symbolism (as learnt from the interpretation of dreams) the whole thing could be translated and given a meaning. When, at the afternoon halt (during which he had lost his pince-nez), the captain had told him about the rat punishment, the patient had only been struck at first by the combined cruelty and lasciviousness of the situation depicted. But immediately afterwards a connection had been set up with the scene from his childhood in which he himself had bitten some one. The captain—a man who could defend such punishments—had become a substitute for his father, and had thus drawn down upon himself a part of the reviving animosity which had burst out, on the original occasion, against his cruel father. The idea which came into his consciousness for a moment, to the effect that something of the sort might happen to some one he was fond of, is probably to be translated into a wish such as 'You ought to have the same thing done to you!' aimed at the teller of the story, but through him at his father. A day and a half later,[1] when the captain had handed him the packet upon which the charges were due and had requested him to pay back the 3.80 *kronen* to Lieutenant A. [p. 168], he had already been aware that his 'cruel superior' was making a

[1] Not that evening, as he first told me. It was quite impossible that the pince-nez he had ordered could have arrived the same day. The patient shortened the interval of time retrospectively, because it was the period during which the decisive mental connections had been set up, and during which the repressed episode had taken place—the episode of his interview with the officer who told him of the friendly conduct of the young lady at the post office [p. 172].

mistake, and that the only person he owed anything to was the young lady at the post office. It might easily, therefore, have occurred to him to think of some derisive reply, such as, 'Will I, though?' or 'Pay your grandmother!' or 'Yes! You bet I'll pay him back the money!'—answers which would have been subject to no compulsive force. But instead, out of the stirrings of his father-complex and out of his memory of the scene from his childhood, there formed in his mind some such answer as: 'Yes! I'll pay back the money to A. when my father and the lady have children!' or 'As sure as my father and the lady can have children, I'll pay him back the money!' In short, a derisive affirmation attached to an absurd condition which could never be fulfilled.[1]

But now the crime had been committed; he had insulted the two persons who were dearest to him—his father and his lady. The deed had called for punishment, and the penalty had consisted in his binding himself by a vow which it was impossible for him to fulfil and which entailed literal obedience to his superior's ill-founded request. The vow ran as follows: '*Now you must really pay back the money to A.*' In his convulsive obedience he had repressed his better knowledge that the captain's request had been based upon erroneous premises: 'Yes, you must pay back the money to A., as your father's surrogate has required. Your father cannot be mistaken.' So too the king cannot be mistaken; if he addresses one of his subjects by a title which is not his, the subject bears that title ever afterwards.

Only vague intelligence of these events reached the patient's consciousness. But his revolt against the captain's order and the sudden transformation of that revolt into its opposite were both represented there. First had come the idea that he was *not* to pay back the money, or it (that is, the rat punish-

[1] Thus absurdity signifies derision in the language of obsessional thought, just as it does in dreams. See my *Interpretation of Dreams* [1900*a*, Chapter VI, Section G; *Standard Ed.*, 5, 444–5].

ment) would happen; and then had come the transformation of this idea into a vow to the opposite effect, as a punishment for his revolt [p. 168].

Let us, further, picture to ourselves the general conditions under which the formation of the patient's great obsessional idea occurred. His libido had been increased by a long period of abstinence coupled with the friendly welcome which a young officer can always reckon upon receiving when he goes among women. Moreover, at the time when he had started for the manœuvres, there had been a certain coolness between himself and his lady. This intensification of his libido had inclined him to a renewal of his ancient struggle against his father's authority, and he had dared to think of having sexual intercourse with other women. His loyalty to his father's memory had grown weaker, his doubts as to his lady's merits had increased; and in that frame of mind he let himself be dragged into insulting the two of them, and had then punished himself for it. In doing so he had copied an old model. And when at the end of the manœuvres he had hesitated so long whether he should travel to Vienna or whether he should stop and fulfil his vow, he had represented in a single picture the two conflicts by which he had from the very first been torn—whether or no he should remain obedient to his father and whether or no he should remain faithful to his beloved.[1]

I may add a word upon the interpretation of the 'sanction' which, it will be remembered, was to the effect that 'otherwise the rat punishment will be carried out on both of them'. It was based upon the influence of two infantile sexual

[1] It is perhaps not uninteresting to observe that once again obedience to his father coincided with abandoning the lady. If he had stopped and paid back the money to A., he would have made atonement to his father, and at the same time he would have deserted his lady in favour of some one else more attractive. In this conflict the lady had been victorious—with the assistance, to be sure, of the patient's own normal good sense.

theories, which I have discussed elsewhere.[1] The first of these theories is that babies come out of the anus; and the second, which follows logically from the first, is that men can have babies just as well as women. According to the technical rules for interpreting dreams, the notion of coming *out of* the rectum can be represented by the opposite notion of creeping *into* the rectum (as in the rat punishment), and *vice versa*.

We should not be justified in expecting such severe obsessional ideas as were present in this case to be cleared up in any simpler manner or by any other means. When we reached the solution that has been described above, the patient's rat delirium disappeared.

[1] 'On the Sexual Theories of Children' (1908*c*).

II

THEORETICAL[1]

(A) Some General Characteristics of Obsessional Structures[2]

In the year 1896 I defined obsessional ideas as 'transformed self-reproaches which have re-emerged from repression and which always relate to some sexual act that was performed with pleasure in childhood'. [Freud, 1896*b* (near the beginning of Section II).] This definition now seems to me to be open to criticism upon formal grounds, though its component elements are unobjectionable. It was aiming too much at unification, and took as its model the practice of obsessional neurotics themselves, when, with their characteristic liking for indeterminateness, they heap together under the name of 'obsessional ideas' the most heterogeneous psychical structures.[3] In point of fact, it would be more correct to speak of 'obsessive thinking', and to make it clear that obsessional structures can correspond to every sort of psychical act. They

[1] [This heading was only added in 1924.]

[2] Several of the points dealt with in this and the following section have already been mentioned in the literature on the subject of obsessional neuroses, as may be gathered from Löwenfeld's exhaustive study, *Die psychischen Zwangserscheinungen*, 1904, which is the standard work upon this form of disease.

[3] This fault in my definition is to some extent corrected in the paper itself. The following passage will be found [three paragraphs later]: 'The re-activated memories, however, and the self-reproaches formed from them never re-emerge into consciousness unchanged: what become conscious as obsessional ideas and affects, and take the place of the pathogenic memories so far as conscious life is concerned, are structures in the nature of a compromise between the repressed ideas and the repressing ones.' In the definition, that is to say, especial stress is to be laid on the word ' transformed'.

can be classed as wishes, temptations, impulses, reflections, doubts, commands, or prohibitions. Patients endeavour in general to tone down such distinctions and to regard what remains of these psychical acts after they have been deprived of their affective index simply as 'obsessional ideas'. Our present patient gave an example of this type of behaviour in one of his first sessions, when he attempted to reduce a wish to the level of a mere 'train of thought' (p. 178).

It must be confessed, moreover, that even the phenomenology of obsessional thinking has not yet had sufficient attention paid to it. During the secondary defensive struggle, which the patient carries on against the 'obsessional ideas' that have forced their way into his consciousness, psychical structures make their appearance which deserve to be given a special name. (Such, for example, were the sequences of thoughts that occupied our patient's mind on his journey back from the manœuvres.) They are not purely reasonable considerations arising in opposition to the obsessional thoughts, but, as it were, hybrids between the two species of thinking; they accept certain of the premises of the obsession they are combating, and thus, while using the weapons of reason, are established upon a basis of pathological thought. I think such structures as these deserve to be given the name of '*deliria*'. To make the distinction clear, I will give an instance, which should be inserted into its proper context in the patient's case history. I have already described the crazy conduct to which he gave way at one time when he was preparing for an examination—how, after working till far into the night, he used to go and open the front door to his father's ghost, and then look at his genitals in the looking-glass (p. 204). He tried to bring himself to his senses by asking himself what his father would say to it all if he were really still alive. But the argument had no effect so long as it was put forward in this rational shape. The spectre was not laid until he had transformed the same idea into a 'delirious'

threat to the effect that if he ever went through this nonsense again some evil would befall his father in the next world.

The distinction between a primary and a secondary defensive struggle is no doubt well founded, but we find its value unexpectedly diminished when we discover that *the patients themselves do not know the wording of their own obsessional ideas.* This may sound paradoxical, but it is perfectly good sense. During the progress of a psycho-analysis it is not only the patient who plucks up courage, but his disease as well; it grows bold enough to speak more plainly than before. To drop the metaphor, what happens is that the patient, who has hitherto turned his eyes away in terror from his own pathological productions, begins to attend to them and obtains a clearer and more detailed view of them.[1] [Cf. p. 124.]

There are, besides this, two special ways in which a more precise knowledge of obsessional structures can be gained. In the first place, experience shows that an obsessional command (or whatever it may be), which in waking life is known only in a truncated and distorted form, like a mutilated telegraph message, may have its actual text brought to light in a dream. Such texts appear in dreams in the shape of speeches, and are thus an exception to the rule that speeches in dreams are derived from speeches in real life.[2] Secondly, in the course of the analytic examination of a case history, one becomes convinced that if a number of obsessions succeed one another they are often—even though their wording is not identical—ultimately one and the same. The obsession may

[1] Some patients carry the diversion of their attention to such lengths that they are totally unable to give the content of an obsessional idea or to describe an obsessional act though they have performed it over and over again.—[The distinction between primary and secondary defence was made in the paper already quoted (1896*b*).]

[2] See *The Interpretation of Dreams*, 1900*a*, Chapter VI, Section F (*Standard Ed.*, 5, 418 ff.).—[The present case is referred to in a footnote added in 1909 to the same work, at the end of Section A of Chapter VI (*Standard Ed.*, 4, 304 *n.*).]

have been successfully shaken off on its first appearance, but it comes back a second time in a distorted form and without being recognized, and may then perhaps be able to hold its own in the defensive struggle more effectively, precisely because of its distortion. But the original form is the correct one, and often displays its meaning quite openly. When we have at great pains elucidated an unintelligible obsessional idea, it often happens that the patient informs us that just such a notion, wish, or temptation as the one we have constructed did in fact make its appearance on one occasion before the obsessional idea had arisen, but that it did not persist. It would unfortunately involve us in too lengthy a digression if we were to give instances of this from the history of our present patient.

What is officially described as an 'obsessional idea' exhibits, therefore, in its distortion from its original wording, traces of the primary defensive struggle. Its distortion enables it to persist, since conscious thought is thus compelled to misapprehend it, just as though it were a dream; for dreams also are a product of compromise and distortion, and are also misapprehended by waking thought.[1]

This misapprehension on the part of consciousness can be seen at work not only in reference to the obsessional ideas themselves, but also in reference to the products of the secondary defensive struggle, such, for instance, as the protective formulas. I can produce two good examples of this. Our patient used to employ as a defensive formula a rapidly pronounced '*aber*' ['but'] accompanied by a gesture of repudiation. He told me on one occasion that this formula had become altered recently; he now no longer said '*áber*' but '*abér*'. When he was asked to give the reason for this new

[1] [Many of the ideas in this and the preceding paragraph had already been expressed by Freud in a letter to Fliess of December 22, 1897 (Freud, 1950*a*, Letter 79). For the misapprehension of dreams by conscious thought, see Chapter VI, Section I (on 'Secondary Revision'), of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, 1900*a* (*Standard Ed.*, **5**, 500–1).]

departure, he declared that the mute '*e*' of the second syllable gave him no sense of security against the intrusion, which he so much dreaded, of some foreign and contradictory element, and that he had therefore decided to accent the '*e*'. This explanation (an excellent sample of the obsessional neurotic style) was, however, clearly inadequate; the most that it could claim to be was a rationalization. The truth was that '*abér*' was an approximation towards the similar-sounding '*Abwehr*' ['defence'], a term which he had learnt in the course of our theoretical discussions of psycho-analysis. He had thus put the treatment to an illegitimate and 'delirious' use in order to strengthen a defensive formula. Another time he told me about his principal magic word, which was an apotropaic against every evil; he had put it together out of the initial letters of the most powerfully beneficent of his prayers and had clapped on an 'amen' at the end of it. I cannot reproduce the word itself, for reasons which will become apparent immediately.[1] For, when he told it me, I could not help noticing that the word was in fact an anagram of the name of his lady. Her name contained an 's', and this he had put last, that is, immediately before the 'amen' at the end. We may say, therefore, that by this process he had brought his '*Samen*' ['semen'] into contact with the woman he loved; in imagination, that is to say, he had masturbated with her. He himself, however, had never noticed this very obvious connection; his defensive forces had allowed themselves to be fooled by the repressed ones. This is also a good example of the rule that in time the thing which is meant to be warded off invariably finds its way into the very means which is being used for warding it off.

I have already asserted that obsessional thoughts have undergone a distortion similar to that undergone by dream-thoughts before they become the manifest content of a dream. The technique of this distortion may therefore be of interest

[1] [The actual word will be found below, p. 280.]

to us, and there should be nothing to prevent our exhibiting its various modes by means of a series of obsessions which have been translated and made clear. But here again the conditions governing the publication of this case make it impossible for me to give more than a few specimens. Not all of the patient's obsessions were so complicated in their structure and so difficult to solve as the great rat idea. In some of the others a very simple technique was employed—namely, that of distortion by omission or ellipsis. This technique is pre-eminently applicable to jokes, but in our present case, too, it did useful work as a means of protecting things from being understood.

For instance, one of the patient's oldest and favourite obsessions (which corresponded to an admonition or warning) ran as follows: '*If I marry the lady, some misfortune will befall my father* (in the next world).' If we insert the intermediate steps, which had been skipped but were known to us from the analysis, we get the following train of thought: 'If my father were alive, he would be as furious over my design of marrying the lady as he was in the scene in my childhood; so that I should fly into a rage with him once more and wish him every possible evil; and thanks to the omnipotence of my wishes [1] these evils would be bound to come upon him.'

Here is another instance in which a solution can be reached by filling out an ellipsis. It is once more in the nature of a warning or an ascetic prohibition. The patient had a charming little niece of whom he was very fond. One day this idea came into his head: '*If you indulge in intercourse, something will happen to Ella*' (i.e. she will die). When the omissions have been made good, we have: 'Every time you copulate, even with a stranger, you will not be able to avoid the reflection that in your married life sexual intercourse can never bring you a child (on account of the lady's sterility). This will grieve you so much that you will become envious of your

[1] This omnipotence is discussed further on [p. 233].

sister on account of little Ella, and you will grudge her the child. These envious impulses will inevitably lead to the child's death.' [1]

The technique of distortion by ellipsis seems to be typical of obsessional neuroses; I have come across it in the obsessional thoughts of other patients as well. One example, a particularly transparent one, is of especial interest on account of a certain structural similarity with the rat idea. It was a case of doubting, and occurred in a lady who suffered principally from obsessional *acts*. This lady was going for a walk with her husband in Nuremberg, and made him take her into a shop, where she purchased various objects for her child and amongst them a comb. Her husband, finding that the shopping was too long a business for his taste, said that he had noticed some coins in an antique shop on the way which he was anxious to secure, adding that after he had made his purchase he would come and fetch her in the shop in which they at present were. But he stayed away, as she thought, far too long. When he came back she accordingly asked him where he had been. 'Why,' he replied, 'at the antique shop I told you about.' At the same instant she was seized by a tormenting doubt whether she had not as a matter of fact always possessed the comb which she had just bought for her child. She was naturally quite unable to discover the simple

[1] An example from another of my works, *Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious* [1905*c*, Chapter II, Section 11], will recall to the reader the manner in which this elliptical technique is employed in making jokes: 'There is a witty and pugnacious journalist in Vienna, whose biting invective has repeatedly led to his being physically maltreated by the subjects of his attacks. On one occasion, when a fresh misdeed on the part of one of his habitual opponents was being discussed, somebody exclaimed: "If X hears of this, he'll get his ears boxed again." . . . The apparent absurdity of this remark disappears if between the two clauses we insert the words: "he'll write such a scathing article upon the man, that, etc." '—This elliptical joke, we may note, is similar in its content, as well as in its form, to the first example quoted in the text. [See p. 279.]

mental link that was involved. There is nothing for it but to regard the doubt as having become displaced, and to reconstruct the complete chain of unconscious thoughts as follows: 'If it is true that you were only at the antique shop, if I am really to believe that, then I may just as well believe that this comb that I bought a moment ago has been in my possession for years.' Here, therefore, the lady was drawing a derisive and ironical parallel, just as when our patient thought [p. 218]: 'Oh yes, as sure as those two' (his father and the lady) 'will have children, I shall pay back the money to A.' In the lady's case the doubt was dependent upon her unconscious jealousy, which led her to suppose that her husband had spent the interval of his absence in paying a visit of gallantry.

I shall not in the present paper attempt any discussion of the *psychological* significance of obsessional thinking. Such a discussion would be of extraordinary value in its results, and would do more to clarify our ideas upon the nature of the conscious and the unconscious than any study of hysteria or the phenomena of hypnosis. It would be a most desirable thing if the philosophers and psychologists who develop brilliant theoretical views on the unconscious upon a basis of hearsay knowledge or from their own conventional definitions would first submit to the convincing impressions which may be gained from a first-hand study of the phenomena of obsessional thinking. We might almost go to the length of *requiring* it of them, if the task were not so far more laborious than the methods of work to which they are accustomed. I will only add here that in obsessional neuroses the unconscious mental processes occasionally break through into consciousness in their pure and undistorted form, that such incursions may take place at every possible stage of the unconscious process of thought, and that at the moment of the incursion the obsessional ideas can, for the most part, be recognized as formations of very long standing. This accounts

for the striking circumstance that, when the analyst tries, with the patient's help, to discover the date of the first occurrence of an obsessional idea, the patient is obliged to place it further and further back as the analysis proceeds, and is constantly finding fresh 'first' occasions for the appearance of the obsession.

(B) Some Psychological Peculiarities of Obsessional Neurotics: their Attitude towards Reality, Superstition and Death

In this section I intend to deal with a few mental characteristics of obsessional neurotics which, though they do not seem important in themselves, nevertheless lie upon the road to a comprehension of more important things. They were strongly marked in our present patient; but I know that they are not attributable to his individual character, but to his disorder, and that they are to be met with quite typically in other obsessional patients.

Our patient was to a high degree superstitious, and this although he was a highly educated and enlightened man of considerable acumen, and although he was able at times to assure me that he did not believe a word of all this rubbish. Thus he was at once superstitious and not superstitious; and there was a clear distinction between his attitude and the superstition of uneducated people who feel themselves at one with their belief. He seemed to understand that his superstition was dependent upon his obsessional thinking, although at times he gave way to it completely. The meaning of this inconsistent and vacillating behaviour can be most easily grasped if it is regarded in the light of a hypothesis which I shall now proceed to mention. I did not hesitate to assume that the truth was not that the patient still had an open mind upon this subject, but that he had two separate and contradictory convictions upon it. His oscillation between these

two views quite obviously depended upon his momentary attitude towards his obsessional disorder. As soon as he had got the better of one of these obsessions, he used to smile in a superior way at his own credulity, and no events then occurred that were calculated to shake his firmness; but the moment he came under the sway of another obsession which had not been cleared up—or, what amounts to the same thing, of a resistance—the strangest coincidences would happen, to support him in his credulous belief.

His superstition was nevertheless that of an educated man, and he avoided such vulgar prejudices as being afraid of Friday or of the number thirteen, and so on. But he believed in premonitions and in prophetic dreams; he would constantly meet the very person of whom, for some inexplicable reason, he had just been thinking; or he would receive a letter from some one who had suddenly come into his mind after being forgotten for many years. At the same time he was honest enough—or rather, he was loyal enough to his official conviction—not to have forgotten instances in which the strangest forebodings had come to nothing. On one occasion, for instance, when he went away for his summer holidays, he had felt morally certain that he would never return to Vienna alive. He also admitted that the great majority of his premonitions related to things which had no special personal importance to him, and that, when he met an acquaintance of whom, until a few moments previously, he had not thought for a very long time, nothing further took place between himself and the miraculous apparition. And he naturally could not deny that all the important events of his life had occurred without his having had any premonition of them, and that, for instance, his father's death had taken him entirely by surprise. But arguments such as these had no effect upon the discrepancy in his convictions. They merely served to prove the obsessional nature of his superstitions, and that could already be inferred from the way in which

they came and went with the increase and decrease of his resistance.

I was not in a position, of course, to give a rational explanation of all the miraculous stories of his remoter past. But as regards the similar things that happened during the time of his treatment, I was able to prove to him that he himself invariably had a hand in the manufacture of these miracles, and I was able to point out to him the methods that he employed. He worked by means of peripheral vision and reading,[1] forgetting, and, above all, errors of memory. In the end he used himself to help me in discovering the little sleight-of-hand tricks by which these wonders were performed. I may mention one interesting infantile root of his belief that forebodings and premonitions came true. It was brought to light by his recollection that very often, when a date was being fixed for something, his mother used to say: 'I shan't be able to on such-and-such a day. I shall have to stop in bed then.' And in fact when the day in question arrived she had invariably stayed in bed!

There can be no doubt that the patient felt a need for finding experiences of this kind to act as props for his superstition, and that it was for that reason that he occupied himself so much with the inexplicable coincidences of everyday life with which we are all familiar, and helped out their shortcomings with unconscious activity of his own. I have come across a similar need in many other obsessional patients and have suspected its presence in many more besides. It seems to me easily explicable in view of the psychological characteristics of the obsessional neurosis. In this disorder, as I have already explained (p. 196), repression is effected not by means of amnesia but by a severance of causal connections brought about by a withdrawal of affect. These repressed connections appear to persist in some kind of shadowy form

[1] [That is, by the use of the outlying portions of the retina instead of the macula.]

(which I have elsewhere compared to an endopsychic perception),[1] and they are thus transferred, by a process of projection, into the external world, where they bear witness to what has been effaced from consciousness.

Another mental need, which is also shared by obsessional neurotics and which is in some respects related to the one just mentioned, is the need for *uncertainty* in their life, or for *doubt*. An enquiry into this characteristic leads deep into the investigation of instinct. The creation of uncertainty is one of the methods employed by the neurosis for drawing the patient away from *reality* and isolating him from the world—which is among the objects of every psychoneurotic disorder. Again, it is only too obvious what efforts are made by the patients themselves in order to be able to avoid certainty and remain in doubt. Some of them, indeed, give a vivid expression to this tendency in a dislike of—clocks and watches (for these at least make the time of day certain), and in the unconscious artifices which they employ in order to render these doubt-removing instruments innocuous. Our present patient had developed a peculiar talent for avoiding a knowledge of any facts which would have helped him in deciding his conflict. Thus he was in ignorance upon those matters relating to his lady which were the most relevant to the question of his marriage: he was ostensibly unable to say who had operated upon her and whether the operation had been unilateral or bilateral. He had to be forced into remembering what he had forgotten and into finding out what he had overlooked.

The predilection felt by obsessional neurotics for uncertainty and doubt leads them to turn their thoughts by pre-

[1] *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* (1901*b*), Chapter XII, Section C(*b*). [The simile was first included in the 1907 edition.—The whole subject of superstition is discussed in this passage. See also Freud's later paper on 'The Uncanny' (1919*h*).—In German editions of the present paper before 1924, the word 'endopsychic' was misprinted 'endoptic'.]

ference to those subjects upon which all mankind are uncertain and upon which our knowledge and judgements must necessarily remain open to doubt. The chief subjects of this kind are paternity, length of life, life after death, and memory—in the last of which we are all in the habit of believing, without having the slightest guarantee of its trustworthiness.[1]

In obsessional neuroses the uncertainty of memory is used to the fullest extent as a help in the formation of symptoms; and we shall learn directly the part played in the actual content of the patients' thoughts by the questions of length of life and life after death. But as an appropriate transition I will first consider one particular superstitious trait in our patient to which I have already alluded (p. 226) and which will no doubt have puzzled more than one of my readers.

I refer to the *omnipotence* which he ascribed to his thoughts and feelings, and to his wishes, whether good or evil. It is, I must admit, decidedly tempting to declare that this idea was a delusion and that it oversteps the limits of obsessional neurosis. I have, however, come across the same conviction in another obsessional patient; and he was long ago restored to health and is leading a normal life. Indeed, all obsessional neurotics behave as though they shared this conviction. It

[1] As Lichtenberg says, 'An astronomer knows whether the moon is inhabited or not with about as much certainty as he knows who was his father, but not with so much certainty as he knows who was his mother'. A great advance was made in civilization when men decided to put their inferences upon a level with the testimony of their senses and to make the step from matriarchy to patriarchy.—The prehistoric figures which show a smaller person sitting upon the head of a larger one are representations of patrilineal descent; Athena had no mother, but sprang from the head of Zeus. A witness who testifies to something before a court of law is still called '*Zeuge*' [literally, 'begetter'] in German, after the part played by the male in the act of procreation; so too in hieroglyphics the word for a 'witness' is written with a representation of the male organ.

will be our business to throw some light upon these patients' over-estimation of their powers. Assuming, without more ado, that this belief is a frank acknowledgement of a relic of the old megalomania of infancy, we will proceed to ask our patient for the grounds of his conviction. In reply, he adduces two experiences. When he returned for a second visit to the hydropathic establishment at which his disorder had been relieved for the first and only time [p. 158], he asked to be given his old room, for its position had facilitated his relations with one of the nurses. He was told that the room was already taken and that it was occupied by an old professor. This piece of news considerably diminished his prospects of successful treatment, and he reacted to it with the unamiable thought: 'I wish he may be struck dead for it!' A fortnight later he was woken up from his sleep by the disturbing idea of a corpse; and in the morning he heard that the professor had really had a stroke, and that he had been carried up into his room at about the time he himself had woken up. The second experience related to an unmarried woman, no longer young, though with a great desire to be loved, who had paid him a great deal of attention and had once asked him point-blank whether he could not love her. He had given her an evasive answer. A few days afterwards he heard that she had thrown herself out of a window. He then began to reproach himself, and said to himself that it would have been in his power to save her life by giving her his love. In this way he became convinced of the omnipotence of his love and of his hatred. Without denying the omnipotence of love we may point out that both these instances were concerned with death, and we may adopt the obvious explanation that, like other obsessional neurotics, our patient was compelled to overestimate the effects of his hostile feelings upon the external world, because a large part of their internal, mental effects

[1] [This anecdote is quoted and further discussed in Freud's paper on 'The Uncanny' (1919*h*).]

escaped his conscious knowledge. His love—or rather his hatred—was in truth overpowering; it was precisely they that created the obsessional thoughts, of which he could not understand the origin and against which he strove in vain to defend himself.[1]

Our patient had a quite peculiar attitude towards the question of death. He showed the deepest sympathy whenever any one died, and religiously attended the funeral; so that among his brothers and sisters he earned the nickname of 'carrion crow'.[2] In his imagination, too, he was constantly making away with people so as to show his heartfelt sympathy for their bereaved relatives. The death of an elder sister, which took place when he was between three and four years old [p. 205], played a great part in his phantasies, and was brought into intimate connection with his childish misdemeanours during the same period. We know, moreover, at what an early age thoughts about his father's death had occupied his mind, and we may regard his illness itself as a reaction to that event, for which he had felt an obsessional wish fifteen years earlier. The strange extension of his obsessional fears to the 'next world' was nothing else than a compensation for these death-wishes which he had felt against his father. It was introduced eighteen months after his father had died, at a time when there had been a revival of his sorrow at the loss, and it was designed—in defiance of reality, and in deference to the wish which had previously been showing itself in phantasies of every kind—to undo the fact of his

[1] (*Footnote added* 1923:) The omnipotence of thoughts, or, more accurately speaking, of wishes, has since been recognized as an essential element in the mental life of primitive people. See [Section 3 of the third essay in] *Totem and Taboo* (1912–13). [The whole book is full of discussions of obsessional neurosis—especially Sections 2 and 3(*c*) of the second essay and Sections 3 and 4 of the third.]

[2] [This detail is commented on in the last pages of Freud's paper on 'Dreams and Telepathy' (1922*a*).]

father's death.[1] We have had occasion in several places (pp. 222–3, and 226) to translate the phrase 'in the next world' by the words 'if my father were still alive'.

But the behaviour of other obsessional neurotics does not differ greatly from that of our present patient, even though it has not been their fate to come face to face with the phenomenon of death at such an early age. Their thoughts are unceasingly occupied with other people's length of life and possibility of death; their superstitious propensities have had no other content to begin with, and have perhaps no other source whatever. But these neurotics need the help of the possibility of death chiefly in order that it may act as a solution of conflicts they have left unsolved. Their essential characteristic is that they are incapable of coming to a decision, especially in matters of love; they endeavour to postpone every decision, and, in their doubt which person they shall decide for or what measures they shall take against a person, they are obliged to choose as their model the old German courts of justice, in which the suits were usually brought to an end, before judgement had been given, by the death of the parties to the dispute. Thus in every conflict which enters their lives they are on the look out for the death of some one who is of importance to them, usually of some one they love—such as one of their parents, or a rival, or one of the objects of their love between which their inclinations are wavering. But at this point our discussion of the death-complex in obsessional neuroses touches upon the problem of the instinctual life of obsessional neurotics. And to this problem we must now turn.

[1] [The use by obsessional neurotics of the defensive mechanisms of 'undoing' and 'isolating' (see pp. 243 and 246 below) is discussed by Freud in Chapter VI of his *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety* (1926*d*), in which work, incidentally, the psychology of obsessional neurosis is examined at many points.]

(c) The Instinctual Life of Obsessional Neurotics, and the Origins of Compulsion and Doubt

If we wish to obtain a grasp of the psychical forces whose interplay built up this neurosis, we must turn back to what we have learnt from the patient on the subject of the precipitating causes of his falling ill as a grown-up man and as a child. He fell ill when he was in his twenties on being faced with a temptation to marry another woman instead of the one whom he had loved so long; and he avoided a decision of this conflict by postponing all the necessary preliminary actions. The means for doing this was given him by his neurosis. His hesitation between the lady he loved and the other girl can be reduced to a conflict between his father's influence and his love for his lady, or, in other words, to a conflicting choice between his father and his sexual object, such as had already subsisted (judging from his recollections and obsessional ideas) in his remote childhood. All through his life, moreover, he was unmistakably victim to a conflict between love and hatred, in regard both to his lady and to his father. His phantasies of revenge and such obsessional phenomena as his obsession for understanding and his exploit with the stone in the road [p. 190] bore witness to his divided feelings ; and they were to a certain degree comprehensible and normal, for the lady by her original refusal [p. 194] and subsequently by her coolness had given him some excuse for hostility. But his relations with his father were dominated by a similar division of feeling, as we have seen from our translation of his obsessional thoughts; and his father, too, must have given him an excuse for hostility in his childhood, as indeed we have been able to establish almost beyond question. His attitude towards the lady—a compound of tenderness and hostility—came to a great extent within the scope of his conscious knowledge; at most he deceived himself over the degree and violence of his

negative feelings. But his hostility towards his father, on the contrary, though he had once been acutely conscious of it, had long since vanished from his ken, and it was only in the teeth of the most violent resistance that it could be brought back into his consciousness. We may regard the repression of his infantile hatred of his father as the event which brought his whole subsequent career under the dominion of the neurosis.

The conflicts of feeling in our patient which we have here enumerated separately were not independent of each other, but were bound together in pairs. His hatred of his lady was inevitably coupled with his attachment to his father, and inversely his hatred of his father with his attachment to his lady. But the two conflicts of feeling which result from this simplification—namely, the opposition between his relation to his father and to his lady, and the contradiction between his love and his hatred within each of these relations—had no connection whatever with each other, either in their content or in their origin. The first of these two conflicts corresponds to the normal vacillation between male and female which characterizes every one's choice of a love-object. It is first brought to the child's notice by the time-honoured question: 'Which do you love most, Daddy or Mummy?' and it accompanies him through his whole life, whatever may be the relative intensity of his feelings to the two sexes or whatever may be the sexual aim upon which he finally becomes fixed. But normally this opposition soon loses the character of a hard-and-fast contradiction, of an inexorable 'either—or'. Room is found for satisfying the unequal demands of both sides, although even in a normal person the higher estimation of one sex is always thrown into relief by a depreciation of the other.

The other conflict, that between love and hatred, strikes us more strangely. We know that incipient love is often perceived as hatred, and that love, if it is denied satisfaction,

may easily be partly converted into hatred, and poets tell us that in the more tempestuous stages of love the two opposed feelings may subsist side by side for a while as though in rivalry with each other. But the *chronic* co-existence of love and hatred, both directed towards the same person and both of the highest degree of intensity, cannot fail to astonish us. We should have expected that the passionate love would long ago have conquered the hatred or been devoured by it. And in fact such a protracted survival of two opposites is only possible under quite peculiar psychological conditions and with the co-operation of the state of affairs in the unconscious. The love has not succeeded in extinguishing the hatred but only in driving it down into the unconscious; and in the unconscious the hatred, safe from the danger of being destroyed by the operations of consciousness, is able to persist and even to grow. In such circumstances the conscious love attains as a rule, by way of reaction, an especially high degree of intensity, so as to be strong enough for the perpetual task of keeping its opponent under repression. The necessary condition for the occurrence of such a strange state of affairs in a person's erotic life appears to be that at a very early age, somewhere in the prehistoric period of his infancy, the two opposites should have been split apart and one of them, usually the hatred, have been repressed.[1]

If we consider a number of analyses of obsessional neurotics we shall find it impossible to escape the impression that a relation between love and hatred such as we have found in our present patient is among the most frequent, the most marked, and probably, therefore, the most important characteristics of obsessional neurosis. But however tempting

[1] Compare the discussion on this point during one of the first sessions [pp. 180–1].—(*Added* 1923:) Bleuler subsequently [1910] introduced the appropriate term 'ambivalence' to describe this emotional constellation. See also a further development of this line of thought in my paper 'The Predisposition to Obsessional Neurosis' (1913*i*).

it may be to bring the problem of the 'choice of neurosis' [1] into connection with instinctual life, there are reasons enough for avoiding such a course. For we must remember that in every neurosis we come upon the same suppressed instincts behind the symptoms. After all, hatred, kept suppressed in the unconscious by love, plays a great part in the pathogenesis of hysteria and paranoia. We know too little of the nature of love to be able to arrive at any definite conclusion here; and, in particular, the relation between the *negative* factor [2] in love and the sadistic components of the libido remains completely obscure. What follows is therefore to be regarded as no more than a provisional explanation. We may suppose, then, that in the cases of unconscious hatred with which we are concerned the sadistic components of love have, from constitutional causes, been exceptionally strongly developed, and have consequently undergone a premature and all too thorough suppression, and that the neurotic phenomena we have observed arise on the one hand from conscious feelings of affection which have become exaggerated as a reaction, and on the other hand from sadism persisting in the unconscious in the form of hatred.

But in whatever way this remarkable relation of love and hatred is to be explained, its occurrence is established beyond any possibility of doubt by the observations made in the present case; and it is gratifying to find how easily we can now follow the puzzling processes of an obsessional neurosis

[1] [This problem was one with which Freud had long been concerned. He had made an attempt at solving it as early as in 1896. (See his letter to Fliess of May 30 of that year—Freud, 1950*a*, Letter 46.) He returned to the subject repeatedly—for instance, in the paper quoted in the last footnote (1913*i*).]

[2] Alcibiades says of Socrates in the *Symposium*: 'Many a time have I wished that he were dead, and yet I know that I should be much more sorry than glad if he were to die: so that I am at my wits' end.' [Jowett's Translation.—Some later views of Freud on this subject will be found in the last pages of his paper on 'Instincts and their Vicissitudes' (1915*c*) and in Chapter IV of *The Ego and the Id* (1923*b*).]

by bringing them into relation with this one factor. If an intense love is opposed by an almost equally powerful hatred, and is at the same time inseparably bound up with it, the immediate consequence is certain to be a partial paralysis of the will and an incapacity for coming to a decision upon any of those actions for which love ought to provide the motive power. But this indecision will not confine itself for long to a single group of actions. For, in the first place, what actions of a lover are not brought into relation with his one principal motive? And secondly a man's attitude in sexual things has the force of a model to which the rest of his reactions tend to conform. And thirdly, it is an inherent characteristic in the psychology of an obsessional neurotic to make the fullest possible use of the mechanism of *displacement*. So the paralysis of his powers of decision gradually extends itself over the entire field of the patient's behaviour.

And here we have the domination of *compulsion* and *doubt* such as we meet with in the mental life of obsessional neurotics.

The *doubt* corresponds to the patient's internal perception of his own indecision, which, in consequence of the inhibition of his love by his hatred, takes possession of him in the face of every intended action. The doubt is in reality a doubt of his own love—which ought to be the most certain thing in his whole mind; and it becomes diffused over everything else, and is especially apt to become displaced on to what is most insignificant and small.[1] A man who doubts his own love may, or rather *must*, doubt every lesser thing.[2]

[1] Compare the use of 'representation by something very small' as a technique in making jokes. Cf. *Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious* [1905*c*, Chapter II. See also Freud, 1907*b*.]

[2] So in the love-verses addressed by Hamlet to Ophelia [II, 2]:

> Doubt thou the stars are fire;
> Doubt that the sun doth move;
> Doubt truth to be a liar;
> But never doubt I love.

It is this same doubt that leads the patient to uncertainty about his protective measures, and to his continual repetition of them in order to banish that uncertainty; and it is this doubt, too, that eventually brings it about that the patient's protective acts themselves become as impossible to carry out as his original inhibited decision in connection with his love. At the beginning of my investigations [1] I was led to assume another and more general origin for the uncertainty of obsessional neurotics and one which seemed to be nearer the normal. If, for instance, while I am writing a letter some one interrupts me with questions, I afterwards feel a quite justifiable uncertainty as to what I may not have written under the influence of the disturbance, and, to make sure, I am obliged to read the letter over after I have finished it. In the same way I might suppose that the uncertainty of obsessional neurotics, when they are praying, for instance, is due to unconscious phantasies constantly mingling with their prayers and disturbing them. This hypothesis is correct, but it may be easily reconciled with what I have just said. It is true that the patient's uncertainty whether he has carried through a protective measure is due to the disturbing effect of unconscious phantasies; but the content of these phantasies is precisely the contrary impulse—which it was the very aim of the prayer to ward off. This became clearly evident in our patient on one occasion, for the disturbing element did not remain unconscious but made its appearance openly. The words he wanted to use in his prayer were, '*May God protect her*', but a hostile '*not*' suddenly darted out of his unconscious and inserted itself into the sentence; and he understood that this was an attempt at a curse (p. 193). If the 'not' had remained mute, he would have found himself in a state of uncertainty, and would have kept on prolonging his prayers indefinitely. But since it became articulate he eventually gave up praying. Before doing so, however, he, like other obsessional patients,

[1] [See 'Obsessions and Phobias' (1895*c*), Observation VIII.]

tried every kind of method for preventing the opposite feeling from insinuating itself. He shortened his prayers, for instance, or said them more rapidly. And similarly other patients will endeavour to '*isolate*' all such protective acts from other things.[1] But none of these technical procedures are of any avail in the long run. If the impulse of love achieves any success by displacing itself on to some trivial act, the impulse of hostility will very soon follow it on to its new ground and once more proceed to undo all that it has done.

And when the obsessional patient lays his finger on the weak spot in the security of our mental life—on the untrustworthiness of our memory—the discovery enables him to extend his doubt over everything, even over actions which have already been performed and which have so far had no connection with the love-hatred complex, and over the entire past. I may recall the instance of the woman who had just bought a comb for her little daughter in a shop, and, becoming suspicious of her husband, began to doubt whether she had not as a matter of fact been in possession of the comb for a long time [p. 227]. Was not this woman saying point-blank: 'If I can doubt your love' (and this was only a projection of her doubt of her own love for him), 'then I can doubt this too, then I can doubt everything'—thus revealing to us the hidden meaning of neurotic doubt?[2]

The *compulsion* on the other hand is an attempt at a compensation for the doubt and at a correction of the intolerable conditions of inhibition to which the doubt bears witness. If the patient, by the help of displacement, succeeds at last in bringing one of his inhibited intentions to a decision, then the

[1] [See footnote, p. 236.]

[2] [Some remarks on another mechanism of doubt, in cases of hysteria, will be found near the beginning of Part I of the case history of 'Dora' (1905*e*; *Standard Ed.*, **7**, 17). For doubt in relation to dreams, see *The Interpretation of Dreams*, (Chapter VII, Section A; *Standard Ed.*, **5**, 515 ff.).]

intention *must* be carried out. It is true that this intention is not his original one, but the energy dammed up in the latter cannot let slip the opportunity of finding an outlet for its discharge in the substitutive act. Thus this energy makes itself felt now in commands and now in prohibitions, according as the affectionate impulse or the hostile one snatches control of the pathway leading to discharge. If it happens that a compulsive command cannot be obeyed, the tension becomes intolerable and is perceived by the patient in the form of extreme anxiety. But the pathway leading to a substitutive act, even where the displacement has been on to something very small, is so hotly contested, that such an act can as a rule be carried out only in the shape of a protective measure intimately associated with the very impulse which it is designed to ward off.

Furthermore, by a sort of *regression*, preparatory acts become substituted for the final decision, thinking replaces acting, and, instead of the substitutive act, some thought preliminary to it asserts itself with all the force of compulsion. According as this regression from acting to thinking is more or less marked, a case of obsessional neurosis will exhibit the characteristics of obsessive thinking (that is, of obsessional ideas) or of obsessive acting in the narrower sense of the word. True obsessional acts such as these, however, are only made possible because they constitute a kind of reconciliation, in the shape of a compromise, between the two antagonistic impulses. For obsessional acts tend to approximate more and more—and the longer the disorder lasts the more evident does this become—to infantile sexual acts of a masturbatory character. Thus in this form of the neurosis acts of love are carried out in spite of everything, but only by the aid of a new kind of regression; for such acts no longer relate to another person, the object of love and hatred, but are autoerotic acts such as occur in infancy.

The first kind of regression, that from acting to thinking,

is facilitated by another factor concerned in the production of the neurosis. The histories of obsessional patients almost invariably reveal an early development and premature repression of the sexual instinct of looking and knowing [the scopophilic and epistemophilic instinct]; and, as we know, a part of the infantile sexual activity of our present patient was governed by that instinct [p. 160 ff.].[1]

We have already mentioned the important part played by the sadistic instinctual components in the genesis of obsessional neuroses. Where the epistemophilic instinct is a preponderant feature in the constitution of an obsessional patient, brooding becomes the principal symptom of the neurosis. The thought-process itself becomes sexualized, for the sexual pleasure which is normally attached to the content of thought becomes shifted on to the act of thinking itself, and the satisfaction derived from reaching the conclusion of a line of thought is experienced as a *sexual* satisfaction. In the various forms of obsessional neurosis in which the epistemophilic instinct plays a part, its relation to thought-processes makes it particularly well adapted to attract the energy which is vainly endeavouring to make its way forward into action, and divert it into the sphere of thought, where there is a possibility of its obtaining pleasurable satisfaction of another sort. In this way, with the help of the epistemophilic instinct, the substitutive act may in its turn be replaced by preparatory acts of thought. But procrastination in *action* is soon replaced by lingering over *thoughts*, and eventually the whole process, together with all its peculiarities, is transferred into the new sphere, just as in America an entire house will sometimes be shifted from one site to another.

I may now venture, upon the basis of the preceding discussion, to determine the psychological characteristic, so long sought after, which lends to the products of an obsessional

[1] The very high average of intellectual capacity among obsessional patients is probably also connected with this fact.

neurosis their 'obsessive' or compulsive quality. A thought-process is obsessive or compulsive when, in consequence of an inhibition (due to a conflict of opposing impulses) at the motor end of the psychical system, it is undertaken with an expenditure of energy which (as regards both quality and quantity) is normally reserved for actions alone; or, in other words, *an obsessive or compulsive thought is one whose function it is to represent an act regressively*. No one, I think, will question my assumption that processes of thought are ordinarily conducted (on grounds of economy) with smaller displacements of energy, probably at a higher level [of cathexis], than are acts intended to bring about discharge or to modify the external world.[1]

The obsessive thought which has forced its way into consciousness with such excessive violence has next to be secured against the efforts made by conscious thought to resolve it. As we already know, this protection is afforded by the *distortion* which the obsessive thought has undergone before becoming conscious. But this is not the only means employed. In addition, each separate obsessional idea is almost invariably removed from the situation in which it originated and in which, in spite of its distortion, it would be most easily comprehensible. With this end in view, in the first place *an interval of time is inserted* between the pathogenic situation and the obsession that arises from it, so as to lead astray any conscious investigation of its causal connections,[2] and in the second place the content of the obsession is taken out of its particular setting by being *generalized*. Our patient's 'obsession for understanding' is an example of this (p. 190). But perhaps a better one is afforded by another patient. This was

[1] [This last point was made by Freud in 1895 in Section 18 of Part I and towards the end of Section 1 of Part III of his posthumous 'Project for a Scientific Psychology' (Freud, 1950*a*). It had also been stated in Section E of Chapter VII of his *Interpretation of Dreams*, 1900*a* (*Standard Ed.*, **5**, 599). Freud afterwards restated it in his paper on the 'Two Principles of Mental Functioning' (1911*b*).]

[2] [A process of 'isolation'. See footnote, p. 236.]

a woman who prohibited herself from wearing any sort of personal adornment, though the exciting cause of the prohibition related only to one particular piece of jewellery: she had envied her mother the possession of it and had had hopes that one day she would inherit it. Finally, if we care to distinguish verbal distortion from distortion of content, there is yet another means by which the obsession is protected against conscious attempts at solution. And that is the choice of an indefinite or ambiguous wording. After being misunderstood, the wording may find its way into the patient's 'deliria', and whatever further processes of development or substitution his obsession undergoes will then be based upon the misunderstanding and not upon the proper sense of the text. Observation will show, however, that the deliria constantly tend to form new connections with that part of the matter and wording of the obsession which is not present in consciousness.

I should like to go back once more to the instinctual life of obsessional neurotics and add one more remark upon it. It turned out that our patient, besides all his other characteristics, was a *renifleur*. By his own account, when he was a child he had recognized every one by their smell, like a dog; and even when he was grown up he was more susceptible to sensations of smell than most people.[1] I have met with the same characteristic in other neurotics, both in hysterical and in obsessional patients, and I have come to recognize that a tendency to taking pleasure in smell, which has become extinct since childhood, may play a part in the genesis of neurosis.[2] And here I should like to raise the general question

[1] I may add that in his childhood he had been subject to strong coprophilic propensities. In this connection his anal erotism has already been noticed (p. 213).

[2] For instance, in certain forms of fetishism. [This point is expanded in a footnote added in 1910 to the end of Section 2(A) of the first of Freud's *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* (1905*d*); *Standard Ed.*, **7**, 155).—For a discussion of quite another aspect of fetishism, see Freud's paper 'Fetishism' (1927*e*).]

whether the atrophy of the sense of smell (which was an inevitable result of man's assumption of an erect posture) and the consequent organic repression of his pleasure in smell may not have had a considerable share in the origin of his susceptibility to nervous disease. This would afford us some explanation of why, with the advance of civilization, it is precisely the sexual life that must fall a victim to repression. For we have long known the intimate connection in the animal organization between the sexual instinct and the function of the olfactory organ.[1]

In bringing this paper to a close I may express a hope that, though my communication is incomplete in every sense, it may at least stimulate other workers to throw more light upon the obsessional neurosis by a deeper investigation of the subject. What is characteristic of this neurosis—what differentiates it from hysteria—is not, in my opinion, to be found in instinctual life but in the psychological field. I cannot take leave of my patient without putting on paper my impression that he had, as it were, disintegrated into three personalities: into one unconscious personality, that is to say, and into two preconscious ones between which his consciousness could oscillate. His unconscious comprised those of his impulses which had been suppressed at an early age and which might be described as passionate and evil impulses. In his normal state he was kind, cheerful, and sensible—an enlightened and superior kind of person—while in his third psychological organization he paid homage to superstition and asceticism. Thus he was able to have two different creeds and two different outlooks upon life. This second preconscious person-

[1] [Freud had discussed this question in two letters to Fliess, of January 11 and November 14, 1897 (Freud, 1950*a*, Letters 55 and 75). He returned to the subject at the beginning and end of Chapter IV of *Civilization and its Discontents* (1930*a*).]

ality comprised chiefly the reaction-formations against his repressed wishes, and it was easy to foresee that it would have swallowed up the normal personality if the illness had lasted much longer. I have at present an opportunity of studying a lady suffering severely from obsessional acts. She has become similarly disintegrated into an easy-going and lively personality and into an exceedingly gloomy and ascetic one. She puts forward the first of them as her official ego, while in fact she is dominated by the second. Both of these psychical organizations have access to her consciousness, but behind her ascetic personality may be discerned the unconscious part of her being—quite unknown to her and composed of ancient and long-repressed wishful impulses.[1]

[1] (*Footnote added* 1923:) The patient's mental health was restored to him by the analysis which I have reported upon in these pages. Like so many other young men of value and promise, he perished in the Great War.

ADDENDUM:

ORIGINAL RECORD OF THE CASE

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

EDITOR'S NOTE

It was Freud's practice throughout his life, after one of his works had appeared in print, to destroy all the material on which the publication was based. It is accordingly true that extremely few of the original manuscripts of his works have survived, still less the preliminary notes and records from which they were derived. The present record provides an unexplained exception to this rule, having been found among Freud's papers in London after his death. This fact is mentioned by the editors of the *Gesammelte Werke* in their Preface to Vol. XVII, which contained a number of his posthumous writings. These notes, however, were not included in that volume and have not yet (1954) been published in German. They now appear for the first time, in English, in a translation by Alix and James Strachey.

The manuscript, written on the usual large foolscap sheets always favoured by Freud, evidently contains the actual notes which are mentioned in his footnote on p. 159, as having been 'made on the evening of the day of treatment'. As a rule these notes were made daily, but occasionally some days are missed, the arrears being made up subsequently. In the margins of the pages single words appear from time to time, written vertically. These words—such as 'dream', 'transferences', 'masturbation-phantasy'—are intended as summaries of the particular material under discussion. They were evidently inserted at some later date, probably while Freud was preparing for one or other of his presentations of the case. It has not been thought necessary to include them here. The record breaks off for no explained reason after the entry dated January 20th (1908), when the treatment had lasted rather under four months.

The original German is for the most part written in

telegraphic style, with a great number of abbreviations and the omission of pronouns and other unessential words. There are, however, only very few places at which the meaning could not be deciphered with certainty. In order to make the material more intelligible and readable, the ellipses of the original have for the most part been expanded in the translation. In spite, therefore, of this version's formal coherence, the reader should constantly bear in mind that what follow are in fact no more than jottings made without any thought whatever of publication in an unedited form. The great majority of the proper names which occur in the record have here been replaced by others or by arbitrarily chosen initial letters. The pseudonyms used by Freud himself in the published case history have of course been retained here.

Approximately the first third of the original record was reproduced by Freud almost *verbatim* in the published version. This covers the preliminary interview on October 1st, 1907, and the first seven sessions—that is, up to and including October 9th (to the end of Chapter I (D), p. 186). The alterations made by Freud were almost exclusively verbal or stylistic. In the published version Freud added a certain amount of commentary, but the principal change was that he made the story of the manœuvres less confused than it was as it emerged in the day-to-day record. On the whole, the differences between the two versions do not seem to be of sufficient importance to justify the publication of this first part of the record. It may be of interest, however, to give the original version of Freud's first interview with the patient, which will afford some idea of the nature of the changes, though they are greater here than elsewhere in the first sessions.

'*Oct. 1, 07.*—Dr. Lorenz, aged 29½, said he suffered from obsessions, particularly intensely since 1903, but dating

back to his childhood. The chief feature were fears of something happening to two people of whom he was very fond, his father and a lady whom he admired. Besides this, there were compulsive impulses, e.g. to cut his throat with a razor, and prohibitions, sometimes in connection with quite unimportant things. He had wasted years of his studies, he told me, in fighting these ideas of his, and consequently had only just now passed his final law examination. His ideas only affected his professional work when it was concerned with criminal law. He also suffered from an impulse to do some injury to the lady whom he admired. This impulse was usually silent in her presence, but came to the fore when she was not there. Being away from her, however,—she lives in Vienna—had always done him good. Of the various treatments he had tried none had been of any use to him, except some hydrotherapeutic treatment in Munich, and this, he thought, had only been because he had made an acquaintance there which had led to regular sexual intercourse. Here he had no opportunities of the sort and he very seldom had intercourse, and that only irregularly, when occasion offered. He was disgusted at prostitutes. His sexual life, he said, had been stunted; masturbation had played only a small part in it, in his 16th—17th year. He had first had intercourse at the age of 26.

'He gave me the impression of being a clear-headed and shrewd person. After I had told him my terms, he said he must consult his mother. The next day he came back and accepted them.'

The second two-thirds of Freud's record are translated here in full. They will be found to contain some material taken up by Freud into the published case history, but a large proportion of them cover fresh ground. If there are occasional discrepancies between the record and the published case history, it must be borne in mind that the case continued for many

months after the record ceased and that there was therefore every opportunity for the patient to correct his earlier accounts and for Freud himself to obtain a clearer view of the details. The record is remarkable in that it provides the only picture we have of the kind of raw material on which the whole of Freud's work rested and of the piecemeal manner in which that material came to light. Finally, it gives us a unique opportunity of observing the detailed working of Freud's technique at the date of this analysis.

In order to give the reader some help in following the story as it emerges, a very tentative list is appended of some of the sometimes inconsistent chronological data derived from this record and from the published case history, together with some tabulated facts relating to the patient's family.

Chronological Data

1878 Patient born.
1881 (*Aet.* 3) Rage against father.
1882 (*Aet.* 4) } Scene with Fräulein Peter. Death of
1883 (*Aet.* 5) } Katherine. Stuffed bird.
1884 (*Aet.* 6) Erections. Ideas that parents read his thoughts.
1885 (*Aet.* 7) Scene with Fräulein Lina. Shot brother.
1886 (*Aet.* 8) Went to school. Got to know Gisela.
1887 (*Aet.* 9) Death of Gisela's father.
1888 (*Aet.* 10) Worm in cousin's stool.
1889 (*Aet.* 11) Sexual enlightenment. 'Dirty pig.'
1890 (*Aet.* 12) In love with little girl. Obsession of father's death. Mother's eructations.
1891 (*Aet.* 13) Exhibited to Fräulein Lina.
1892 (*Aet.* 14) } Religious till this date.
1893 (*Aet.* 15) }
1894 (*Aet.* 16) } Occasional masturbation.
1895 (*Aet.* 17) }

1898 (*Aet.* 20) Fell in love with Gisela. Obsession of father's death. Suicide of dressmaker.

1899 (*Aet.* 21) Operation on Gisela. Death of father. Masturbation begun. Military service.

1900 (*Aet.* 22) Oath against masturbation.—(Dec.) Rejection by Gisela.

1901 (*Aet.* 23) Illness of Gisela's grandmother. Return of masturbation.

1902 (*Aet.* 24) (May) Death of aunt and outbreak of obsessional neurosis.
(Summer) Gmunden.—(Oct.) Exam.

1903 (*Aet.* 25) (Jan.) Exam. Death of indifferent uncle. Marriage plan. Obsessional neurosis exacerbated.—(July) Exam. Second rejection by Gisela.
Summer at Unterach. Suicide idea.

1904 (*Aet.* 26) First copulation (Trieste).

1906 (*Aet.* 28) In Salzburg. 'Initial' apotropaics. Dream of Japanese swords.

1907 (*Aet.* 29) (Aug.) Manœuvres in Galicia.—(Oct.) Beginning of analysis.

NOTE OF SOME OF THE PATIENT'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Hilde, eldest sister, married.

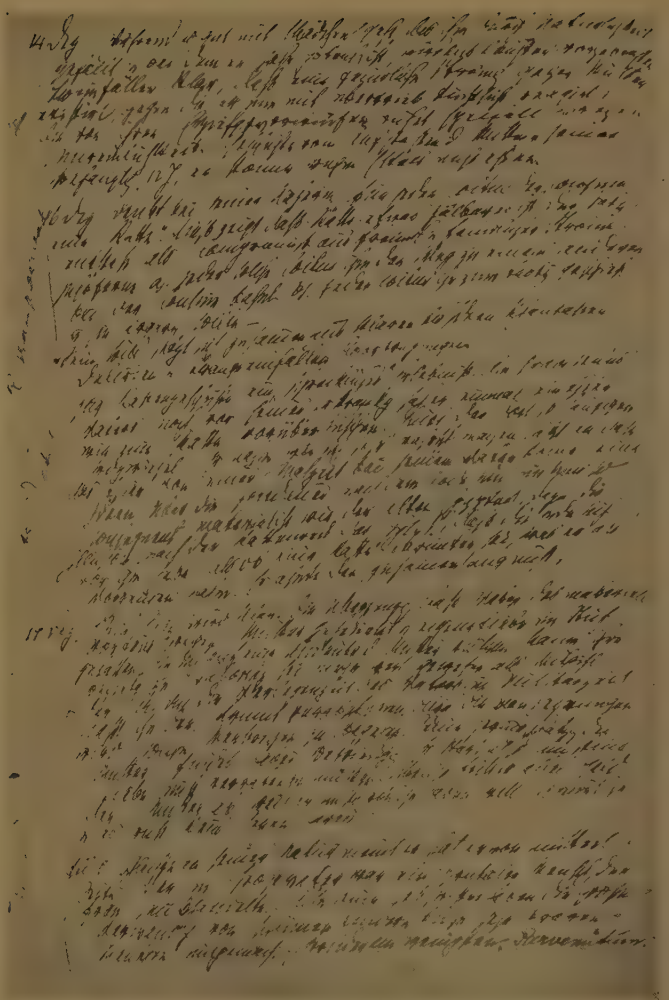
Katherine, four or five years older than patient. Died when he was 4.

Gerda.

Constanze.

Brother, 1½ years younger than patient. (? Hans.)

Julie, 3 years younger than patient. Married to Bob St.



A PAGE OF FREUD'S ORIGINAL RECORD
OF THE 'RAT MAN' CASE

Manuscript measures 16 × 10 inches

* * * * * *

As regards the sessions that follow, I shall only note down a few of the essential facts, without reproducing the course of the analysis.

Oct. 10.—He announced that he wanted to talk about the beginning of his obsessional ideas. It turned out that he meant the beginning of his commands. [They began] while he was working for his State Examination. They were connected with the lady, beginning with senseless little orders (e.g. to count up to a certain figure between thunder and lightning, to run round the room at some precise minute, etc.). In connection with his intention to slim, he was compelled by a command on his walks at Gmunden [see p. 12 *n.*] (in the summer of 1902) to go for a run in the glare of the midday heat. He had a command to take the examination in July, but resisted this on his friend's advice; but later had a command to take it at the first possible opportunity in October, and this he obeyed. He encouraged himself in his studies with the phantasy that he must hurry so as to be able to marry the lady. It appears as though this phantasy was the motive for his command. He seems to have attributed these commands to his father. He once lost several weeks owing to the absence of the lady, who had gone away on account of the illness of her grandmother, a very old woman. He offered to visit her there, but she refused. ('Carrion crow' [see p. 270].) Just as he was up to his eyes in his work, he thought: 'You might manage to obey the command to take your examination at the earliest moment in October. But if you received a command to cut your throat, what then?' He at

once became aware that this command had already been given, and was hurrying to the cupboard to fetch his razor when he thought: 'No, it's not so simple as that. You must go and kill the old woman.' Upon that, he fell to the ground, beside himself with horror.—Who was it who gave him this command?

The lady still remains most mysterious. Oaths that he has forgotten. His defensive struggle against them explicit but also forgotten.

Oct. 11.—Violent struggle, bad day. Resistance, because I requested him yesterday to bring a photograph of the lady with him—i.e. to give up his reticence about her. Conflict as to whether he should abandon the treatment or surrender his secrets. His *Cs.* was far from having mastered his oscillating thoughts. He described the way in which he tries to fend off obsessional ideas. During his religious period he had made up prayers for himself which took up more and more time and eventually lasted for an hour and a half—the reason being that something always inserted itself into the simple phrases and turned them into their opposite. E.g. 'May God—not—protect him!' (An inverted Balaam.[1]) I explained the fundamental uncertainty of all measures of reassurance, because what is being fought against gradually slips into them. This he confirmed. On one such occasion the notion occurred to him of cursing: that would certainly not turn into an obsessional idea. (This was the original meaning of what had been repressed.) He had suddenly given all this up eighteen months ago; i.e. he had made up a word out of the initials of some of his prayers—something like 'Hapeltsamen' (I must ask for more details about this) [cf. p. 280]—and said this so quickly that nothing could slip in. All this was strengthened by a certain amount of superstition, a trace of omnipotence, as though his evil wishes possessed power, and this was con-

[1] [Balaam came to curse and stayed to bless.]

firmed by real experiences. E.g. the first time he was in the Munich Sanatorium [p. 255] he had a room next to the girl with whom he had sexual relations. When he went there the second time he hesitated whether to take the same room again as it was very large and expensive. When eventually he told the girl that he had made up his mind to take it, she told him that the Professor had taken it already. 'May he be struck dead for it!' he thought. A fortnight later he was disturbed in his sleep by the idea of a corpse. He put it aside; but in the morning he heard that the Professor had really had a stroke and had been taken up to his room at about that time. He also, so he says, possesses the gift of prophetic dreams. He told me the first of these.

Oct. 12.—He did not tell me the second, but told me how he had spent the day. His spirits rose and he went to the theatre. When he got home he chanced to meet his servant-girl, who is neither young nor pretty but has been showing him attention for some time past. He cannot think why, but he suddenly gave her a kiss and then attacked her. Though she no doubt made only a show of resistance, he came to his senses and fled to his room. It was always the same with him: his fine or happy moments were always spoilt by something nasty. I drew his attention to the analogy between this and assassinations instigated by *agents provocateurs*.

He proceeded with this train of thought and reached the subject of masturbation, which in his case had a strange history. He began it when he was about 21—after his father's death, as I got him to confirm—because he had heard of it and felt a certain curiosity. He repeated it very seldom and was always very much ashamed afterwards. One day, without any provocation, he thought: 'I swear on my blessed soul to give it up!' Though he attached no value whatever to this vow, and laughed at it on account of its peculiar solemnity, he did give it up for the time being. A few years later, at the

time at which his lady's grandmother died and he wanted to join her, his own mother said: 'On my soul, you shall not go!' The similarity of this oath struck him, and he reproached himself with bringing the salvation of his mother's soul into danger. He told himself not to be more cowardly on his own account than on other people's and, if he persisted in his intention of going to join the lady, to begin to masturbate again. Subsequently he abandoned the idea of going, because he had a letter telling him not to. From that moment on the masturbation reappeared from time to time. It was provoked when he experienced especially fine moments or when he read fine passages. It occurred once, for instance, on a lovely afternoon when he heard a postilion blowing his horn in the Teinfaltstrasse [in the middle of Vienna]—until it was forbidden by a police officer, probably on the ground of some old Court decree prohibiting the blowing of horns in the city. And another time it happened when he read in *Wahrheit und Dichtung* [1] how Goethe had freed himself in a burst of tenderness from the effects of a curse which a mistress had pronounced on whoever should kiss his lips; he had long, almost superstitiously, suffered the curse to hold him back, but now he broke his bonds and kissed his love joyfully again and again. (Lilli Schoenemann?)[2] And he masturbated at this point, as he told me with amazement.

In Salzburg, moreover, there had been a servant-girl who attracted him and whom he had to do with later as well. This led to his masturbating. He told me about it by alluding to the fact that this masturbation had spoilt a short trip to Vienna which he had been looking forward to.

He gave me some further particulars about his sexual life. Intercourse with *puellae* disgusts him. Once when he was with one he made it a condition that she should undress, and,

[1] [So in the MS.]

[2] [A girl to whom Goethe was engaged for a short time during his youth.]

when she demanded 50 per cent extra for this, he paid her and went away, he was so much revolted by it all. On the few occasions on which he had had intercourse with girls (at Salzburg and later with the waitress in Munich) he never felt self-reproachful. How *exalté* he had been when the waitress told him the moving tale of her first love and how she had been called to her lover's death-bed. He regretted having arranged to spend the night with her, and it was only her conscientiousness that compelled him to wrong the dead man. He always sought to make a sharp distinction between relations which consisted only in copulation and everything that was called love; and the idea that she had been so deeply loved made her in his eyes an unsuitable object for his sensuality.

I could not restrain myself here from constructing the material at our disposal into an event: how before the age of six he had been in the habit of masturbating and how his father had forbidden it, using as a threat the phrase 'it would be the death of you' and perhaps also threatening to cut off his penis. This would account for his masturbating in connection with the release from the curse, for the commands and prohibitions in his unconscious and for the threat of death which was now thrown back on to his father. His present suicidal ideas would correspond to a self-reproach of being a murderer. This, he said at the end of the session, brought up a great many ideas in his mind.

Addenda.—He had been serious, he told me, in his intention to commit suicide, and was only held back by two considerations. One of these was that he could not stand the idea of his mother finding his bleeding remains. But he was able to avoid this by the phantasy of performing the deed on the Semmering [1] and leaving behind a letter requesting that his brother-in-law should be the first to be informed. (The second consideration I have curiously enough forgotten.)

[1] [The mountain resort near Vienna.]

I have not mentioned from earlier sessions three interrelated memories dating from his fourth year, which he describes as his earliest ones and which refer to the death of his elder sister Katherine. The first was of her being carried to bed. The second was of his asking 'Where is Katherine?' and going into the room and finding his father sitting in an arm-chair and crying. The third was of his father bending over his weeping mother. (It is curious that I am not certain whether these memories are his or Ph.'s.[1])

Oct. 14.—My uncertainty and forgetfulness on these last two points seem to be intimately connected. The memories were really his and the consideration which I had forgotten was that once when he was very young and he and his sister were talking about death, she said: 'On my soul, if you die I shall kill myself.' So that in both cases it was a question of his sister's death. (They were forgotten owing to complexes of my own.) Moreover, these earliest recollections, when he was 3½ and his sister 8, fit in with my construction. Death was brought close to him, and he really believed that you die if you masturbate.

The ideas that were brought up in his mind [at the end of the previous session] were as follows. The idea of his penis being cut off had tormented him to an extraordinary degree, and this had happened while he was in the thick of studying. The only reason he could think of was that at that time he was suffering from the desire to masturbate. Secondly, and this seemed to him far more important, twice in his life, on the occasion of his first copulation (at Trieste) and another time in Munich—he had doubts about the first of these, though it is plausible on internal grounds—, this idea occurred to him afterwards: 'This is a glorious feeling! One might do anything for this—murder one's father, for instance!' This made no sense in his case, since his father was

[1] [Evidently another of Freud's patients.]

already dead. Thirdly, he described a scene of which he had often been told by other people, including his father,[1] but of which he himself had absolutely no recollection. His whole life long he has been terribly afraid of blows, and feels very grateful to his father for never having beaten him (so far as his memory goes). When other children were beaten, he used to creep away and hide, filled with terror. But when he was quite small (3 years old) he seems to have done something naughty, for which his father hit him. The little boy then flew into a terrible rage and began hurling abuse at his father. But as he knew no bad language, he called him all the names of common objects that he could think of: 'You lamp! You towel! You plate!' and so on. His father is said to have declared 'The child will either be a great man or a great criminal!' This story, the patient admitted, was evidence of anger and revenge dating back to the remote past.

I explained to him the principle of the Adige at Verona,[2] which he found most illuminating. He told me some more in connection with his revengefulness. Once when his brother was in Vienna he thought he had grounds for believing that the lady preferred him. He became so furiously jealous over this that he was afraid he might do him some mischief. He asked his brother to have a wrestle with him, and not until he himself had been defeated did he feel pacified.

He told me another phantasy of revenge upon the lady, which he has no need to feel ashamed of. He thinks she sets store by social position. Accordingly he made up a phantasy that she had married a man of that kind in a government office. He himself then entered the same department and rose more rapidly than her husband. One day this man committed some act of dishonesty. The lady threw herself at his

[1] [In the published version (p. 205) his *mother* is especially mentioned.]

[2] [The River Adige makes a loop in Verona, which brings it almost back to the point at which it enters the city.]

feet and implored him to save her husband. He promised to, and informed her that it had only been for love of her that he had entered the service, because he had foreseen that such a moment would occur. Now his mission was fulfilled, her husband was saved, and he would resign his post. Later he went still further and felt he would prefer to be her benefactor and do her some great service without her knowing that it was he who was doing it. In this phantasy he saw only the evidence of his love and not the magnanimity *à la* Monte-Cristo which was designed to repress his vengeance.

Oct. 18.—Arrears.

He began by confessing a dishonest action when he was grown up. He was playing *vingt-et-un* and had won a great deal. He announced that he would put everything on the next hand and then stop playing. He got up to 19 and reflected for a moment whether to go any further; he then ruffled through the pack as though unintentionally and saw that the next card was in fact a two, so that when it was turned up he had a twenty-one. A childhood memory followed, of his father having egged him on to take his mother's purse out of her pocket and extract a few *kreuzer*[1] from it.

He spoke of his conscientiousness since that time and his carefulness with money. He has not taken over his inheritance but has left it with his mother, who allows him a very small amount of pocket-money. In this way he is beginning to behave like a miser, though he has no such inclination. He found difficulty, too, in making his friend an allowance. He could not bring himself even to mislay any object that had belonged to his father or the lady.

Next day, continuing his associations, he spoke of his attitude towards someone called 'Reserl', who is engaged to be married but is evidently much attached to him; how he

[1] [A *kreuzer* was worth just under a farthing, or half a cent, at that time.]

gave her a kiss but at the same time had a distressing compulsive idea that something bad was happening to his lady—something resembling the phantasy connected with Captain Novak [the 'cruel' captain]. His dream during the night said much more distinctly what was thus lightly touched on while he was awake:—

(I) Reserl was stopping with us. She got up as though she was hypnotized, came behind my chair with a pale face and put her arms round me. It was as though I tried to shake off her embrace, as though each time she stroked my head some misfortune would occur to the lady—some misfortune in the next world too. It happened automatically—as though the misfortune occurred at the very moment of the stroking.

(The dream was not interpreted. For it is in fact only a more distinct version of the obsessional idea which he did not dare to become aware of during the day.)

He was greatly affected by to-day's dream, for he sets much store by dreams and they have played a large part in his story and have even led up to crises.

(II) In October, 1906—perhaps after masturbating on the occasion of reading the passage in *Wahrheit und Dichtung* [p. 262].

The lady was under some kind of restraint. He took his two Japanese swords and set her free. Clutching them, he hurried to the place where he suspected she was. He knew that they meant 'marriage' and 'copulation'. Both things now came true. He found her leaning up against a wall, with thumbscrews fastened to her. The dream seemed to him now to become ambiguous. Either he set her free from this situation by means of his two swords, 'marriage' and 'copulation': or the other idea was that it was only on account of them that she had got into this situation. (It was clear that he himself

did not understand this alternative, though his words could not possibly have any other meaning.)

The Japanese swords really exist. They hang at the head of his bed and are made of a very large number of Japanese coins. They were a present from his eldest sister at Trieste, who (as he told me in answer to an enquiry) is very happily married. It is possible that the maid, who is in the habit of dusting his room while he is still asleep, may have touched the coins and so made a noise which penetrated into his sleep.

(III) He cherished this third dream as though it were his most precious treasure.

Dec.—Jan., 1907. I was in a wood and most melancholy. The lady came to meet me, looking very pale. 'Paul, come with me before it is too late. I know we are both sufferers.' She put her arm through mine and dragged me away by force. I struggled with her but she was too strong. We came to a broad river and she stood there. I was dressed in miserable rags which fell into the stream and were carried away by it. I tried to swim after them but she held me back: 'Let the rags go!' I stood there in gorgeous raiment.

He knew that the rags meant his illness and that the whole dream promised him health through the lady. He was very happy at the time—till other dreams came which made him profoundly wretched.

He could not help believing in the premonitory power of dreams, for he had had several remarkable experiences to prove it. Consciously he does not really believe in it. (The two views exist side by side, but the critical one is sterile.)

(IV) In the summer of 1901 he had written to one of his colleagues to send him 3 *kronen's* worth of pipe tobacco. Three weeks passed with no reply and no tobacco. One morning he woke up and said he had dreamt of tobacco. Had

the postman by any chance brought a parcel for him? No.—Ten minutes later the door-bell rang: the postman had brought his tobacco.

(V) During the summer of 1903, while he was working for his Third State Examination.

He dreamt that he was asked in the examination to explain the difference between a '*Bevollmächtigter*' and a '*Staatsorgan*'.[1] Some months later, in his Finals, he was actually asked this question. He is quite certain about this dream, but there is no evidence of his having spoken of it during the interval [between the dream and its coming true].

He tried to explain the previous dream by the fact that his friend had no money and that he himself may perhaps have known the date at which he was going to have some. No precise dates could be fixed.

(VI) His eldest sister has very beautiful teeth. But three years ago they began to ache, till they had to be pulled out. The dentist where she lives [a friend] said: 'You will lose all your teeth.' One day he [the patient] suddenly thought: 'Who knows what is happening to Hilde's teeth?' Perhaps he may have been having toothache himself. He had masturbated again that day, and as he was going to sleep he saw in a half-sleeping vision his sister bothered with her teeth. Three days later he had a letter to say that another of her teeth was beginning to hurt; and she subsequently lost it.

He was astonished when I explained that his masturbation was responsible for it.[2]

(VII) A dream while he was staying with Marie Steiner. He had already told it to me but now added some details. She

[1] [A '*Bevollmächtigter*' is a person who exercises his functions by virtue of special appointment, a '*Staatsorgan*' acts by virtue of the nature of his office.]

[2] [See the tooth dream below, p. 315 f.]

is a kind of childhood love of his. When he was 14 or 15 he had a sentimental passion for her. He insists upon her narrow-minded conceit. In September, 1903, he visited her and saw her seven-year-old idiot brother, who made a fearful impression on him. In December he had a dream of going to his funeral. At about the same time the child died. It was not possible to fix the times more precisely. In the dream he was standing beside Marie Steiner and was encouraging her to bear up. ('Carrion crow' [p. 235], as his eldest sister called him. He is constantly killing people so that afterwards he can make his way into someone's good graces.) The contrast between the mother's doting love for the idiot child and her behaviour before his birth. She seems to have been responsible for the child's infirmity by tight-lacing too much, because she was ashamed of having a baby so late in life.

During his stay at Salzburg he was constantly pursued by premonitions which were amazingly fulfilled. For instance, there was the man whom he heard talking to the waitress at the hotel about burglary—which he took as an augury that he would see the man next as a criminal. And this actually occurred a few months later, when he happened to be transferred to the Criminal Department.—At Salzburg, too, he used to meet people on the bridge whom he had been thinking of a moment earlier. (His sister had already explained this as being accounted for by indirect [peripheral] vision.)—Again, he happened to think of a scene at Trieste when he had been in the Public Library with his sister. A man had entered into conversation with them and had talked very stupidly and said to him: 'You are still at the stage of Jean Paul's *Flegeljahre*' ['Fledgling Years']. An hour later [after thinking of this episode] he was in the Salzburg lending library, and the *Flegeljahre* was one of the first books he picked up. (But not the first. An hour earlier he had formed the intention of going to the library and it was this that reminded him of the scene at Trieste.)

At Salzburg he regarded himself as a seer. But the coincidences were never of any importance and never related to things which he expected but only to trivialities.

(The story about Marie Steiner was interpolated between two stories about his sisters. The lack of clarity of his obsessional ideas is noteworthy; in his dreams they are clearer.)

Oct. 18.—Two dreams that were linked with nothing less than crises [p. 267]. Once before he had had the idea of not washing any more. This had come to him in the form usual with his prohibitions: 'What sacrifice am I prepared to make in order to . . .?' But he had promptly rejected it. In reply to my questions he told me that up till puberty he had been a regular little pig. After that he had inclined towards overcleanliness and with the onset of his illness had been fanatically clean, etc. (in connection with his commands). Now one day he went for a walk with the lady—he was under the impression that what he was telling me was of no importance. The lady greeted a man (a doctor), she was very friendly with him, too friendly—he admitted he had been a little jealous and had in fact spoken about it. At the lady's house they had played cards; he felt melancholy in the evening; next morning he had this dream:—

(VIII) He was with the lady. She was very nice to him, and he told her about his compulsive idea and prohibition in connection with the Japanese swords—the meaning of which was that he might neither marry her nor have sexual intercourse with her. But that is nonsensical, he said, I might just as well have a prohibition against ever washing again. She smiled and nodded to him. In the dream he took this to mean that she agreed with him that both things were absurd. But when he woke up it occurred to him that she had meant that he need not wash any more. He fell into a violent state of emotion and knocked his head against the bed-post. He felt

as though there was a lump of blood in his head. On similar occasions he had already had the idea of making a funnel-shaped hole in his head to let what was diseased in his brain come out; the loss would somehow be made up. He does not understand his state. I explained: The Nuremberg funnel [1]—which in fact his father used often to talk about. And [the patient went on] his father used often to say 'you'll get things into your head some day'. I interpreted this: anger, vengeance on the lady out of jealousy, the connection with the provoking cause [of the dream]—the incident on the walk—which he considered so trivial. He confirmed his anger with the doctor. He did not understand about the conflict as to whether he should marry her or not. He had a sense of liberation in the dream—liberation from her, I put in.

He postponed the command not to wash any more and did not carry it out. The idea was replaced by a number of others, especially of cutting his throat.

Oct. 27.—Arrears. So long as he makes difficulties over giving me the lady's name his account must be incoherent. Detached incidents:—

One evening in June 1907 he was visiting his friend, Braun, whose sister, Adela, played to them. She paid him a lot of attention. He was very much oppressed and thought a great deal about the dream of the Japanese swords—the thought of marrying the lady if it were not for the other girl.

Dream at night:—His sister Gerda was very ill. He went to her bedside. Braun came towards him. 'You can only save your sister by renouncing all sexual pleasure', upon which he replied in astonishment (to his shame) '*all* pleasure'.

Braun is interested in his sister. Some months ago, he brought her home once when she was feeling unwell. The idea can only have been that if he married Adela, Gerda's mar-

[1] [An instrument of torture kept in the Nuremberg museum. Water was poured through it down the victim's throat.]

riage with Braun would become probable, too. So he was sacrificing himself for her. In the dream he was putting himself in a compulsive situation so as to be obliged to marry. His opposition to his lady and his inclination to unfaithfulness are plain. When he was 14 he had homosexual relations with Braun—looking at each other's penis.

At Salzburg in 1906 he had this idea during the day-time. Supposing the lady said to him, 'you must have no sexual pleasure till you have married me', would he take an oath not to have any? A voice in him said 'yes'. (Oath of abstinence in his *Ucs.*) That night he dreamt that he was engaged to the lady, and as he was walking with her arm through his, he said overjoyed 'I should never have imagined that this could have come true so soon'. (This referred to his compulsive abstinence. This was most remarkable, and correct; and it confirmed the view I took above.) At that moment he saw the lady make a face as though the engagement were of no interest to her. His happiness was quite spoilt by this. He said to himself 'you're engaged and not at all happy. You're pretending to be a bit happy so as to persuade yourself that you are.'

After I had persuaded him to reveal the name of Gisa Hertz and all the details about her, his account became clear and systematic. Her predecessor was Lise O., another Lise. (He always had several interests simultaneously, just as he had several lines of sexual attachments, derived from his several sisters.)

Summer 1898. (Aged 20.) Dream:—He was discussing an abstract subject with Lise II. Suddenly the dream-picture vanished and he was looking at a big machine with an enormous number of wheels, so that he was astonished at its complexity.—This has to do with the fact that this Lise always seemed to him very complex compared with Julie [1]

[1] [This cannot be the patient's sister of the same name, who was alive at the time of the analysis (cf. p. 314).]

whose admirer he also was at that time and who has recently died.

He went on to give me a lengthy account of his relations with his lady. On the evening after she had refused him he had the following dream (Dec. 1900):—'I was going along a street. There was a pearl lying in the road. I stooped to pick it up but every time I stooped it disappeared. Every two or three steps it appeared again. I said to myself, "you mayn't".' He explained this prohibition to himself as meaning that his pride would not allow it, because she had refused him once. Actually it was probably a question of a prohibition by his father which originated in his childhood and extended to marriage. He then called to mind an actual remark of his father's to a similar effect: 'Don't go up there so often.' 'You'll make yourself ridiculous' was another snubbing remark of his. Further to the dream:—A short time before he had seen a pearl necklace in a shop and had thought that if he had the money he would buy it for her. He often called her a pearl among girls. This was a phrase they often used. 'Pearl' also seemed to him to fit her because a pearl is a hidden treasure that has to be looked for in its shell.

A suspicion that it was through his sisters that he was led to sexuality, perhaps not on his own initiative—that he had been seduced.

The speeches in his dreams need not be related to real speeches. His *Ucs.* ideas—as being internal voices—have the value of real speeches which he hears only in his dreams. [See above, p. 223.]

Oct. 27.—His lady's grandmother's illness [see p. 259] was a disease of the rectum.

The onset of his illness followed a complaint made by his widowed uncle: 'I lived for this woman alone, whereas other men amuse themselves elsewhere.' He thought his uncle was referring to his father, though this did not occur to him at

once, but only a few days later. When he spoke to the lady about it she laughed at him, and on another occasion, when he and his uncle were present, she managed to bring the conversation round to his father, whom his uncle then praised to the skies. But this was not enough for him. A little time afterwards he felt obliged to put a direct question to his uncle as to whether he had meant his father, which his uncle denied in astonishment. The patient was particularly surprised at this episode, since he himself would not have blamed his father in the least if he had had an occasional lapse.

In this context he mentioned a half-joking remark of his mother's about the period when his father had had to live at Pressburg and only came to Vienna once a week. (When he first told me this, he omitted this characteristic connection.)

Remarkable coincidence while he was studying for his Second State Examination. He omitted to read two passages only, each of four pages, and it was precisely on these that he was examined. Afterwards, while he was studying for the Third Examination, he had a prophetic dream [see below]. This period saw the beginning proper of his piousness and of phantasies of his father still being in contact with him. He used to leave the door to the passage open at night in the conviction that his father would be standing outside. His phantasies at this time were directly attached to this gap in attainable knowledge. He finally pulled himself together and tried to get the better of himself by a sensible argument—what would his father think of his goings on if he was still alive? But this made no impression on him, he was only brought to a stop by the delirious form of the phantasy—that his father might suffer because of his phantasies even in the after-life.

The compulsions that arose while he was studying for the Third Examination, to the effect that he must positively take it in July, seem to have been related to the arrival from New

York of an uncle of the lady's, X., of whom he was fearfully jealous; and perhaps even to his suspicion (afterwards confirmed) that the lady would travel to America.

Oct. 29.—I told him I suspected that his sexual curiosity had been kindled in relation to his sisters. This had an immediate result. He had a memory that he first noticed the difference between the sexes when he saw his deceased sister Katherine (five years his senior) sitting on the pot, or something of the sort.

He told me the dream he had had while studying for the Third Examination [see above]. Grünhut [1] made a practice every third or fourth time in the Examination of asking one particular question about drafts payable at a specified place; and when he had been answered he would go on to ask, 'and what is the reason for this law?' To which the correct answer was, 'as a protection against the *Schicanen* of the opposing parties'.[2] His dream was on precisely these lines, but he replied instead, 'as a protection against the *Schügsenen*',[3] etc. It was a joke which he might equally well have made when he was awake.

His father's name was not David but Friedrich. Adela was not Braun's sister; the idea of the double marriage must be dropped.

Nov. 8.—When he was a child he suffered much from worms [p. 213]. He probably used to put his fingers up his behind and was an awful pig, he said, like his brother. Now carries cleanliness to excess.

Phantasy before sleep:—He was married to his cousin [the lady]. He kissed her feet; but they weren't clean. They had black marks on them, which horrified him. During the day he

[1] [Professor of Law in Vienna.]
[2] [i.e. the unjustified exercise of their rights.]
[3] [A Jewish term for Gentile girls.]

had not been able to wash very carefully and had noticed the same thing on his own feet. He was displacing this on to his lady. During the night he dreamt that he was licking her feet, which were clean, however. This last element is a dream-wish. The perversion here is exactly the same as the one we are familiar with in its undistorted form.

That the behind was particularly exciting to him is shown by the fact that when his sister asked him what it was that he liked about his cousin he replied jokingly 'her behind'. The dressmaker whom he kissed to-day first excited his libido when she bent down and showed the curves of her buttocks especially clearly.

Postscript to the rat-adventure. Captain Novak said that this torture ought to be applied to some members of Parliament. The idea then came to him, that he [N.] must not mention Gisa, and to his horror immediately afterwards he did mention Dr. Hertz,[1] which once more seemed to him a fateful occurrence. His cousin is actually called Hertz and he at once thought that the name Hertz would make him think of his cousin, and he sees the point of this. He tries to isolate his cousin from everything dirty.

He suffers from sacrilegious compulsions, like nuns. A dream had to do with joking terms of abuse used by his friend V.—'son of a whore', 'son of a one-eyed monkey' (*Arabian Nights*).

When he was eleven he was initiated into the secrets of sexual life by his [male] cousin, whom he now detests, and who made out to him that all women were whores, including his mother and sisters. He countered this with the question, 'do you think the same of *your* mother?'

Nov. 11.—During an illness of his cousin's (throat trouble and disturbances of sleep), at the time when his affection and sympathy were at their greatest, she was lying on a sofa and

[1] [The original name is that of a well-known public figure in Austria.]

he suddenly thought 'may she lie like this for ever'. He interpreted this as a wish that she should be permanently ill, for his own relief, so that he could be freed from his dread of her being ill. An over-clever misunderstanding! What he has already told me shows that this was connected with a wish to see her defenceless, because of her having resisted him by rejecting his love; and it corresponds crudely to a necrophilic phantasy which he once had consciously but which did not venture beyond the point of looking at the whole body.

He is made up of three personalities—one humorous and normal, another ascetic and religious and a third immoral and perverse.

Inevitable misunderstanding of the *Ucs.* by the *Cs.*, or rather, distortion of the shape of the *Ucs.* wish.

The hybrid thoughts resulting from these.

Nov. 17.—So far he has been in a period of rising spirits. He is cheerful, untrammelled and active, and is behaving aggressively to a girl, a dressmaker. A good idea of his that his moral inferiority really deserved to be punished by his illness. Confessions followed about his relations to his sisters. He made, so he said, repeated attacks on his next younger sister, Julie, after his father's death; and these—he had once actually assaulted her—must have been the explanation of his pathological changes.

He once had a dream of copulating with Julie. He was overcome with remorse and fear at having broken his vow to keep away from her. He woke up and was delighted to find it was only a dream. He then went into her bedroom and smacked her bottom under the bedclothes. He could not understand it, and could only compare it with his masturbating when he read the passage in *Dichtung und Wahrheit* [p. 262]. From this we conclude that his being chastised by his father [p. 265] was related to assaulting his sisters. But how? Purely sadistically or already in a clearly sexual way?

His elder or his younger sisters? Julie is three years his junior, and as the scenes we are in search of must have been when he was three or four, she can scarcely be the one. Katherine, his sister who died?

His sanction to the effect that something would happen to his father in the next world is simply to be understood as an ellipse. What it meant was: 'If my father was still alive and learnt of this he would chastise me again and I should fly into a rage with him once more, and this would cause his death, since my affects are omnipotent.' Thus this belongs to the class: 'If Kraus reads this he'll get his ears boxed.' [1]

Even in recent years, when his youngest sister was sleeping in his room, he took off her bed-clothes in the morning so that he could see the whole of her. Then his mother came into the picture as an obstacle to his sexual activity, having taken over this role since his father's death. She protected him against the well-meaning attempts at his seduction by a housemaid called Lise. He once exhibited to the latter very ingeniously in his sleep. He had fallen asleep, exhausted, after an attack of illness and lay uncovered. When, in the morning, the girl spoke to him she asked him suspiciously if he had laughed in his sleep. He *had* laughed—on account of a most lovely dream in which his cousin had appeared. He admitted that it was a device. In earlier years he had exhibited frankly. When he was thirteen he still did so to [Fräulein] Lina, who came back for a short time. He gave the correct excuse for this that she knew exactly what he was like from his early childhood. (She had been with them while he was between six and ten.)

Nov. 18.—He went into his cousin's neurosis, which was becoming clear to him, in which her step-father, who came on the scene when she was twelve, plays a part. He was an

[1] [Karl Kraus, editor of the Vienna periodical, *Die Fackel*. See p. 227 *n.*]

officer, a handsome man, and is now separated from her mother. Gisa treats him very badly when sometimes he comes to visit them, and he always tries to soften her towards him. The details as told to me leave very little doubt that he made a sexual attack on the girl and that something in her, which she was unaware of, went part of the way to meet him—the love transferred from her real father whom she had missed since she was six. Thus the situation between them is, as it were, frozen stiff. It seems as though the patient himself knew this. For he was very upset during the manœuvres when Captain N. mentioned the name of a Gisela Fluss (!!!),[1] as though he wanted to prevent any contact between Gisa and an officer. A year before he had a curious dream about a Bavarian lieutenant whom Gisa rejected as a suitor. This pointed to Munich and his affair with the waitress, but there was no association to the lieutenant, and an addendum to the dream about officers' batmen only pointed to the step-father lieutenant.

Nov. 21.—He admits he himself may have had similar suspicions about his cousin. He was very cheerful and has had a relapse into masturbation, which has hardly disturbed him at all (interpolated latency period). When he first masturbated he had an idea that it would result in an injury to someone he was fond of (his cousin). He therefore pronounced a protective formula constructed as we already know [p. 260] from extracts from various short prayers and fitted with an isolated 'amen'. We examined it. It was Glejisamen:—

gl = *glückliche* [happy], i.e. may L [Lorenz] be happy; also, [may] all [be happy].

[1] [Freud's exclamation marks refer to the fact that this had been the name of a girl by whom he himself had been greatly attracted in his school-days during his first return visit to his birth-place in Moravia. The episode is described (though attributed to an anonymous patient) in Freud's paper on screen memories (1899*a*). See also p. 28 of the first volume of Ernest Jones's biography of Freud.]

e = (meaning forgotten).
j = *jetzt und immer* [now and ever].
i (present faintly beside the j).
s (meaning forgotten).

It is easy to see that this word is made up of

GISELA
S AMEN

and that he united his '*Samen*' ['semen'] with the body of his beloved, i.e. putting it bluntly, had masturbated with her image. He was of course convinced and added that sometimes the formula had secondarily taken the shape of Giselamen, but that he had only regarded this as being an assimilation to his lady's name (an inverted misunderstanding).

Next day he came in a state of deep depression, and wanted to talk about indifferent subjects; but he soon admitted that he was in a crisis. The most frightful thing had occurred to his mind while he was in the tram yesterday. It was quite impossible to say it. His cure would not be worth such a sacrifice. I should turn him out, for it concerned the transference. Why should I put up with such a thing? None of the explanations I gave him about the transference (which did not sound at all strange to him) had any effect. It was only after a forty minutes' struggle—as it seemed to me—and after I had revealed the element of revenge against me and had shown him that by refusing to tell me and by giving up the treatment he would be taking a more outright revenge on me than by telling me—only after this did he give me to understand that it concerned my daughter. With this, the session came to an end.

It was still hard enough. After a struggle and assertions by him that my undertaking to show that all the material concerned only himself looked like anxiety on my part, he surrendered the first of his ideas.

(*a*) A naked female bottom, with nits (larvae of lice) in the hair.

Source. A scene with his sister Julie which he had forgotten in his confession to me. After their romp she had thrown herself back on the bed in such a way that he saw those parts of her form in front—without lice of course. As regards the lice, he confirmed my suggestion that the word 'nits' indicated that something similar had once occurred long ago in the nursery.

The themes are clear. Punishment for the pleasure he felt at the sight, asceticism making use of the technique of disgust, anger with me for forcing him to [become aware of] this; hence the transference-thought, 'No doubt the same thing happens among your children.' (He has heard of a daughter of mine and knows I have a son. Many phantasies of being unfaithful to Gisa with this daughter and punishment for this.)

After quieting down and a short struggle he made a further difficult start on a whole series of ideas which, however, impressed him differently. He realized that he had no need to make use of the transference in their case, but the influence of the first case had made all the others go into the transference.

[?(*b*)] My mother's body naked. Two swords sticking into her breast from the side (like a decoration, he said later—following the Lucrece *motif*).[1] The lower part of her body and especially her genitals had been entirely eaten up by me and the children.

Source, easy. His cousin's grandmother (he scarcely remembers his own). He came into the room once as she was undressing and she cried out. I said that he must no doubt have felt curiosity about her body. In reply he told me a

[1] [Lucrece was the Roman matron who stabbed herself after being raped by Sextus Tarquinius. The scene has been a favourite subject for paintings; but the reference here remains obscure.]

dream. He had it at the time when he thought his cousin was too old for him. In it, his cousin led him up to the bed-side of his grandmother, whose body and genitals were exposed, and showed him how beautiful she still was at ninety (wish-fulfilment).

The two swords were the Japanese ones of his dreams: marriage and copulation. The meaning is clear. He had allowed himself to be led astray by a metaphor. Was not the content the idea that a woman's beauty was consumed—eaten up—by sexual intercourse and child-birth? This time he himself laughed.

He had a picture of one of the deputy judges, a dirty fellow. He imagined him naked, and a woman was practising '*minette*' [*fellatio*] with him. Again my daughter! The dirty fellow was himself—he hopes soon to become a deputy judge himself, so as to be able to marry. He had heard of *minette* with horror; but once when he was with the girl in Trieste he pulled himself so far up her that it was an invitation for her to do it to him, but this did not happen. I repeated my lecture of last Saturday on the perversions.

Nov. 22.—Cheerful, but became depressed when I brought him back to the subject. A fresh transference:— My mother was dead. He was anxious to offer his condolences, but was afraid that in doing so an impertinent laugh might break out as had repeatedly happened before in the case of a death. He preferred, therefore, to leave a card on me with 'p.c.' written on it; and this turned into a 'p.f.' [p. 193 *n.*].

'Hasn't it ever occurred to you that if your mother died you would be freed from all conflicts, since you would be able to marry?' 'You are taking a revenge on me' he said. 'You are forcing me into this, because you want to revenge yourself on me.'

He agreed that his walking about the room while he was making these confessions was because he was afraid of being

beaten by me. The reason he had alleged was delicacy of feeling—that he could not lie comfortably there while he was saying these dreadful things to me. Moreover, he kept hitting himself while he was making these admissions which he still found so difficult.

'Now you'll turn me out.' It was a question of a picture of me and my wife in bed with a dead child lying between us. He knew the origin of this. When he was a little boy (age uncertain, perhaps 5 or 6) he was lying between his father and mother and wetted the bed, upon which his father beat him and turned him out. The dead child can only be his sister Katherine, he must have gained by her death. The scene occurred, as he confirmed, after her death.

His demeanour during all this was that of a man in desperation and one who was trying to save himself from blows of terrific violence; he buried his head in his hands, rushed away, covered his face with his arm, etc. He told me that his father had a passionate temper, and then did not know what he was doing.

Another horrible idea—of ordering me to bring my daughter into the room, so that he could lick her, saying 'bring in the *Miessnick*'.[1] He associated to this a story about a friend who wanted to bring up guns against the café that he used to visit but who wanted first to save the excellent and very ugly waiter with the words, '*Miessnick*, come out'. He was a *Miessnick* compared with his younger brother. [P. 184.]

Also play on my name: '*Freudenhaus-Mädchen*' ['girls belonging to a House of Joy'—i.e. prostitutes].

Nov. 23.—Next session was filled with the most frightful transferences, which he found the most tremendous difficulty in reporting. My mother was standing in despair while all her children were being hanged. He reminded me of his father's prophecy that he would be a great criminal [p. 265]. I was

[1] [A Jewish term meaning 'ugly creature'.]

not able to guess the explanation he produced for having the phantasy. He knew, he said, that a great misfortune had once befallen my family: a brother of mine, who was a waiter, had committed a murder in Budapest and been executed for it. I asked him with a laugh how he knew that, whereupon his whole affect collapsed. He explained that his brother-in-law, who knows my brother, had told him this, as evidence that education went for nothing and that heredity was all. His brother-in-law, he added, had a habit of making things up, and had found the paragraph in an old number of the *Presse* [the well-known Vienna newspaper]. He was referring, as I know, to a Leopold Freud, the train-murderer, whose crime dates back to my third or fourth year. I assured him that we never had any relatives in Budapest. He was much relieved and confessed that he had started the analysis with a good deal of mistrust on account of this.

Nov. 25.—He had thought that if there were murderous impulses in my family, I should fall upon him like a beast of prey to search out what was evil in him. He was quite gay and cheerful to-day and told me that his brother-in-law was constantly making up things like this. He at once went on to discover the explanation—that his brother-in-law had not forgotten the stigma attached to his own family, for his father had fled to America on account of fraudulent debts. The patient thought that that was why he had not been made Lecturer in Botany at the University. A moment later he found the explanation of all his hostility to my family. His sister Julie had once remarked that Alex [Freud's brother] would be the right husband for Gisa. Hence his fury. (Just as with the officers.)

Next a dream. He was standing on a hill with a gun which he was training on a town which could be seen from where he was, surrounded by a number of horizontal walls. His father was beside him and they discussed the period in which

the town was built—the Ancient East or the German Middle Ages. (It was certain that it was not altogether real.) The horizontal walls then turned into vertical ones which stood up in the air like strings. He tried to demonstrate something upon them, but the strings were not stiff enough and kept on falling down. Addendum; analysis.

Nov. 26.—He interrupted the analysis of the dream to tell me some transferences. A number of children were lying on the ground, and he went up to each of them and did something into their mouths. One of them, my son (his brother who had eaten excrement when he was two years old), still had brown marks round his mouth and was licking his lips as though it was something very nice. A change followed: it was I, and I was doing it to my mother.

This reminded him of a phantasy in which he thought that a badly behaved [female] cousin of his was not even worthy that Gisa should do her business into her mouth, and the picture had then been reversed. Pride and high regard lay behind this. A further recollection that his father was very coarse and liked using words like 'arse' and 'shit', at which his mother always showed signs of being horrified. He once tried to imitate his father, and this involved him in a crime which went unpunished. He was a dirty pig, so once, when he was eleven, his mother decided to give him a thorough good wash. He wept for shame and said, 'Where are you going to scrub me next? On the arse?' This would have brought down the most severe chastisement on him from his father, if his mother had not saved him.

His family pride, to which he admitted with a laugh, probably went along with this self-esteem. 'After all, the Lorenzes are the only nice people,' said one of his sisters. His eldest brother-in-law had become used to it and joked about it. He would be sorry if he were to despise his brothers-in-law simply on account of their families. (Contrast between

his own father and those of his brothers-in-law.) His father was a first cousin of his mother, both in very humble circumstances, and he used in a joking way to give an exaggerated picture of the conditions they lived in when they were young. His hatred of me, accordingly, was a special case of his hatred of brothers-in-law.

Yesterday, after having come to the assistance of an epileptic, he was afraid of having an attack of rage. He was furious with his cousin and hurt her feelings by a number of innuendos. Why was he in a rage? Afterwards he had a fit of crying in front of her and his sister.

A further dream in connection with this.

(Aged 29.) A most wonderful anal phantasy. He was lying on his back on a girl (my daughter) and was copulating with her by means of the stool hanging from his anus. This pointed directly to Julie, to whom he said 'nothing about you would be disgusting to me'. During the night he had a severe struggle. He did not know what it was about. It turned out to be about whether he should marry his cousin or my daughter. This oscillation can easily be traced back to one between two of his sisters.

A phantasy that if he won the first prize in the lottery he would marry his cousin and spit in my face showed that he thought that I desired to have him as a son-in-law.—He was probably one of those infants who retain their faeces.

He had an invitation to-day to a *rendezvous*. The thought 'rats' at once occurred to him. In connection with this he told me that when he first met him, Lieutenant D., the step-father, related how, when he was a boy, he went about firing a Flaubert pistol [1] at every living thing and shot himself or his brother in the leg. He remembered this on a later visit when he saw a large rat, but the lieutenant did not. He was always saying 'I will shoot you'. Captain Novak must

[1] [A well-known brand of fire-arm. The name should be spelt 'Flobert'.]

have reminded him of Lieutenant D., especially as he was in the same regiment as D. had been and the latter said 'I ought to have been a captain by now'.—It was another officer who mentioned the name Gisela; Novak had mentioned the name Hertz [p. 277].—D. is syphilitic, and it was on this account that the marriage broke down. The patient's aunt is still afraid of having been infected. Rats signify fear of syphilis.

Nov. 29.—He has had a great deal of annoyance over money matters with his friends (giving security, etc.). He would dislike it very much if the situation turned in the direction of money. Rats have a special connection with money. When yesterday he borrowed two florins from his sister, he thought 'for each florin a rat'. When at our first interview I told him my fees he said to himself, 'For each *krone* a rat for the children'. Now '*Ratten*' ['rats'] really meant to him '*Raten*' ['instalments']. He pronounced the words alike,[1] and he justified this by saying that the 'a' in '*ratum*' (from '*reor*') is short; and he was once corrected by a lawyer, who pointed out that '*Ratten*' and '*Raten*' are not the same. A year before, he had offered security for a friend who had to pay a sum of money in twenty instalments, and had got the creditor to promise that he would let him know when each instalment fell due so that he should not become liable under the terms of the agreement to pay the whole amount in one sum. So that money and syphilis converge in 'rats'. He now pays in rats.—Rat currency.

Still more about syphilis. Evidently the idea of syphilis gnawing and eating had reminded him of rats. He in fact gave a number of sources for this, especially from his time of military service, where the subject was discussed. (Analogy with the transferences about genitals having been eaten up

[1] [Normally the 'a' in '*Ratten*' is pronounced short, and the 'a' in '*Raten*' long; the German '*Rate*' is derived from '*ratum*', past participle of the Latin '*reor*', 'I calculate'.]

[p. 282].) He had always heard that all soldiers were syphilitic, hence dread of the officer mentioning the name Gisela.

Military life reminded him not only of D. but of his father, who was in the army so long. The idea that his father was syphilitic was not so unfamiliar to him. He had often thought of it. He told me a number of stories of his father's gay life while he was serving. He had often thought that the nervous troubles of all of them might perhaps be due to his father having syphilis.

The rat-idea, as relating to his cousin, ran accordingly:—Fear that she was infected by her step-father; behind this, that she had been made ill by her own father, and behind this again the logical and rational fear that, being the child of a general paralytic, she herself was diseased (he had known of this correlation for years). The outbreak of his illness after his uncle's complaint [p. 274] can now be understood in another way. It must have meant the fulfilment of a wish that his own father should also be syphilitic, so that he might have nothing to reproach his cousin with and might marry her after all.

Nov. 30.—More rat-stories; but, as he admitted in the end, he had only collected them in order to evade the transference phantasies which had come up in the meantime and which, as he saw, expressed remorse about the *rendezvous* due for to-day.

Postscript. His cousin and her uncle X. from New York, while they were on a railway journey, found a rat's tail in a sausage, and both of them vomited for hours. (Was he gloating over this?)

New material. Disgusting rat-stories. He knows that rats act as carriers of many infectious diseases. In the Fugbachgasse there was a view over a courtyard into the engine house of the Roman baths. He saw them catching rats and heard

that they threw them into the boiler. There were a lot of cats there, too, which made a fearful caterwauling, and once he saw a workman beating something in a sack against the ground. He enquired and was told that it was a cat and that it was thrown into the boiler afterwards.

Other stories of cruelty followed, which finally centred on his father. The sight of the cat gave him the idea that his father was in the sack. When his father was serving with the army, corporal punishment was still in force. He described how he had once and once only, in a fit of temper, struck a recruit with the butt-end of his rifle, and he had fallen down. His father had gone in a great deal for lotteries. One of his fellow-soldiers was in the habit of spending all his money in this way; his father once found a bit of paper which this man had thrown away and on which two numbers were written. He put his money on these numbers and won on both of them. He drew his winnings while he was on the march and ran to catch up the column with the florins jingling in his cartridge pouch. What a cruel irony that the other man had never won anything! On one occasion, his father had ten florins of regimental money in his hands to meet certain expenses. He lost some of it in a game of cards with some other men, let himself be tempted to go on playing and lost the whole of it. He lamented to one of his companions that he would have to shoot himself. 'By all means shoot yourself,' said the other, 'a man who does a thing like this ought to shoot himself,' but then lent him the money. After ending his military service, his father tried to find the man, but failed. (Did he ever pay him back?)

His mother was brought up by the Rubenskys as an adopted daughter, but was very badly treated. She told how one of the sons was so sensitive that he cut off chickens' heads in order to harden himself. This was obviously only an excuse, and it excited him very much.—A dream-picture of a big fat rat which had a name and behaved like a domestic

animal. This reminded him at once of one of the two rats (this was the first time he said there were only two) which, according to Captain Novak's story, were put in the pot. Furthermore, rats were responsible for his having gone to Salzburg. His mother related of the same Rubensky how he had once 'koshered' a cat by putting it in the oven and then skinning it. This made him feel so bad that his brother-in-law advised him in a friendly way to do something for his health. His attention is so much fixed on rats that he finds them everywhere. On the occasion when he returned from the manœuvres, he found that Dr. Springer[1] had a colleague with him whom he introduced as Dr. Ratzenstein. The first performance he went to was the *Meistersinger*, where he heard the name of 'David' repeatedly called out. He had used the David *motif* as an exclamation in his family.[2] When he repeats his magic formula 'Gleijsamen' now he adds 'without rats', though he pictures it as spelt with one 't' [see p. 288]. He produced this material, and more besides, fluently. The connections are superficial and deeper ones are concealed; evidently he had prepared this as an admission, in order to cover something else. This material seems to contain the connection of money and cruelty, on the one hand with rats, and on the other with his father, and it must point towards his father's marriage. He told another anecdote. When, not many years ago, his father came back from Gleichenberg,[3] he said to his mother, after thirty-three years of married life,

[1] [The friend who is mentioned at the beginning of the published case history (p. 159), and whom he visited on his return from the manœuvres (p. 172).]

[2] [David was the name of Lieutenant A. in the published case history (see p. 168), who was said to have paid the charges for the patient's pince-nez. The reference to the patient's family is obscure. The name occurs before in the 'Record' (p. 276), where, however, Freud says that the patient's father's name was *not* David, but Friedrich (a fact confirmed on p. 298). The patient's brother's name seems to have been Hans (p. 313).]

[3] [The Styrian spa.]

that he had seen such an incredible number of bad wives that he must beg her to assure him that she had never been unfaithful to him. When she objected, he said he would only believe her if she swore it on their children's lives; and after she had done so, he was pacified. He thinks highly of his father for this as a sign of his frankness, like his admission of ill-treating the soldier or his lapse over a card-game.—There is important material behind this. The rat-story becomes more and more a nodal point.

Dec. 8.—Much change in the course of one week. His spirits rose greatly on account of his *rendezvous* with the dress-maker, though this ended in a premature ejaculation. Soon afterwards he became gloomy, and this came out in trans-ferences in the treatment. During his meeting with the girl there were only slight indications of the rat-sanction. He felt inclined to refrain from using the fingers that had touched the girl, when he took a cigarette from the cigarette-case given him by his cousin, but he resisted the inclination. More details about his father, his coarseness. His mother called him a 'common fellow' because he was in the habit of breaking wind openly.

Our pursuit of the treatment-transference led along many devious paths. He described a temptation whose significance he seemed to be unaware of. A relative of Rubensky had offered to fit up an office for him in the neighbourhood of the Cattle Market as soon as he had got his doctor's degree—which was at the time only a few months off—and to find him clients there. This fitted in with his mother's old scheme for him to marry one of R.'s daughters, a charming girl who is now seventeen. He had no notion that it was in order to evade this conflict that he took flight into illness—a flight which was facilitated by the infantile problem of his choice between an elder and a younger sister and by his regression to the story of his father's marriage. His father used to give a

humorous account of his courtship, and his mother would occasionally chaff him by telling how he had earlier on been the suitor of a butcher's daughter. It seemed to him an intolerable idea that his father might have abandoned his love in order to secure his future by an alliance with R. He developed great irritation with me, which was expressed in insults which it was highly distressing for him to utter. He accused me of picking my nose, refused to shake hands with me, thought that a filthy swine like me needed to be taught manners and considered that the postcard I had sent him, and had signed 'cordially', was too intimate.

He was clearly struggling against phantasies of being tempted to marry my daughter instead of his cousin, and against insults to my wife and daughter. One of his transferences was straight out that Frau Prof. F. should lick his arse—a revolt against a grander family. Another time he saw my daughter with two patches of dung in the place of eyes. This means that he has not fallen in love with her eyes, but with her money. Emmy [the girl his mother wanted him to marry] has particularly beautiful eyes. In recent days, he has stood up manfully against his mother's lamentation over his having spent 30 florins of pocket-money during the last month instead of 16.

The theme of the rats has lacked any element directed towards his mother, evidently because there is very strong resistance [1] in relation to her. In equating '*Ratten*' and '*Raten*', he was, among other things, laughing at his father. His father had once said to his friend 'I am only a *Laue*' instead of a '*Laie*'.[2] This, like any other sign of his father's lack of education, greatly embarrassed him. His father made occasional attempts at economizing, along with efforts to institute a Spartan *régime*, but he always gave them up after a short time. It is his mother who is the economical one, but she sets

[1] [The reading of the MS. is doubtful at this point.]
[2] ['*Laie*' = layman; '*lau*' = 'tepid'.]

store by comfort in the house. The way in which the patient secretly supports his friend is an identification with his father who behaved in just the same way to their first lodger, whose rent he used to pay, and to other people, too. In point of fact he was a very genuine, downright, kindly man, with a sense of humour, and normally the patient thoroughly appreciated these qualities. Nevertheless, with his over-refined attitude, he was manifestly ashamed of his father's simple and soldierly nature.

Dec. 9.—Cheerful, is falling in love with the girl—talkative —a dream with a neologism, general staff map of WŁK (Polish word).[1] We must go into this tomorrow. Vielka = [in Polish] 'old', L = Lorenz, Gl = abbreviation of Glejsamen [p. 280] = Gisela Lorenz.

Dec. 10.—He told me the whole dream, but understands nothing about it; on the other hand he gave me a few associations to WŁK. My idea that this meant a W.C. not confirmed; but with W ['vay'] he associated a song sung by his sister '*In meinem Herzen sitzt ein grosses Weh*'[2] [also pronounced 'vay']. This had often struck him as very comic, and he could not help picturing a big W.

His defensive formula against compulsions is, he tells me, an emphatic '*aber*' ['but']. Recently (only since the treatment?) he has stressed it '*abér*' [the word is normally stressed '*áber*']. He said he had explained this wrong accentuation to himself as serving to strengthen the mute 'e' which was not a sufficient protection against intrusions. It now occurred to him that perhaps the '*abér*' stood for '*Abwehr*' ['defence'] where the missing W was to be found in the WŁK.

His formula 'Glejsamen', in which in a happy hour he

[1] [These letters would be pronounced in German like the English 'vay-ell-ka'.]

[2] ['In my heart there sits a big sorrow.']

fixed by a magic spell what was henceforth to continue unchanged, had held good, he said, for quite a time. But it was nevertheless exposed to the enemy, that is, a reversal into its opposite, and for that reason he endeavoured to shorten it still more, and had replaced it—for reasons unknown—by a short '*Wie*' ['how' pronounced as English 'vee'].

The K corresponds to the '*vielka*' [pronounced as English 'vee-ell-ka'] = 'old'. It also reminded him of his anxiety when at school the letter K [i.e. boys whose name began with a K] was being examined, since it meant that his L was getting very near. It would thus correspond to a wish that K should come after L, so that L would already be passed.

Great reduction in the patient's treatment-transferences. He is much afraid of meeting my daughter. Quite unsuspectingly he told me that one of his testes was undescended, though his potency is very good. In a dream he had met a captain who only had his badge of rank on the right side and one of the three stars was hanging down. He pointed out the analogy with his cousin's operation [pp. 216–17].

Dec. 12.—His 'dirty' transferences continued and more are announced. He turns out to be a *renifleur*. In his youth he was able to recognize people by the smell of their clothes; he could distinguish family smells, and he got positive pleasure from the smell of women's hair. It further appears that he has made a transference of the unconscious struggle which made him fall ill, by displacing his love for his cousin on to the dressmaker; and he is now making the latter compete with my daughter, who figures as the rich and respectable match. His potency with the dressmaker is excellent. To-day he ventured to attack the subject of his mother. He had a very early recollection of her lying on the sofa; she sat up, took something yellow out from under her dress and put it on a chair. At the time he wanted to touch it; but, as he recollected

it, it was horrible. Later the thing turned into a secretion, and this led to a transference of all the female members of my family being choked in a sea of revolting secretion of every kind. He assumed that all women had disgusting secretions and was astonished afterwards at finding they were absent in his two *liaisons*. His mother suffered from an abdominal affection and now has a bad smell from her genitals, which makes him very angry. She herself says that she stinks unless she has frequent baths, but that she cannot afford it, and this appals him.

He told me two charming stories of children. One was about a little girl of five or six who was very curious about Santa Claus. She pretended to be asleep and saw her father and mother filling shoes and stockings with apples and pears. Next morning she said to her governess, 'There's no Santa Claus. Daddy and Mummy do it. Now I don't believe in anything at all any more, not even in the stork. Daddy and Mummy do that, too.' The other story was about his little nephew aged seven. He is a great coward and is frightened of dogs. His father said to him, 'What would you do if *two* dogs came along?' 'I'm not afraid of two. They'd smell each other's bottoms so long that I'd have time to run away.'

Dec. 14.—He is getting on well with the girl, for her naturalness pleases him and he is very potent with her; but it is clear from instances of less severe compulsion which he has brought up that a hostile current of feeling against his mother is present, which he is reacting to with exaggerated consideration for her and which is derived from her educational strictures, especially about his dirtiness. Anecdote of his mother eructating; and he had said, aged twelve, that he could not eat on account of his parents.

Dec. 16.—While he was with the dressmaker he thought 'for every copulation a rat for my cousin'. This shows that

rats are something which is payable. The sentence is the product of a compromise between friendly and hostile currents of feeling; for (*a*) every copulation of this kind paves the way for one with his cousin, and (*b*) every copulation is done in defiance of her and to make her angry.

The picture is made up of clear conscious ideas, phantasies, deliria [p. 222], compulsive associations and transferences.

He told me of a 'terrifying' experience in connection with the rat-story. On one occasion, before he fell ill, while he was visiting his father's grave, he saw a beast like a rat gliding past it. (No doubt it was a weasel, of which there are so many there.) He assumed—as might seem very likely—that the creature had just been having a meal off his father. His ideas in his *Ucs.* about survival after death are as consistently materialistic as those of the Ancient Egyptians. This is bound up with his illusion after Captain N.'s speech about the rats that he saw the ground heave in front of him as though there was a rat under it, which he took as an omen. He had no suspicion of the connection.

Dec. 19.—His miserliness is now explained. He was convinced, from a remark which his mother let fall to the effect that her connection with Rubensky was worth more than a dowry, that his father had married her and abandoned his love for his material advantage. This, together with his recollection of his father's financial embarrassment during his military service, made him detest the poverty which drives people into such crimes. In this way his low opinion of his mother found satisfaction. He economized, therefore, so as not to have to betray his love. For this reason, too, he hands over all his money to his mother, because he does not want to have anything from her; it belongs to her and there is no blessing on it.

He gets everything that is bad in his nature, he says, from his mother's side. His maternal grandfather was a brutal man

who ill-treated his wife. All his brothers and sisters have, like him, gone through a great process of transformation from bad children to very worthy people. This was least true of his brother, who was like a parvenu.

Dec. 21.—He has been identifying himself with his mother in his behaviour and treatment-transferences. Behaviour:— Silly remarks all day long, taking pains to say disagreeable things to all his sisters, critical comments on his aunt and cousin. Transferences:— He had the idea of saying he did not understand me, and had the thought, '20 *kronen* are enough for the *Parch*',[1] etc. He confirmed my construction by saying that he used identically the same words as his mother about his cousin's family. It seems likely that he is also identifying himself with his mother in his criticisms of his father and is thus continuing the differences between his parents within himself. In a dream (an old one) which he told me he drew a direct parallel between his own reasons for hating his father and his mother's:—His father had come back. He was not surprised at this. (Strength of his wish.) He was immensely pleased. His mother said reproachfully, 'Friedrich, why is it such a long time since we've heard from you?' He thought that they would have to cut down expenses after all, as there would be an extra person living in the house now. This thought was in revenge against his father who, he had been told, was in despair over his birth, as he was over each new baby. Something else lay behind this, viz. that his father liked having his permission asked, as though he wanted to abuse his power, although perhaps he was really only enjoying the feeling that everything came from him. His mother's complaint went back to a story of hers that once, when she was in the country, he wrote so seldom that she came back to Vienna to see what was going on. In other words, a complaint at being badly treated.

[1] [A Jewish term for a futile person.]

Dec. 23.—Greatly upset by Dr. Pr. falling ill again. Dr. Pr.'s character is similar to his father's—a man of honour in spite of his roughness. The patient is going through just what he did when his father was ill. Incidentally, the illness is the same—emphysema. Moreover, his regrets are not unmixed with feelings of revenge. He can see that this is so, from phantasies of Pr. being dead already. The reason for these feelings may be his having been reproached for a long time in the family for not having insisted strongly enough on his father's retiring from work. The rat-sanction extends to Pr. as well. It occurred to him that a few days before his father's death Pr. said that he himself was ill and intended to hand the case over to Dr. Schmidt. This was evidently because the case was a hopeless one and affected him too deeply on account of his intimate friendship. At that time the patient had thought, 'The rats are leaving the sinking ship'. He had the notion that his wish was killing Pr. and that he could keep him alive—an idea of his omnipotence. He thought that a wish of his had actually kept his cousin alive on two occasions. One of these was last year, when she suffered from sleeplessness and he stayed up all night and she in fact slept better for the first time that night. The other time was when she was suffering from her attacks; whenever she was verging on a state of insensibility, he was able to keep her awake by saying something that would interest her. She reacted, too, to his remarks even while she was in that state.

What is the origin of his idea of his omnipotence? I believe it dates back to the first death in his family, that of Katherine—about which he had three memories [p. 264]. He corrected and enlarged the first of these. He saw her being carried to bed, not by her father, and before it was known that she was ill. For her father was scolding and she was being carried away from her parents' bed. She had for a long time been complaining of feeling tired, which was disregarded. But once, when Dr. Pr. was examining her, he turned pale.

He diagnosed a carcinoma (?) to which she later succumbed. While I was discussing the possible reasons for his feeling guilty of her death, he took up another point which was also important because here again he had not previously recalled his omnipotence idea. When he was twenty years old, they employed a dressmaker, to whom he repeatedly made aggressive advances but whom he did not really care for, because she made demands and had an excessive desire to be loved. She complained that people did not like her; she asked him to assure her that he was fond of her and was in despair when he flatly refused. A few weeks later she threw herself out of the window. He said she would not have done it if he had entered into the *liaison*. Thus one's omnipotence is manifested when one gives or withholds one's love, in so far as one possesses the power to make someone happy.

The next day he felt surprised that after making this discovery he had no remorse, but he reflected that it was in fact already there. (Excellent!)

He then proposed to give a historical account of his obsessional ideas. He had his first one in Dec. 1902 when he suddenly thought he must take his examination by a certain date, Jan. 1903, and this he did. (After his aunt's death and his self-reproaches on account of his father's strictures.) He understands this perfectly as being a deferred industriousness. His father had always been upset because he was not industrious. His idea was, accordingly, that if his father were alive he would be harmed by his laziness, and the same is true now. I pointed out to him that this attempt to deny the reality of his father's death is the basis of his whole neurosis. In Feb. 1903, after the death of an uncle, about whom he felt indifferent, there was a fresh onset of self-reproaches for having slept through the night [of his father's death]. Extreme despair, suicidal ideas, horror at the thought of his own death. What, he wondered, did dying mean? It was as though the sound of the word must tell him. How frightful it must be not

to see or hear or feel anything. He completely failed to notice his faulty conclusion and he escaped from these thoughts by assuming that there must be a next world and an immortality. During the summer of the same year, 1903, while he was in a boat crossing the Mondsee, he had a sudden idea of jumping into the water. He was coming back with Julie from a visit to Dr. E. with whom she was in love. In the course of thinking what he would do for his father, he began by having a hypothetical idea, 'if you had to throw yourself into the water in order that no harm might come to him . . .', and this was at once followed by a positive command [to the same effect]. This was analogous, even in its actual phrasing, to his reflections before his father's death as to whether he would give up everything to save him. Hence there was some parallel with his cousin who had treated him badly for the second time during that summer. His fury against her had been tremendous, he remembers suddenly thinking as he lay on the sofa, 'she is a whore', which greatly horrified him. He no longer doubts that he had to expiate similar feelings of rage against his father. His fears were at that time already oscillating between his father and his cousin ('whore' seems to imply a comparison with his mother). The command to jump into the water can thus only have come from his cousin —he was her unsuccessful lover.

Dec. 27.—He began with a correction. It was in Dec. 1902 that he told his friend of his self-reproaches. He took his examination in January and did not at that time give himself any fixed date, as he had wrongly thought; this did not happen till 1903, the date being for July.

In the Spring [?1903] he felt violent self-reproaches (why?). A detail brought the answer. He suddenly fell on his knees, conjured up pious feelings and determined to believe in the next world and immortality. This involved Christianity and going to church in Unterach after he had called his cousin a

whore. His father had never consented to be baptized, but much regretted that his forefathers had not relieved him of this unpleasant business. He had often told the patient that he would make no objections if he wanted to become a Christian. Might it be, perhaps, I asked, that a Christian girl had appeared just then as a rival to his cousin? 'No.' 'The Rubenskys are Jews, are they not?' 'Yes, and professing ones.' Indeed, if he had become a Christian it would have meant the end of the whole R. scheme. So, I replied, his kneeling must have been directed against the R. scheme and he must therefore have known of this plan before the scene of the kneeling. He thought not but admitted that there was something he was not clear about. What he definitely remembered was the inception of the scheme—his going with his cousin (and future brother-in-law) Bob St. to visit the R.'s where the plan was mentioned of their being established near the Cattle Market, St. as a lawyer and he as his clerk. St. had insulted him over this. In the course of the conversation he had said 'Mind you're ready by then'. It remains quite possible that his mother had told him of the scheme months before.

He told me that during the Spring of 1903 he had been slack at his studies. He drew up a time-table, but only worked in the evening till twelve or one o'clock. He read for hours then but took in none of it. At this point he interpolated a recollection that in 1900 he had taken an oath never to masturbate again—the only one he remembers. At this time, however, he used, after he had been reading, to turn on a great deal of light in the hall and closet, take off all his clothes and look at himself in front of the looking-glass. He felt some concern as to whether his penis was too small, and during these performances he had some degree of erection, which reassured him. He also sometimes put a mirror between his legs. Moreover he used at that time to have an illusion that someone was knocking at the front door. He thought it was

his father trying to get into the flat, and that if the door was not opened he would feel that he was not wanted and would go away again. He thought he often came and knocked. He went on doing this till at last he got frightened at the pathological nature of this idea and freed himself from it by means of the thought 'if I do this, it will do my father harm'.

All of this was disconnected and unintelligible. It falls into place if we suppose that for superstitious reasons he expected a visit from his father between 12 and 1 a.m. and thus arranged to do his work at night so that his father should come upon him while he was working; but that then—after an isolating interval of time and a [ ] [1] of uncertainty about time—he carried out what he himself regarded as a substitute for masturbation, and thus defied his father. He confirmed the first of these points, and as regards the second, said he had a feeling as though it were connected with some obscure childhood memory, which, however, did not emerge.

On the evening before he started for the country, at the beginning or middle of June, there occurred the scene of farewell with his cousin who had come home with X., in which he felt he had been disowned by her. During the first weeks of his stay in Unterach [2] he peered through the cracks in the wall of the bathing cabin and saw a quite young girl naked. He suffered the most distressing self-reproaches, wondering how it would affect her if she was aware of being spied upon.

This consecutive account of events swallowed up any reference to current happenings.

Dec. 28.—He was hungry and was fed.

Continuation of his story. Compulsion at Unterach. It suddenly occurred to him that he must make himself slimmer. He began to get up from table—of course he left his pudding—and to run about in the sun till he dripped with

[1] [Word in MS. illegible.]

[2] [In Upper Austria. The Mondsee is a lake close by.]

perspiration. Then he would pause and afterwards have further bouts of running. He dashed up mountains in this way, too. On the edge of a steep precipice he had the idea of jumping over. This would of course have meant his death. He went on to a memory of his military service. During that time he had not found mountain-climbing easy. During winter manœuvres on the Exelberg [1] he lagged behind, and he tried to spur himself on by imagining that his cousin was standing at the top of the mountain and waiting for him. But this failed in its effect and he continued to lag behind until he found himself among the men who had fallen out. He thought that during his military service—in the year in which his father died—his first obsessions were all hypothetical: 'If you were to do something insubordinate.' He pictured situations as though to take the measure of his love of his father. If he was marching in the ranks and saw his father collapse before his eyes, would he fall out and run up to him to help him? (Recollection of his father pocketing his winnings and running to catch up) [p. 290]. The origin of this phantasy was passing his home on a march from the barracks. During the first difficult weeks after his father's death he had been unable to see his people, as at that time he was confined to barracks for 3 weeks. He had not got on well in the army. He was apathetic and ineffective, and he had a lieutenant who was a bully and who struck them with the flat of his sword if they failed to execute certain movements. Recollection that St. once nerved himself to the pitch of saying 'We can manage without the sword, sir'. The man shrank away but then came up to him and said 'next time I shall bring along a horsewhip'. The patient had to suppress a great deal of rage over this; he had a number of phantasies of challenging him to a duel, but gave it up. In some ways he was glad that his father was no longer alive. As an old soldier he would have been very much upset. His father had provided him with an introduction.

[1] [MS. reading uncertain.]

When the patient showed him a list of his officers his father recognized one of the names—the son of an officer under whom he himself had served—and wrote to him. There followed a story of this officer's father. Once, when, at Pressburg, the train could not enter the station owing to a heavy fall of snow, the patient's father armed the Jews with spades, though they were as a rule forbidden access to the market. The officer who was in charge of the commissariat at that time came up to him and said, 'Well done, old comrade, that was a good job', whereupon his father retorted 'You rotter! You call me "old comrade" now because I have helped you, but you treated me very differently in the past.'

(There is evidently an effort to please his father by running.)

Another compulsion at Unterach under the influence of his being disowned by his cousin: compulsion to talk. As a rule he does not talk much to his mother, but now he forced himself while he was on a walk with her to talk incessantly. He passed from one point to another and talked a lot of nonsense. He spoke of it as a general thing, but the example he gave showed that it started from his mother.—A common obsession for counting, e.g. counting up to 40 or 50 between thunder and lightning [p. 259].—A kind of obsession for protecting. When he was with her in a boat in a stiff breeze he had to put his cap on her head. It was as though he had a command that nothing must happen to her.—Obsession for understanding. He forced himself to understand every syllable spoken to him, as though he might be missing some priceless treasure. Accordingly he kept asking: 'What was it you said?' and when it was repeated, it seemed to him that it sounded different the first time and he was very much amused.

This material needs to be brought into relation with his cousin. She had explained to him that what he had regarded as her discouraging him had really been an attempt on her part to protect him from looking ridiculous in front of X.

This explanation must have altered the situation fundamentally. The obsession for protecting evidently expressed remorse and penance. The obsession for understanding also went back to the same situation; for it was these words of hers which had been so precious to him. Actually he had not had this last obsession before his cousin's arrival. It is easy to understand how it became generalized. The other forms of obsession had been there before the *éclaircissement* with his cousin, as he remembers. His counting-anxiety in thunderstorms was in the nature of an oracle, and points to a fear of death—the number of years he would live. Again, his running about in the sun had something suicidal about it, on account of his unhappy love. All of this he confirmed.

Before he left Unterach he told his friend Y. that this time he had a strangely definite feeling that he would not get back to Vienna. From his childhood he has been familiar with clear ideas of suicide. For instance, when he came home with bad school reports which he knew would pain his father. Once, however, when he was eighteen, his mother's sister was visiting them. Her son had shot himself eighteen months earlier on account of an unhappy love affair, it was said, and the patient thought that it was still because of Hilde, with whom the young man had been very much in love at one time, that he had killed himself. This aunt looked so miserable and broken that he swore to himself that, on his mother's account, he would never kill himself whatever happened to him, even if he were disappointed in love. His sister Constanze said to him after he had come back from his run, 'You'll see, Paul, one of these days you'll have a stroke.'

If he had suicidal impulses before the *éclaircissement* they can only have been self-punishments for having wished his cousin dead in his rage. I gave him Zola's *Joie de vivre* to read.[1]

He went on to tell me that on the day on which his cousin

[1] [The hero of this novel was perpetually occupied with thoughts of his own and other people's death.]

left U. he found a stone lying in the roadway and had a phantasy that her carriage might hit up against it and she might come to grief. He therefore put it out of the way, but twenty minutes later it occurred to him that this was absurd and he went back in order to replace the stone in its position. So here again we have a hostile impulse against his cousin remaining alongside a protective one.

Dec. 2[1] [? *Jan.*]—Interruption owing to Dr. Pr.'s illness and death. He treated him like his father, and so arrived at personal relations with him, in which all sorts of hostile elements emerged. Rat-wishes, derived from the fact that he was their family doctor and was paid money by them. 'So many *kreuzers*, so many rats', he said to himself, as he put money into the collection-plate at the funeral. By identifying himself with his mother, he even found grounds for personal hatred against him; for she had reproached him for not having persuaded his father to retire from business. On the way to the cemetery he once again found himself smiling in the strange way which always disturbed him when he attended funerals. He also mentioned a phantasy of Dr. Pr. assaulting his sister Julie sexually. (This was probably envy over medical examinations.) He went on to a memory that his father must have done something he shouldn't have to her when she was ten. He heard screams from the room and then his father came out and said: 'That girl has an arse like a rock.' Strangely enough, his belief that he really nourished feelings of rage against his father has made no progress in spite of his seeing that there was every logical reason for supposing that he had those feelings.

Connected with this, though it is not clear at what point, there was a transference phantasy. Between two women—my wife and my mother—a herring was stretched, extending from the anus of one to that of the other. A girl cut it in two,

[1] [So in the MS.]

upon which the two pieces fell away (as though peeled off). All he could say at first was that he disliked herrings intensely; when he was fed recently [cf. p. 303 *n.*] he had been given a herring and left it untouched. The girl was one he had seen on the stairs and had taken to be my twelve-year-old daughter.

Jan. 2 [*1908*].—(Undisguised expression.) He was surprised at having been so angry this morning when Constanze had invited him to go to the play with her. He promptly wished her the rats and then began to have doubts as to whether he should go or not and as to which of the two decisions would be giving way to a compulsion. Her invitation had upset a *rendezvous* with the dressmaker and a visit to his cousin, who is ill (these were his own words). His depression to-day must be due to his cousin's illness.

Besides this he apparently had only trivialities to report and I was able to say a great deal to him to-day. While he was wishing Constanze the rats he felt a rat gnawing at his own anus and had a visual image of it. I established a connection which throws a fresh light on the rats. After all, he had had worms. What had he been given against them? 'Tablets.' Not enemas as well? He thought he remembered that he had certainly had them too. If so, no doubt he must have objected to them strongly, since a repressed pleasure lay behind them. He agreed to this, too. Before this he must have had a period of itching in his anus. I told him that the story about the herring reminded me very much of the enemas. (He had just before used the phrase '*wächst ihm zum Hals heraus*'. ['He was fed up with it.' Literally, 'it grew out through his throat'.]) Had he not had other worms besides—tape-worms —for which people give you herrings, or heard of this at least? He did not think so, but went on about worms. (While he was in Munich he found a large round-worm in his stool, after having had a dream of standing on a spring-board

which was turning round with him in a circle. This corresponded to the movements of the worm. He had an irresistible call to defaecate immediately after waking.) Once when he was ten he saw his boy cousin defaecating and the latter showed him a big worm in his stool; he was very much disgusted. With this he associated what he described as the greatest fright of his life. When he was rather less than six, his mother had a stuffed bird from a hat, which he borrowed to play with. As he was running along with it in his hands, its wings moved. He was terrified that it had come to life again, and threw it down. I thought of the connection with his sister's death—this scene certainly took place later—and I pointed out how his having thought this (about the bird) made it easier for him to believe afterwards in his father's resurrection.

As he did not react to this, I gave another interpretation of it, namely as an erection caused by the action of his hands. I traced a connection with death from his having been threatened with death at a prehistoric period if he touched himself and brought about an erection of his penis, and suggested that he attributed his sister's death to masturbating. He entered into this to the extent of wondering at his never having managed to masturbate at puberty, in spite of having been troubled with such constant erections even as a child. He described a scene in which he actually showed his mother an erection. He summed up his sexuality as having been content with merely *looking* at [Fräulein] Peter and other women. Whenever he thought of an attractive woman without any clothes on he had an erection. A clear recollection of being in the women's swimming-bath and seeing two girls of twelve and thirteen whose thighs pleased him so much that he had a definite wish for a sister with such lovely thighs. Then followed a homosexual period with male friends; but there was never mutual contact but only looking and at the most pleasure from it. Looking took the place of touching for him.

I reminded him of the scenes in front of the looking-glass after he had been studying at night [p. 302], in which, according to the interpretation, he had masturbated in defiance of his father, after studying in order to please him—in just the same way as his 'God protect him' was followed by a 'not'. We left it at that.

He went on to tell me the worm dream he had had in Munich, and then some information about his rapid stool in the morning, which connected with his transference phantasy about the herring. As an association to the girl who performed the difficult task [of cutting the herring in half] with 'easy virtuosity', he thought of Mizzi Q., a charming little girl who was eight years old at the time when he saw a good deal of her family, and before he himself had got his doctor's degree. He was taking the 6 a.m. train to Salzburg. He was very grumpy because he knew he would soon want to defaecate, and when in fact he felt the urge he made an excuse and got out in the station. He missed the train, and Frau Q. caught him as he was adjusting his clothes. All the rest of the day he felt disgraced in her eyes. At this point he thought of a bull and then broke off. He went on to an ostensibly irrelevant association. At a lecture given by Schweninger and Harden[1] he met Professor Jodl, whom he greatly admired at that time, and actually exchanged a few words with him. But Jodl stands for bull,[2] as he very well knows. Schönthan[3] had written an article at about that time describing a dream in which he was Schweninger and Harden rolled into one, and thus was able to answer all the questions put to him till someone asked him why fishes have no hair.

[1] [Ernst Schweninger (Bismarck's doctor) and Maximilian Harden (the famous German journalist) delivered a lecture jointly in dialogue form on Feb. 5, 1898, in Vienna, on the subject of medicine. No doubt Schönthan's article mentioned below was in the nature of a parody of this lecture.]

[2] [Jodl was professor of psychology. The allusion is unexplained.]

[3] [Well known at the time in Vienna as a writer of light comedies.]

He sweated with fear till an answer occurred to him and he said it was of course well known how greatly scales interfere with the growth of hair and that was why fishes could not have any. This is what determined the appearance of the herring in the transference phantasy. Once when he had told me that his girl had lain on her stomach and her genital hairs were visible from behind, I had said to him that it was a pity that women nowadays gave no care to them and spoke of them as unlovely; and for that reason he was careful that the two women [in the phantasy] should be without hair.

My mother seems to have stood for his grandmother, whom he had never known himself, but he thought of his cousin's grandmother. A house run by two women. When I brought him something to eat he thought at once that it had been prepared by two women [p. 303].

Jan. 3.—If the rat is a worm, it is also a penis. I decided to tell him this. If so, his formula is simply a manifestation of a libidinal urge towards sexual intercourse—an urge characterized both by rage and desire and expressed in archaic terms (going back to the infantile sexual theory of intercourse by the anus). This libidinal urge is as double-sided as the Southern Slav curse of arse-fucking [p. 215]. Before this he told me, in high spirits, the solution of the last phantasy. It was my science that was the child which solved the problem with the gay superiority of 'smiling virtuosity', peeled off the disguises from his ideas and so liberated the two women from his herring-wishes.

After I had told him that a rat was a penis, *via* worm (at which point he at once interpolated 'a little penis')—rat's tail—tail,[1] he had a whole flood of associations, not all of which belonged to the context and most of them coming from the wishful side of the structure. He produced something in

[1] [The German '*Schwanz*', like its English equivalent 'tail', is often used as a vulgar expression for 'penis'. See above, p. 14.]

reference to the prehistory of the rat-idea which he had always regarded as connected with it. Some months before the rat-idea was formed he met a woman in the street whom he at once recognized as a prostitute or at all events as someone who had sexual relations with the man who was with her. She smiled in a peculiar way and he had a strange idea that his cousin was inside her body and that her genitals were placed behind the woman's in such a way that she got something out of it every time the woman copulated. Then his cousin, inside her, blew herself out so that she burst her. Of course this can only mean that the woman was her mother, the patient's Aunt Laura. From these thoughts, which made her not much better than a whore, he finally went on to her brother, his Uncle Alfred, who insulted her straight out and said 'You powder your face like a *chonte*'.[1] This uncle died in frightful pain. After his inhibition he frightened himself with the threat that he himself would be punished in the same way for these thoughts of his. Next came various ideas of having actually wished that his cousin should have sexual intercourse; this had been before the rat-theory with its occasional form of having to attack her with rats. Further, a number of connections with money, and the idea that it had always been his ideal to be in a state of sexual readiness, even immediately after copulating. Perhaps he was thinking of a transposition into the next world? Two years after his father's death his mother told him that she had sworn on his father's grave that in the immediate future she would, by economizing, replace the capital which had been spent. He did not believe that she had taken the oath, but this was the chief motive for his own economizing. Thus he had sworn (in his usual way) that he would not spend more than 50 florins per month in Salzburg. Later he made the inclusion of the words 'in Salzburg' uncertain, so that he might *never* be able to spend more, and *never* be able to marry his cousin. (Like the

[1] [Jewish slang word for 'prostitute'.]

herring-phantasy, this could be traced back *via* Aunt Laura to the hostile current of feeling towards his cousin.) He had another association, however, to the effect that he need not marry his cousin if she only offered herself to him without marriage, and against this, in turn, the objection that if so he would have to pay for every copulation in florins as with the prostitute. Thus he came back to his delirium of 'so many florins, so many rats': i.e. 'so many florins, so many tails (copulations)'.

Of course the whole whore-phantasy goes back to his mother—the suggestions made when he was twelve years old by his boy cousin who maliciously told him that his mother was a whore and made signs like one [p. 277]. His mother's hair is now very thin, and while she combs it he is in the habit of pulling it and calling it a rat's tail.—When he was a child, while his mother was in bed once, she happened to move about carelessly and showed him her behind; and he had the thought that marriage consisted in people showing each other their bottoms. In the course of homosexual games with his brother he was horrified once when, while they were romping together in bed, his brother's penis came into contact with his anus.

Jan. 4.—Cheerful. A large number of further associations, transferences, etc., which we did not interpret for the moment. In connection with the child (my science) who cleared up the herring-slander, he had a phantasy of kicking it, and afterwards of his father smashing a window-pane. Bearing on this he told me an anecdote which gave a reason for his grudge against his father. When he cut his first Scripture lesson at his secondary school and clumsily denied the fact, his father was very much put out, and when the patient complained of Hans hitting him, his father said, 'Quite right, too; give him a kick.' Another kicking anecdote, about Dr. Pr. The patient's brother-in-law Bob St. hesitated a long

time between Julie and Dr. Pr.'s daughter, whose married name is now Z. When a decision had to be made, he was called to a family council and he advised that the girl, who loved him, should put the direct question to him of whether or no. Dr. Pr. said [to her]: 'Very well, if you love him, that's all right. But if to-night' (after her *rendezvous* with him) 'you can show me the mark of his bottom on the sole of your shoe I'll give you a hug.' He did not like him at all. It suddenly occurred to the patient that this marriage story was closely connected with his own Rub. temptation. Pr.'s wife was a Rubensky by birth, and if Bob had married his daughter he would have been the only candidate for the support of the Rubensky family. Continuing about his brother-in-law Bob, he [the patient] said that he [Bob] was very jealous of him. Yesterday there had been scenes with his sister in which he had said this straight out. Even the servants said that she loved him and kissed him [the patient] like a lover, not like a brother. He himself, after having been in the next room with his sister for a while, said to his brother-in-law: 'If Julie has a baby in 9 months' time, you needn't think I am its father; I am innocent.' He had already thought that he ought to behave really badly, so that his sister should have no reason for preferring him in making a choice between husband and brother.

I had told him earlier, by way of clearing up a transference, that he was playing the part of a bad man in relation to me—that is to say, the part of his brother-in-law. This meant, I said to him, that he was sorry not to have Julie as his wife. This transference was the latest of his deliria about behaving badly and he brought it out in a very complicated form. In this transference he thought that I made a profit out of the meal I had given him [p. 303]; for he had lost time through it and the treatment would last longer. As he handed me my fee the thought occurred to him that he ought to pay me for the meal as well, namely 70 *kronen*. This was derived

from a farce at a Budapest music hall, in which a weakly bridegroom offered a waiter 70 *kronen* if he would undertake the first copulation with the bride instead of him.

There were signs that he was afraid that the comments made by his friend Springer about the treatment might make him antagonistic to it. He said that whenever I praised any of his ideas he was always very much pleased; but that a second voice went on to say, 'I snap my fingers at the praise', or, more undisguisedly, 'I shit on it'.

The sexual meaning of rats did not come up to-day. His hostility was far clearer, as though he had a bad conscience about me. His young woman's pubic hairs reminded him of a mouse's skin, and this mouse seemed to him to have something to do with rats. He did not realize that this is the significance of the pet name '*Mausi*', which he himself uses. When he was fourteen, a depraved boy-cousin had shown him and his brother his penis and had said, 'Mine houses in a wood' ['*Meiner hauset in einem Vorwald*'], but he had taken him to say 'mousie' ['*Mausel*'].

Jan. 6 and 7.—He was smiling with sly amusement, as though he had something up his sleeve.

A dream and some scraps. He dreamt that he went to the dentist to have a bad tooth pulled out. He pulled one out, but it was not the right one, but one next to it which only had something slightly wrong with it. When it had come out he was astonished at its size. (Two addenda later.)

He had a carious tooth; it did not ache, however, but was only slightly tender, sometimes. He went to the dentist once to have it filled. The dentist, however, said there was nothing to be done except to extract it. He was not usually a coward, but he was kept back by the idea that somehow or other his pain would damage his cousin, and he refused to have it done. No doubt, he added, he had had some slight sensations in the tooth, which led to the dream.

But, I said, dreams can disregard stronger sensations than these and even actual pain. Did he know the meaning of tooth-dreams? He vaguely remembered that it was something to do with the death of relatives. 'Yes, in a certain sense. Tooth-dreams involve a transposition from a lower to an upper part of the body.' 'How is that?' 'Linguistic usage likens the face to the genitals.' 'But there are no teeth down below.' I made him see that that was precisely why, and I told him, too, that pulling a branch off a tree has the same meaning. He said he knew the phrase, 'pulling one down'.[1] But, he objected, he had not pulled out his tooth himself, but had had it pulled out by someone else. He admitted, however, that with the dressmaker he has felt a temptation to get her to take hold of his penis and has known how to bring this about. When I asked him whether he was already getting bored with her he replied 'Yes', with astonishment. He confessed that he was afraid she would ruin him financially and that he was giving her what was rightfully due to his lady-love. It came out he had behaved very carelessly in his money matters. He had not been keeping accounts, so that he did not know how much a month she was costing him; he had also lent his friend 100 florins. He admitted that I had caught him out on the high road to making himself dislike his *liaison* and to going back to abstinence. I said I thought that this was susceptible of other interpretations, but I would not tell him what. What could be the meaning of its not having been the right tooth?

Jan. 7.—He himself had a feeling that his sly illness had something up its sleeve. He had been nice to the dressmaker

[1] [In German a vulgarism for masturbating. This and the other points above in connection with tooth-dreams are entered into fully in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (Freud, 1900*a*, *Standard Ed.*, 5, 387–8). This whole passage was added to the work in 1909, and it seems probable that it was to some extent at least based on the present dream.]

again. His second copulation did not succeed in producing an emission; he was overtaken by a fear that he would micturate instead of having an emission. When he was a child in the fifth form of his primary school, one of his school-fellows had told him that human reproduction was effected by the man 'piddling' into the woman. He had forgotten his condom. He is clearly looking for ways of spoiling his affair (having uncomfortable feelings?), e.g. by *coitus interruptus*—impotence.

Yesterday he had an addendum to the dream. The tooth did not look at all like one, but like a tulip bulb ['*Zwiebel*'], to which he gave the association of slices of onion [also '*Zwiebel*']. He did not accept the further associations of 'orchids'—his cryptorchism [undescended testis, cf. p. 295]—his cousin's operation [cf. pp. 216–17]. In connection with the operation he told me that he was beside himself with jealousy at the time. While he was with her at the nursing home (in 1899) a young doctor visited her on his round and put his hand on her under the bedclothes. He did not know whether this was a correct thing to do. When he heard how brave she had been under the operation he had the foolish idea that that had been so because she enjoyed showing the beauty of her body to the doctors. He was astonished that I did not consider the idea so foolish.

He had heard of this beauty, when he fell in love with her in 1898, from his sister Hilde. This made all the more impression on him since Hilde herself has a very lovely body. This may have been the root of his love. His cousin had understood perfectly well what they were talking about and had blushed. The dressmaker T., who killed herself later, said she knew that he regarded his cousin officially as the most beautiful of women, although he really knew quite well that there were other, more beautiful ones.

Yes, the tooth was a penis, he realized that. Then there was another addendum: the tooth had dripped.—Well then, what was the meaning of the dentist having pulled out his

'tooth'? It was only with difficulty that he could be brought to see that it was an operation for pulling out his tail. So, too, with the other obvious fact—that the very large penis could only be his father's; he finally admitted this as being a *tu quoque* and a revenge against his father. Dreams have great difficulty in bringing to light such disagreeable memories.

Jan. 20.—A long interruption. Most cheerful mood. A great deal of material. Advances. No solution. A chance explanation showed that his running about so as to avoid getting fat ['*dick*'] was related to the name of his American cousin, Dick (short for Richard)—*Passwort* [1]—whom he hated [see pp. 188–9]. But this idea came from me and he did not accept it. Five dreams to-day, four of which dealt with the army. The first of these revealed a restrained rage against officers and his controlling himself so as not to challenge one of them for hitting the dirty waiter Adolph on his behind. (This Adolph was himself.) This led up to the rat scene *via* the lost pince-nez (nippers ['*Kneifer*']). This also touched on an experience in his first year at the University. He was suspected by a friend of 'funking' ['*Kneifen*'], because he had allowed himself to have his ears boxed by a fellow-student, had challenged him to a duel on Springer's joking advice, and had then done nothing further. There was suppressed anger against his friend Springer, whose authority thus originates from this, and against another man who betrayed him and whom, in return, he had later helped at the cost of sacrifices. Thus we find ever-increasing suppression of the instinct of anger, accompanied by a return of the erotogenic instinct for dirt.

[Here the MS. breaks off.]

[1] [Literally 'pass-word'. Freud is perhaps using this in the sense of 'verbal bridge' (cf. p. 213).]

APPENDIX

Some Writings by Freud Dealing with Anxiety and Phobias in Children and with Obsessional Neurosis

[*The two main topics of the Case Histories in this volume were, of course, touched upon repeatedly by Freud. The following lists, however, include some of the chief passages in which they were more specifically discussed. The date at the beginning of each entry is that of the year during which the work in question was probably written. The date at the end is that of publication; and under that date fuller particulars of the work will be found in the Bibliography which follows.*]

(a) Anxiety and Phobias in Children

1909 'Analysis of a Phobia in a Five-Year-Old Boy.' (1909*b*.)
1913 *Totem and Taboo* (Essay IV, Section 3). (1912–13.)
1914 'From the History of an Infantile Neurosis.' (1918*b*.)
1917 *Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis* (Lecture XXV). (1916–17.)
1926 *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety* (Chapters VII and VIII). (1926*d*.)

(b) Obsessional Neurosis

1894 'The Neuro-Psychoses of Defence' (Section II). (1894*a*.)
1895 'Obsessions and Phobias.' (1895*c*.)
1895 Draft 'K' (Fliess Correspondence). (1950*a*.)
1896 'Further Remarks on the Neuro-Psychoses of Defence' (Section II). (1896*b*.)
1907 'Obsessive Acts and Religious Practices.' (1907*b*.)
1908 'Character and Anal Erotism.' (1908*b*.)

1909 'Notes upon a Case of Obsessional Neurosis.' (1909*d*.)

1912 *Totem and Taboo* (Essay II, Sections 2 and 3(*c*), and Essay III, Sections 3 and 4). (1912–13.)

1913 'The Predisposition to Obsessional Neurosis.' (1913*i*.)

1914 'From the History of an Infantile Neurosis' (Section VI). (1918*b*.)

1916 'A Mythological Parallel to a Visual Obsession.' (1916*b*.)

1917 *Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis* (Lecture XVII). (1916–17.)

1917 'On the Transformation of Instincts, with Special Reference to Anal Erotism.' (1917*c*.)

1926 *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety* (Chapters V and VI). (1926*d*.)

BIBLIOGRAPHY AND AUTHOR INDEX

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GENERAL INDEX

This index includes the names of non-technical authors. It also includes the names of technical authors where no reference is made in the text to specific works. For references to specific technical works, the Bibliography should be consulted.—The compilation of the index was undertaken by Mrs. R. S. Partridge.

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